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POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST OCTOBER 17 · 1964 25c

WILL RACISM SWING THE ELECTION?

MARVELS OF THE FUTURE IN FASHION AND DESIGN

Continuing: The biography of

JOSEPH P. KENNEDY

How he helped his son gain the White House

Fold-up dress for a portable society

We make hypocrites of our leaders / The str[illegible]g-girl"

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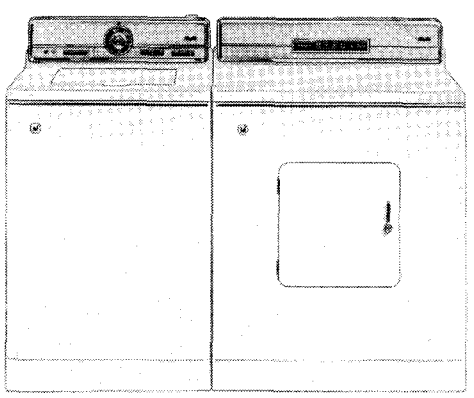

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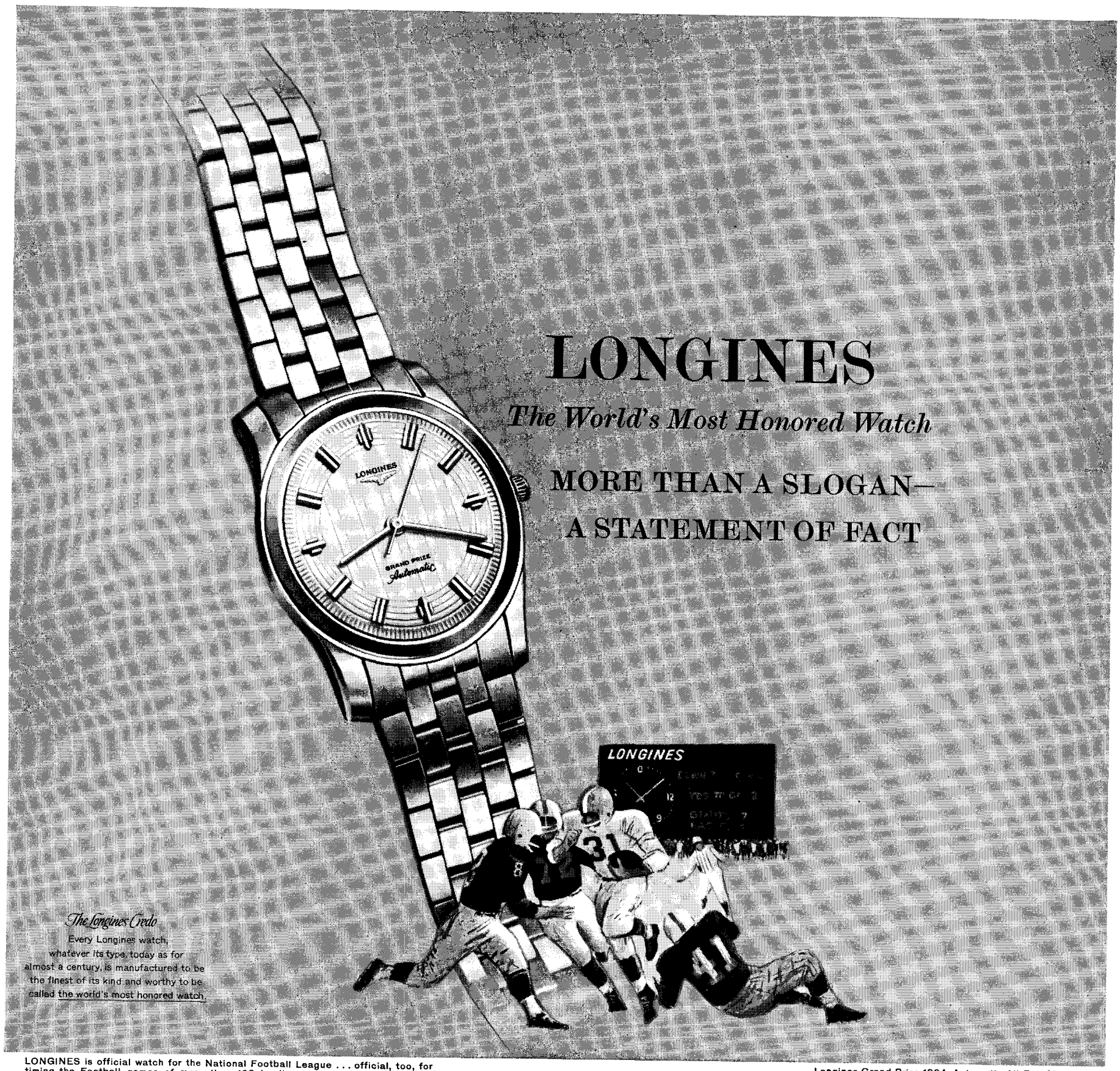

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POST

OCTOBER 17, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 36

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How strong is the hate vote? . . . . . *Ben H. Bagdikian* 19

Gov. George Wallace of Alabama made impressive showings in the presidential primaries of Indiana, Maryland and Wisconsin. Political analysts considered this an indication of a strong anti-Negro vote in the North and termed it "white backlash." How strong is backlash, and how will it affect the election? To find out, contributing writer Ben H. Bagdikian interviewed more than 200 Democrats who voted for Governor Wallace and asked how they plan to vote next month.

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The authors. In the course of his research in trying to find the strength of the hate vote, contributing writer **Ben H. Bagdikian** wore out a pair of shoes while walking the streets of Gary, Baltimore and Milwaukee, and twice was threatened with a punch in the nose. . . . **Myron Cope,** who reports on star Pitt quarterback Freddie Mazurek, is himself a graduate of the University of Pittsburgh. . . . **Rafael Steinberg** has been writing about Japan for more than a decade as a correspondent for various magazines and newspapers; he makes his home in Tokyo. . . . Free-lance writer **Arthur Henley** has always had a strong interest in psychology; while talking with A. J. Montanari about the Montanari Treatment Center and Clinical Schools in Hialeah, Fla., Henley heard about the little girl who became a dog. . . . Contributing writer **Gilbert Millstein** traveled with the cast of *Benjamin Franklin in Paris* to get his story on its star, Robert Preston; he attended the musical's opening in Philadelphia, liked the show and predicts it will be a hit.

The cover photograph, taken by **John Launois,** shows an outfit designed by **Evelyn Jablow** for the 21st-century woman. Miss Jablow, whose report on the Milan, Italy, Triennale appears on page 22, has worked in the field of interior design for a dozen years and is considered one of the finest American contemporary designers. She created the futuristic wardrobe exclusively for her *Post* article.

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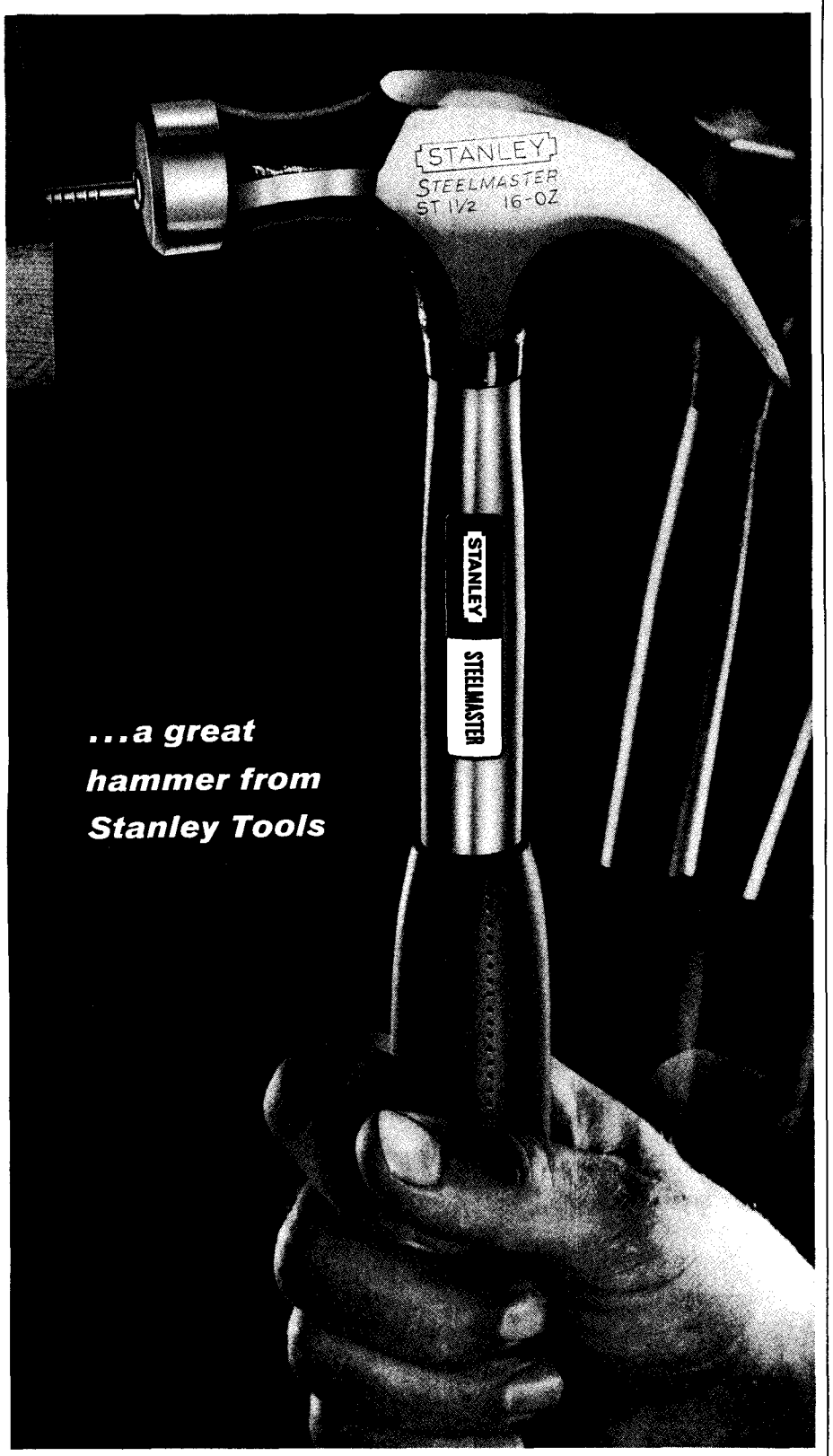

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Letters

Alcoholics forever?

Alcoholism is a spark that glows steadily in every "cured" or "arrested" alcoholic, and only one drop of liquor will start it flaming. This article by Dr. Arthur H. Cain [ALCOHOLICS CAN BE CURED—DESPITE A.A., September 19] will tear apart the excellent work done by A.A. and will increase my practice in treating alcoholism.

DR. JAMES E. EVERETT
Affiliate Board, National Council on Alcoholism
Kansas City, Mo.

• Doctor Cain expresses most intelligently what many have always contended. I attended A.A. in one of my low moments, more from loneliness than anything else. But if everyone who has experienced an occasional hangover did this, a lot of people would be left with guilt complexes that do more harm than the liquor. A.A.'s purpose seems to be to make anyone who has ever looked into their organization think he is a condemned alcoholic.

L.J.
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

• For over a year it has been my great privilege to work very closely with dedicated members of A.A. in trying to do something for the poor, unfortunate alcoholics who repeatedly appear in court charged with drunkenness. I am sure that Doctor Cain is proud that in 17 years he has taught 20 alcoholics to drink. In one year's time our court class on alcoholism has taught twice this many alcoholics that they should not drink, and has brought them a sobriety and peace of mind they have not known for many years.

EUGENE K. MANGUM
Chief Magistrate
Phoenix, Ariz.

• Psychologist Cain does great harm to thousands of alcoholics struggling to maintain sobriety. He gives false hopes that they can drink safely. He needs to get his medical facts about alcoholism straight. One of my foundation's major interests has been research in alcoholism. It is a compulsive, addictive personality disorder; it is a malignant, progressive disease unless sobriety is maintained. Alcohol is a physiologically addictive drug that produces physical damage to vital organs, especially the liver and the brain. Lack of control comes from brain damage, and truly addicted alcoholics can never drink in a controlled manner.

A. E. BENNETT, M.D.
The A. E. Bennett Neuropsychiatric Research Foundation
Berkeley, Calif.

• I hope Doctor Cain's book, *The Cured Alcoholic*, fares better against apparent A.A. pressure than my book, *The Bottle Fighters*, did last year. After it got a rave review in *The New York Times* by world-famous medical doctor Frank G. Slaughter, it was not reviewed by any other major paper. I have reason to believe that A.A. pressure was behind this. But, as a 20-year member of A.A., I will fight tooth and nail to see that the movement isn't destroyed before we can return it into the grand organization it used to be. A great many of us are trying to do just that.

GEORGE W. WILLIS
Kingston, N.Y.

• How would Doctor Cain handle the physical compulsion that drove me to drink? I'd stop in for a few drinks, close up the tavern and then go on prolonged binges, ranging from one week to 23 days, doing everything short of murder to get a drink, picking up empty glasses in a Bowery saloon for 25 cents an hour in order to get a bottle, selling my clothes and my blood, drinking anything containing alcohol when funds were low—Bay Rum, hair tonic, Sterno.

I found A.A. and the wonderful people in it, who had an empathy with me, people who had gone through the nightmare of alcoholism and who had found A.A.'s way of life—without alcohol.

A GRATEFUL ALCOHOLIC
Chicago, Ill.

• Doctor Cain overlooks one important factor. The therapy offered by A.A. is free. It has cost me nothing but a contribution for coffee and doughnuts for the past eight years. I shudder to think what the cost would have been in the same period for innumerable visits to a psychologist's office.

RICHARD R. BECK
Philadelphia, Pa.

• As a mother of six, a housewife, and an arrested alcoholic, I too must speak out. An A.A. must live A.A. 24 hours a day. I don't believe this is slavery—it is a way of life. Through practicing these principles in all my affairs. I have learned to be tolerant of ourselves, of others, and I have learned that I have a goal in life other than being the belle of the cocktail party.

NANCY C.
Glenview, Ill.

• Let it be said that where the alcoholic is concerned, extremism in the pursuit of freedom from alcohol is no vice, whereas the endeavor to achieve moderation in the consumption of alcohol is no virtue.

CHARLES A. WEBSTER
Beaumont, Tex.

• I wonder how much damage has been done by this article. Doctor Cain has provided many alcoholics with the excuse they've been looking for to drink again.

BARBARA R.
Powell, Wyo.

Consider the consumer

We cannot blame the automotive engineer for not designing lasting quality into cars [THE AUTOMAKERS AND THEIR MIGHTY WORKS, by Richard Armstrong, September 19]—most consumers will want a new car in three years regardless of quality. Nor can we blame the engineer for not pushing safety devices—most consumers will not use them and are not willing to pay for them. Some think a car must be terribly unsafe if it *needs* safety devices.

Perhaps it is time for the *Post* to examine the real cause of the huge waste in Detroit—the American consumer.

CHARLES LEVY
Stamford, Conn.

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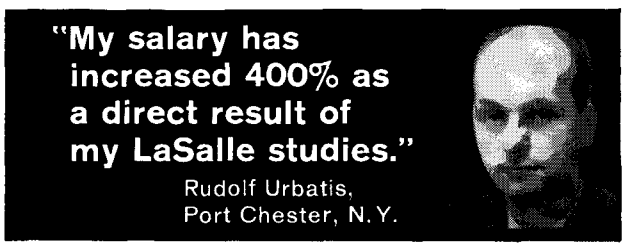

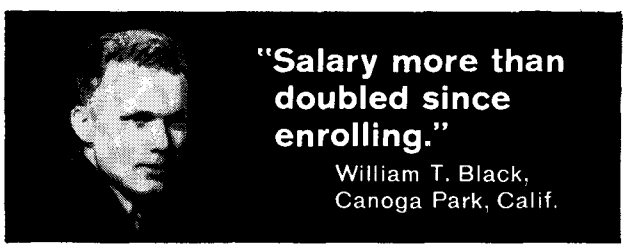

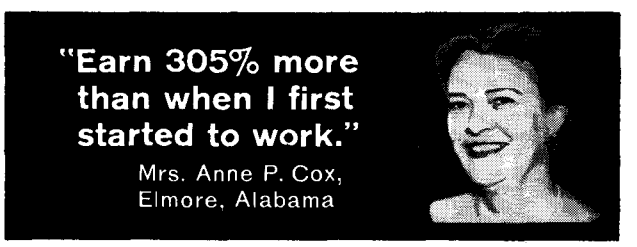

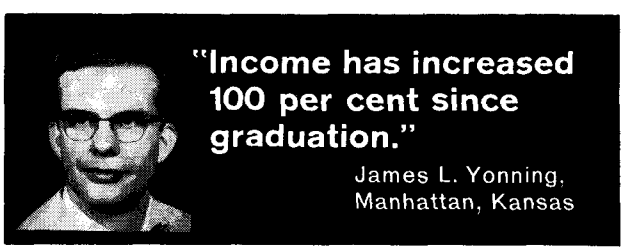

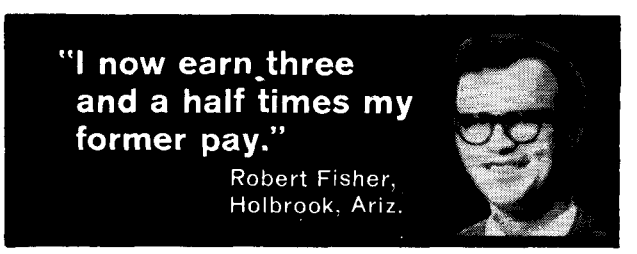

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Letters

Daytime TV

I'd like to defend the 13 million U.S. housewives mentioned who feel daytime TV is a worthy supplement to the reading and music we enjoy, the public services we perform and the everyday chores we do [THE LONG DAY'S MONOTONY OF TV, by Brock Brower, September 26]. Roses to Rosemary Prinz, the Hugheses and those other TV friends of mine, and all the thorns for Mr. Brower!

MRS. LINDA ANDERSON
Turlock, Calif.

Getting involved

The story of Hector Mangual [THE PRICE OF GETTING INVOLVED, by Trevor Armbrister, September 26], made me sick and ashamed. I would not have had the guts to do what this man did for you and me, and I dread to think what would happen to me and mine if my "fellow man" were to let me down the way we dumped poor Hector. Every one of us owes him a debt, but "who wants to get involved?"

Please don't publish my name unless you are prepared to put a guard around my house.

NAME WITHHELD
Kendall Park, N.J.

• I believe history will record that, by 1964, the people of the United States, while stockpiling atomic weapons to prevent attack from without, had been thoroughly terrorized and intimidated by the criminal underworld in their own country. With the current tendency of the courts to protect the civil rights of the criminal, the situation has become critical. Might it not be a step in the right direction to make a mandatory year in jail the penalty for threatening or intimidating a witness either before or after trial and a mandatory life sentence the penalty for physically injuring a witness or his family either before or after the trial?

Hector Mangual stood up for our freedom. If we stand idly by and let the underworld ruin his life, we may be sure that the time is not far off when it will also be controlling our own lives.

ROBERT C. VOSE JR.
Boston, Mass.

Boy on fire

My son is seven years old. His hobbies are many, his curiosity unlimited. His collections clutter our home and his questions about all things are never ending and not always answered. He is also a victim of cystic fibrosis.

Thank you for your article BOY ON FIRE by Herbert Gold [September 12]. It leaves a hope within me that maybe "this lonely night of death is not the end of Robert Nostri's flight over earth." Perhaps his life and death will help light the spark needed to find a solution to this dread disease.

ELIZABETH WARD
Coalinga, Calif.

• *Those who wish to learn more about this disease may write to the National Cystic Fibrosis Research Foundation, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. For information about Robert Nostri's film, contact Mary Ames Anderson, public-relations director of Children's Hospital of Los Angeles, 4614 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles 27, Calif.—Ed.*

COMING SOON... in The Post

SPECIAL CAMPAIGN SECTION:

GOLDWATER

• Along the campaign trail
The senator has the fight of his life

• 'The country I love'
Goldwater's own photos and feelings about his home ground

• The men around Goldwater
A surprising inside report

• Peggy Goldwater
The lonely lady behind Barry

Two alley fighters meet for the middleweight title

The world of Hollywood agents
A revealing look at the ten percenters who deal in talent.

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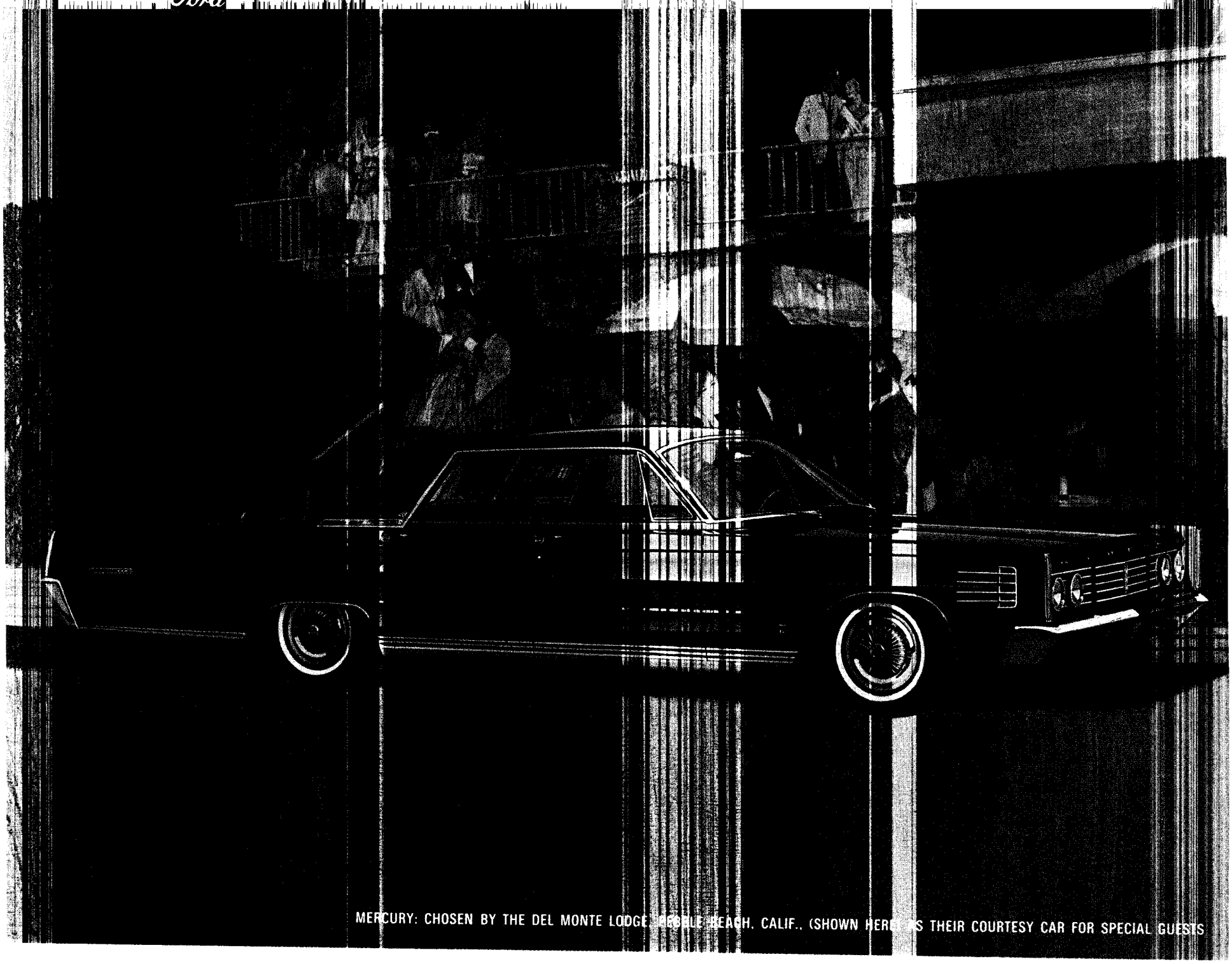

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Mercury

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Speaking Out

WE WANT OUR POLITICIANS TO BE HYPOCRITES

SEEKERS OF PUBLIC OFFICE, LIKE BARRY GOLDWATER, ARE PRESSURED TO HIDE THEIR CONVICTIONS TO WIN PUBLIC SUPPORT.

Editor of the conservative journal National Review, William F. Buckley Jr. first won attention with the iconoclastic 'God and Man at Yale', published in 1951. His latest book is Rumbles Left and Right. *He lectures widely in behalf of the conservative cause.*

By William F. Buckley Jr.

A few weeks ago at Hershey, Pa., a candidate for the Presidency of the United States was made to say something which the general public viewed as recantation, pure and simple. To declare that Senator Goldwater was made to say something he does not believe is more than this admirer of the senator is willing to do. What the senator did say—and this is as far as anyone is entitled to go—is something that runs contrary to his stated opinions as expressed over the years. His remarks about civil rights and the U.N. were merely conciliatory; with respect to Social Security, however, they were clearly submissive. It is quite possible that by the time he came to the "Unity Conference" at Hershey, he recognized mechanical difficulties of a disqualifying sort in his previous position; and that he has therefore come to believe that the Social Security program even as it operates on a compulsory basis is a good thing. He may, upon reflection, have become convinced, let us say, by the arguments of Nelson Rockefeller, or William Scranton, or the late Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, that the program, otherwise conducted, would fall to pieces. Maybe he came himself to that conclusion. And then again maybe he was persuaded by his advisers that you cannot at one and the same time campaign for President of the United States and against Social Security. The point is that strong public pressure was on him to make that declaration at Hershey, pressure that took no account of the relevance of his view on Social Security, to his fitness to serve as President of the United States. American politics is evolving into a religion (talk about the dangers of escalation!), a far thing from the practice of the science, or even the art, of government. And, accordingly, people are demanding that their spokesmen act not merely as administrators or leaders, but as priests and votaries of the political dogmas and liturgy that are in fashion.

Let me illustrate. Suppose Senator Goldwater had said at Hershey something like this: "Ladies and gentlemen. I have never opposed Social Security *as such.* I have never argued for its abolition. I have said what I believe, namely that any government program that *requires* the participation of all citizens in certain categories is an imperfect one, precisely because it requires some people to do something they need not and would rather not do. It is perfectly reasonable to require all citizens not to do certain things (not to kill, rob, rape, for instance), and even to *do* certain things (aid the country in time of crisis; go to school; stop at a red light). But a *free* country is constantly concerned not to require of its members that they should do something which it is unnecessary for them to do in order to provide for the safety of others. And I have become convinced that it is not *necessary* to require Mary Jones or Nelson Rockefeller to join the Social Security system if they choose not to do so, and are prepared to subscribe to other programs, privately organized, for looking after their old age.

"What, if you elect me President, will I do respecting the current Social Security program? The answer is that I cannot and will not do anything at all. I am asking you to elect me President, not to elect me as a substitute for Congress, turning over to me the right to pass whatever laws happen to appeal to me. I acknowledge that the overwhelming majority of the American people are convinced that *any* contraction of the Social Security law is undesirable. I would, as President, respect your wishes, while disagreeing with your conclusions. I would urge modification only if a sufficient demand for it were to build up. Until then the Social Security law is as safe from me as from Kwame Nkrumah.

"Now, I know you would like me to say that I heartily endorse the Social Security program as it is written. But I am not going to say that. I *don't* approve of any law that is unnecessarily coercive. I assume you want me to speak out. I have just done so."

Nothing doing. What the people wanted is what is known in religious terminology as "internal assent." "The people"—I am here assuming that there is solidarity on the issue—are demanding an explicit affirmation of belief in an article (Social Security) of a political creed (state welfarism). The exaction of that homage amounts, in fact, to a tyrannization of the conscience. It is ironic that the tendency, in our progressively secular culture, is to go further than the individual was asked to go during the late Middle Ages, when most Western governments were blunt theocracies. In the 13th century Thomas Aquinas was preaching the supremacy of the conscience. The individual's prime obligation, said Saint Thomas, is to the dictates of his own conscience—"the will is evil when it is at variance (even) with erring reason." A man dutiful to his church has the obligation to listen to the church's established moral leaders, patiently and attentively. But if they then fail to convince him, he must not surrender his conscience: He must not *do* something he believes to be wrong.

How curious it is—or maybe this is exactly what we should have expected—that in the modern community, in which we so greatly stress the division between church and state, we should find ourselves easing into the habit of requiring a pseudoreligious adherence to the articles and bylaws of the day. The zeal for conformity is so great that we tend to distrust any man who disagrees with us on any point in our secularist little catechisms; and never mind whether that disagreement is truly an operative matter of public concern as, truly, the question whether Senator Goldwater agrees with the Social Security program is not, any more than it is relevant to the voters next November whether he believes in the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary. But ours is an increasingly inquisitorial cast of mind. Our colleges and universities, although they are always coming out noisily against formal loyalty oaths, are busily engaged in brewing their own conformity. And so is it in the opinion-making network. The Establishment's witches stir away at those great vats of dogma, which are ladled out to the altar boys and communicants as Essence of Liberalism, and anyone who declines to drink the stuff down is as suspicious as that furtive little fellow next door whom yesterday we were denouncing to the Inquisitor because he hadn't attended church on the Feast of St. Bonaventure. . . .

They suffer from it, to be sure, on the other side of the political fence too: We have conformities within conformities and many of them are mutually exclusive. A few years ago President Eisenhower appointed a New Jersey judge to fill a vacancy in the Supreme Court. It was during the heyday of McCarthyism, and it was well known among his friends that William Brennan despised Senator McCarthy and all his works, which he had on one public occasion likened to the rebirth of "Salem witch hunts," and denounced as "barbaric." However, as a witness against Brennan before the Judiciary Committee, the senator was in a position to slow things down not a little bit, though it was never supposed he could block the appointment. The nation's liberals watched anxiously to see how William Brennan would behave at the committee hearing. Senator McCarthy strode in: And Mr. Brennan crumpled. "Not only do I approve" of the Senate investigations of the Communist conspiracy, he said, "but I can think of no more vital function than searching out subversives." What about the witch-hunt-barbarism talk? "A little orator's license," said the postulant Justice meekly. One would have thought he was being called to the Supreme Court from the Americanism Commission of the American Legion. "Joe McCarthy destroyed the character of Supreme Court Justice William J. Brennan yesterday, or anyway, presided at its suicide," commented the liberal columnist Murray Kempton.

Sir Arnold Lunn, the distinguished English essayist, once said in reply to an effusive toastmaster who had remarked on Sir Arnold's great political courage, that courage is something you display when you take a position that might end you up

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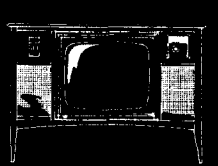

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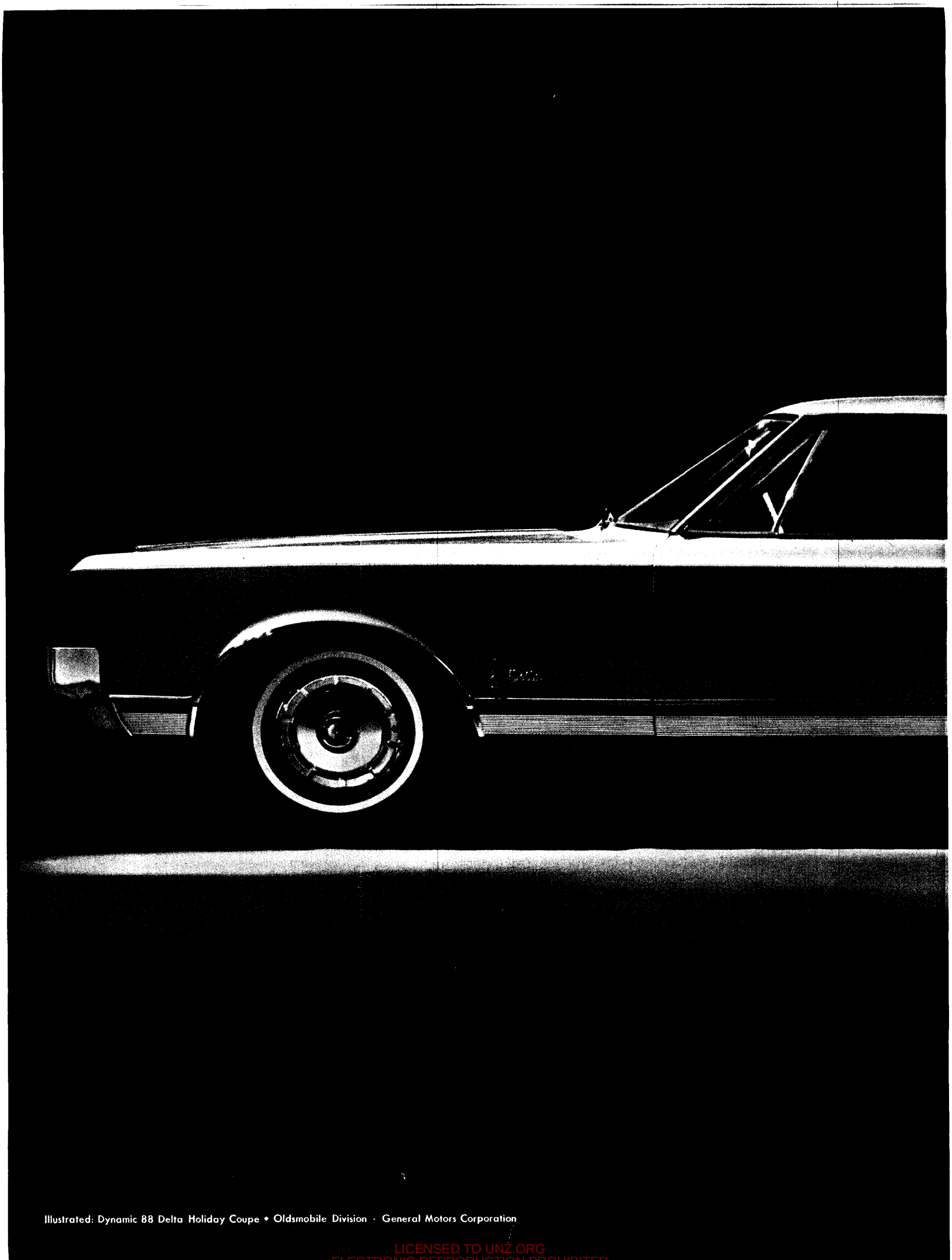

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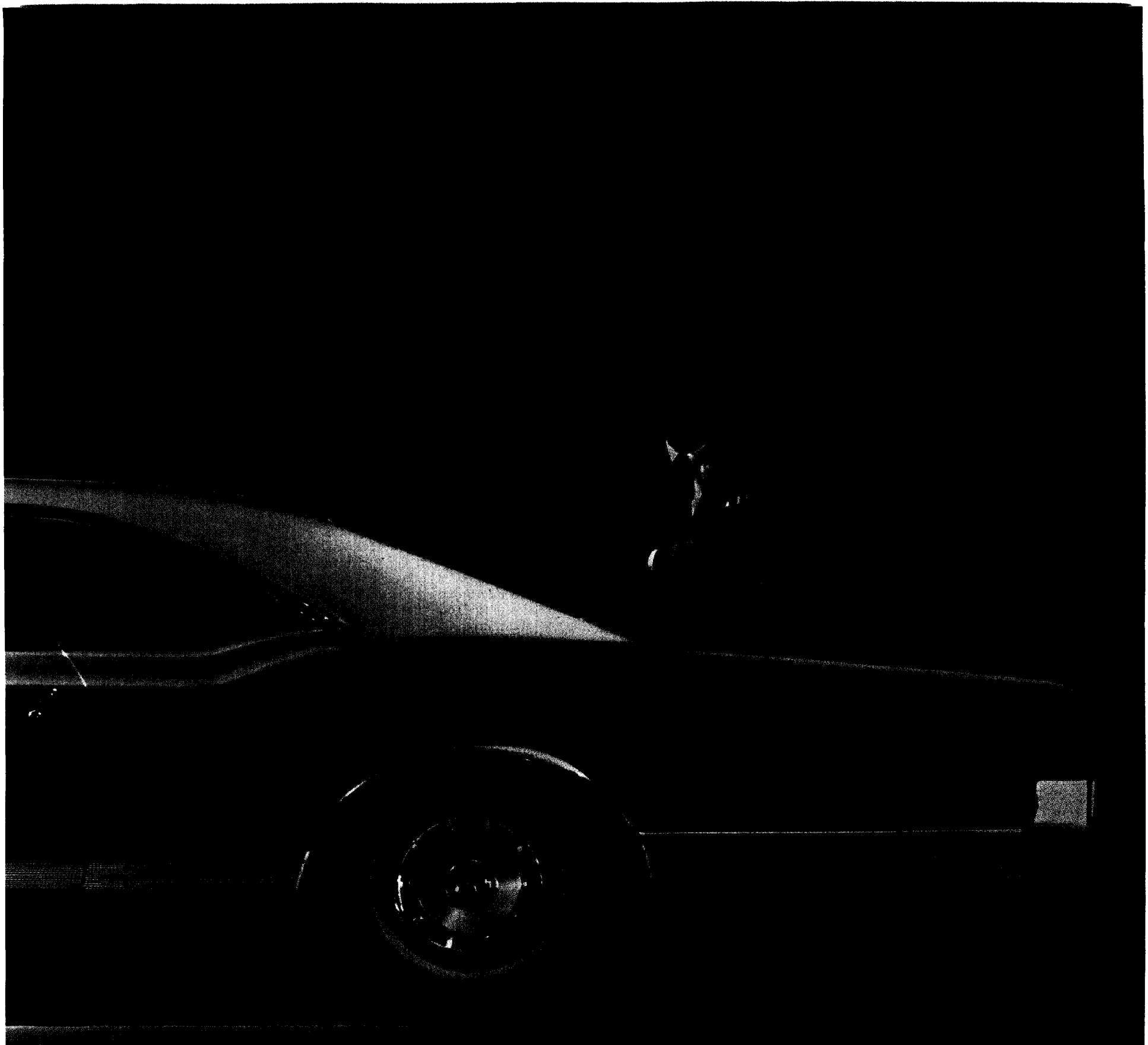

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Speaking Out

hanging from a gibbet, rotting in jail, or on the receiving end of an economic boycott; and nothing he had ever said, Sir Arnold maintained, stood to bring down upon him any one of those three ends; hence, he insisted, he had not really earned his badge of courage. William Brennan, if he was really risking a seat on the Supreme Court, might understandably have declined to assert his manhood in Senator McCarthy's presence: But even knowing he would not lose out, he uttered the pieties of the situation, a dutiful acolyte at a Black Mass; and for some reason the McCarthyite community felt good about it. Even though nobody believed a word he said.

Once again a scene in a Senate chamber, and another distinguished liberal, whose appointment as Under Secretary of State is being considered. "Governor Bowles," said Senator Sparkman, "do you believe that we should at this time recognize Red China?" "I do not believe we should," said Governor Bowles, and, evidently deciding to kiss the bull square on the nose, added, "*and have said so on many occasions.*" As with Senator Goldwater, one must give Mr. Bowles the benefit of the doubt. On the other hand, Chester Bowles had very clearly and very ardently proposed the *de facto* recognition of Red China in 1960, before two separate forums. We should be prepared to assume he had changed his mind. We have no alternative than to assume he was under fearful pressure to say what he said.

Now, what is most beastly about it all, as I hinted in the episode involving William Brennan, is that the people who administer the pressure actually take pleasure in turning our politicians into hypocrites. It is a form of bullying, and a truly sadistic form because as a rule no functional purpose is achieved. It is one thing when a bully constrains a weaker boy to do errands for him; at least he manages to get the errands done and spares himself. It is something else again merely to torture the boy for the sake of it. There was no point at all in getting Brennan to say in effect that he was pro-McCarthy; no point at all in pretending that Chester Bowles has always been against the recognition of Red China—or that Senator Goldwater has abandoned all objections to the coercive planks in our welfarist programs. Here were cases of humiliation pure and simple. Goldwater could not, as we have seen, abrogate the Social Security law; William Brennan didn't have the power to eliminate McCarthyism; and Chester Bowles didn't have the power to admit Red China. The argument can always be made that people elevated to power are thereupon poised to use their influence toward mischievous ends, that therefore it *does* accomplish something to force them to put on the public record views which are congruent with the majority of the time and place. Yes, that argument can be made. It is an argument that says in effect that you can get so you can really trust a politician by simply corrupting his spirit; and I say that is not a plausible lesson for this Sunday, or for any other. At the Republican Governors' Conference in Cleveland this year, several prominent politicians went around saying in effect that they could only trust Mr. Goldwater if he would desert his principles. "Thus Governor Romney of Michigan," commented columnist James Wechsler, "a dedicated Mormon, broke his long standing rule of nonparticipation in politics on Sunday to say in effect that he would reconcile himself to a Goldwater candidacy if he could wrest the assurance that Goldwater did not believe what he was saying.

"One can only remark," Mr. Wechsler concluded, "that a man to whom Sunday has so much religious meaning might have at least waited until Monday to demand that Goldwater repudiate conscience and conviction (in order) to wrap up the Michigan delegation."

The essential difficulty lies, I do believe, in the apotheosis of the majority, begun a couple of hundred years ago by a little cult of democratist ideologues, grown in our time into a raging universal obsession. We are so concerned to flatter the majority that we lose sight of how very often it is necessary, in order to preserve freedom for the minority, let alone the individual, to face that majority down.

Killing the conscience

In the recent past there have been only two conspicuous dissenters in the Senate (I do not count Senator Morse; professional mavericks do not figure here). They are Senator William Fulbright and Senator Barry Goldwater, each with formidable minority support. Senator Goldwater has got away with it by steadily increasing his following. The most interesting nonpolitical aspect of his startling nomination is the postoperative adhesions that are caused when a minority suddenly blurts out its claim for majority recognition. Look how sharp the pressures then become to blur the image of the dissenter! The engines of conformity are powerful. Conformity to the popular view is always a drag upon a person's reason and emotion, and even his conscience; and it is good, up to a point, that it should be so, inasmuch as people have decided to live together rather than apart. A society that seduces the conscience by sweet reason is one thing; but ours is developing into a society that harpoons the conscience, and tows it right into the maws of the mother vessel, there to be macerated and stuffed into a faceless can.

The enemies of the human spirit are outpacing even the population explosion, and it becomes harder and harder to fight them down. It is so much easier to succumb, and there are so many formulae for doing so gracefully, and the great conscience-shriver is the wink on Univac's face on election night. We have come a long distance from the way of Hilaire Belloc when he ran for Parliament, to the way of John F. Kennedy when he ran for the Presidency of the United States. In the terms I speak of, we have unprogressed. In 1960 John F. Kennedy pleaded with his fellow Christians, of Protestant denomination, not to take seriously the fact that he was by "accident of birth" a Roman Catholic. Hilaire Belloc was asked by a lady, while answering questions from a platform in 1906, whether it was true that he was a "papist." "Madam," he roared out his answer at the top of his voice, reaching into his pocket and drawing out a rosary, "do you see these BEADS? I say them every MORNING as soon as I get UP, and every NIGHT before I go to BED. And if YOU object to THAT, Madam, I can only PRAY to God that He will spare me the IGNOMINY of representing YOU in Parliament!" Belloc won, and achieved something more than his own election.

Wm. F. Buckley

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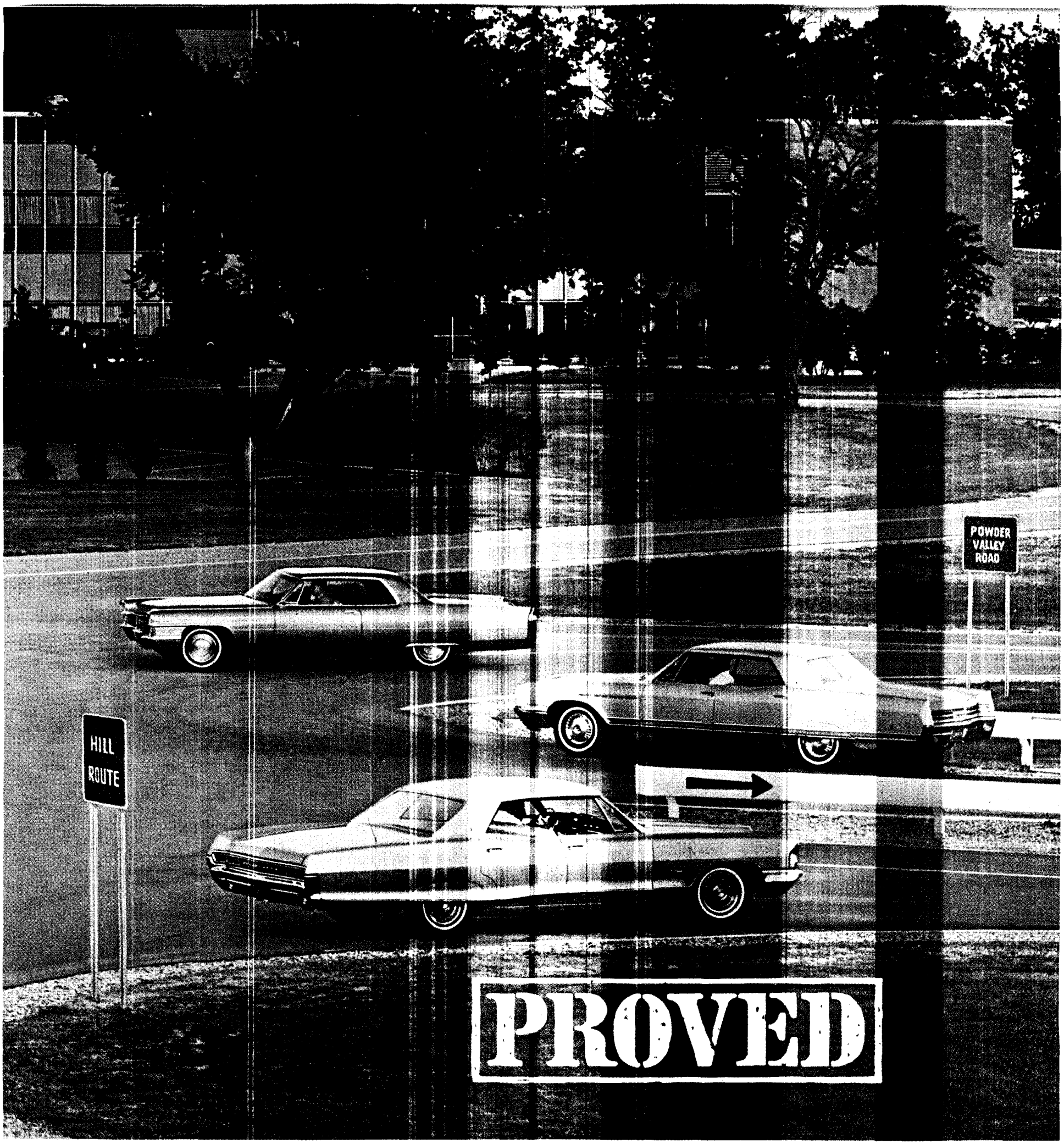

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The Russian diplomat's question

Revolutionist Nikolai Lenin

WASHINGTON: Recently I was asked to lunch by a Soviet diplomat. This was a bit of a surprise, since *Pravda* has often called me a "running dog of the imperialists," and other harsh names. Moreover, the diplomat paid for the lunch, thus reducing the Soviet dollar reserve by $12 or so. I'm afraid he didn't get his money's worth.

The purpose of the lunch was soon obvious. The diplomat wanted to talk about the election. My guess is that he had been assigned to send a report to Moscow on the meaning and future of the Goldwater movement.

The subject is an interesting one to Moscow. For Senator Goldwater has repeatedly stated that "victory over Communism" must be the objective of American policy; and that the United States should be willing to go to the "brink of war" to achieve that objective.

The diplomat had read a recent report in this space, THE MEANING OF THE MARGIN, which stated that Senator Goldwater and his followers seemed almost as interested in gaining permanent control of the Republican Party as in winning the election.

The article, using Senator Goldwater's own estimate of a year ago, suggested that the Goldwaterites might maintain control of the party if Goldwater scored 45 percent of the popular vote. But if he scored less than 45 percent the moderate Republicans who were beaten in San Francisco would stage a successful counterrevolt.

The diplomat is one of those very blond Russians, very earnest, very insistent. He was careful, as a diplomat should be, to avoid expressing any preference between the candidates. But it was not hard to see that the thought that Senator Goldwater might be President gave him nightmares.

Was I quite sure, he asked, that Senator Goldwater would be beaten? Well, almost sure. And was I really sure that, if Goldwater was badly beaten, the Goldwater wing of the party would go down with him? Yes, I said, it had always happened before. A presidential candidate who has been beaten in a landslide is dead—look at Alf Landon after 1936, or Al Smith after 1928, or James Cox after 1920.

I am still rather confident about my answer to the first question. But I am not so sure about my answer to the second. By all the old rules of the American political game, it is the right answer. But my free lunch with the Russian diplomat made me begin to wonder if perhaps the old rules of the game may have been changed. The fact is that what Sen. Strom Thurmond calls "the Goldwater Republican Party" has less in common with the traditional Republican Party than with a European-type ideological or class party. In the past, both parties have been rather mushy coalitions, which attempted, sometimes feebly, to appeal to all major voting blocs. But the Goldwater Republican Party makes no serious attempt to appeal to poor people, for example, or union labor, or the Negroes.

Moreover, the passionately ideological quality of the Goldwater movement is something new in American politics. Goldwater himself is privately a rather amiable and unpretentious fellow. But to the true believer he is, in Gen. James Doolittle's words, "the leader of the second American revolution," and to doubt the leader's words, or criticize him, is abominable, almost treasonable.

There is something revolutionary about the Goldwater movement. There are even, oddly enough, certain analogies between the Goldwater movement and the movement that put the present regime in Moscow in power. The purging of the Republican moderates in San Francisco in 1964 was almost as ruthless as Nikolai Lenin's purging of the Mensheviks in 1912. The control of the Goldwaterites over the machinery of the Republican National Committee, and their control over the local party apparatus in states like California, is almost as tight as Lenin's over his Bolsheviks after the Mensheviks were purged.

The fiercely anti-Communist Goldwater Republicans have even quite frankly emulated certain Communist techniques. For example, in his recent book, *How to Win an Election*, Mr. Stephen Shadegg, Senator Goldwater's adviser and former campaign manager, enthusiastically endorses the "cell" system, for the clandestine infiltration of the opposition. Mr. Shadegg credits the invention of the cell system to Mao Tse-tung, but it was in fact invented by Lenin.

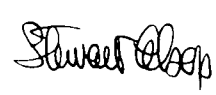
There are certain mirror-image reflections of Leninism in Goldwaterism. Like Mao Tse-tung (who is a better Leninist than Nikita Khrushchev), Lenin held that capitalism and Communism could not co-exist, that one or the other must triumph. In his book, *Why Not Victory?*, Senator Goldwater says much the same thing.

Ever since Lenin, Communism has preached that American political democracy is a farce, because both American political parties are controlled by "the eastern money interests, the large banks, the financial houses." The words in quotes are not Lenin's, but Senator Goldwater's.

All this is not to suggest that Senator Goldwater is another Lenin, or that his well-fed followers are likely to storm the White House, as Lenin's followers stormed the Winter Palace five years after the purging of the Mensheviks. But no sensible man who has talked to them or seen them in action in San Francisco and since can believe that the Goldwater true believers are going to lie down and play dead if the senator is badly beaten.

The "Goldwater Republican Party" has certain very important power bases—the Republican National Committee, California, and other western, midwestern and southern states. The Goldwater men mean to hang on to those bases. Even if Goldwater suffers Alf Landon's fate, the divided and undisciplined eastern-based moderate Republicans may have no more stomach for a really ferocious struggle for control than the Mensheviks in 1912.

The Goldwater movement, in fact, looks more and more like a bold attempt to transform the American political system by transforming the old Republican Party into a right-wing, ideologically oriented party of the white man and the affluent. Even at the risk of splitting the party in two, the Goldwaterites mean to maintain their control against the day when what Lenin called "the objective conditions for success" exist. Those conditions could exist in 1968, for by then the Administration is mathematically certain to have run into bad trouble, at home or abroad. In short, the Soviet diplomat and his bosses in Moscow should not stop worrying about the Goldwater movement, even if the senator is badly beaten in November.



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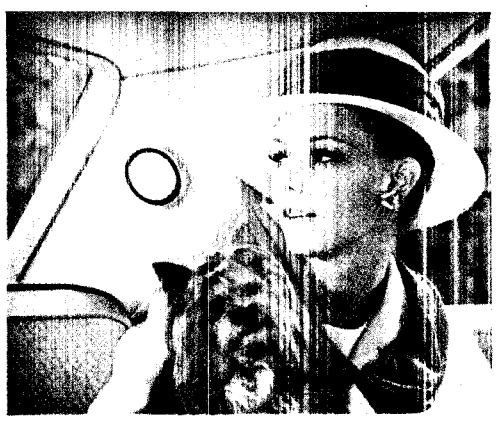

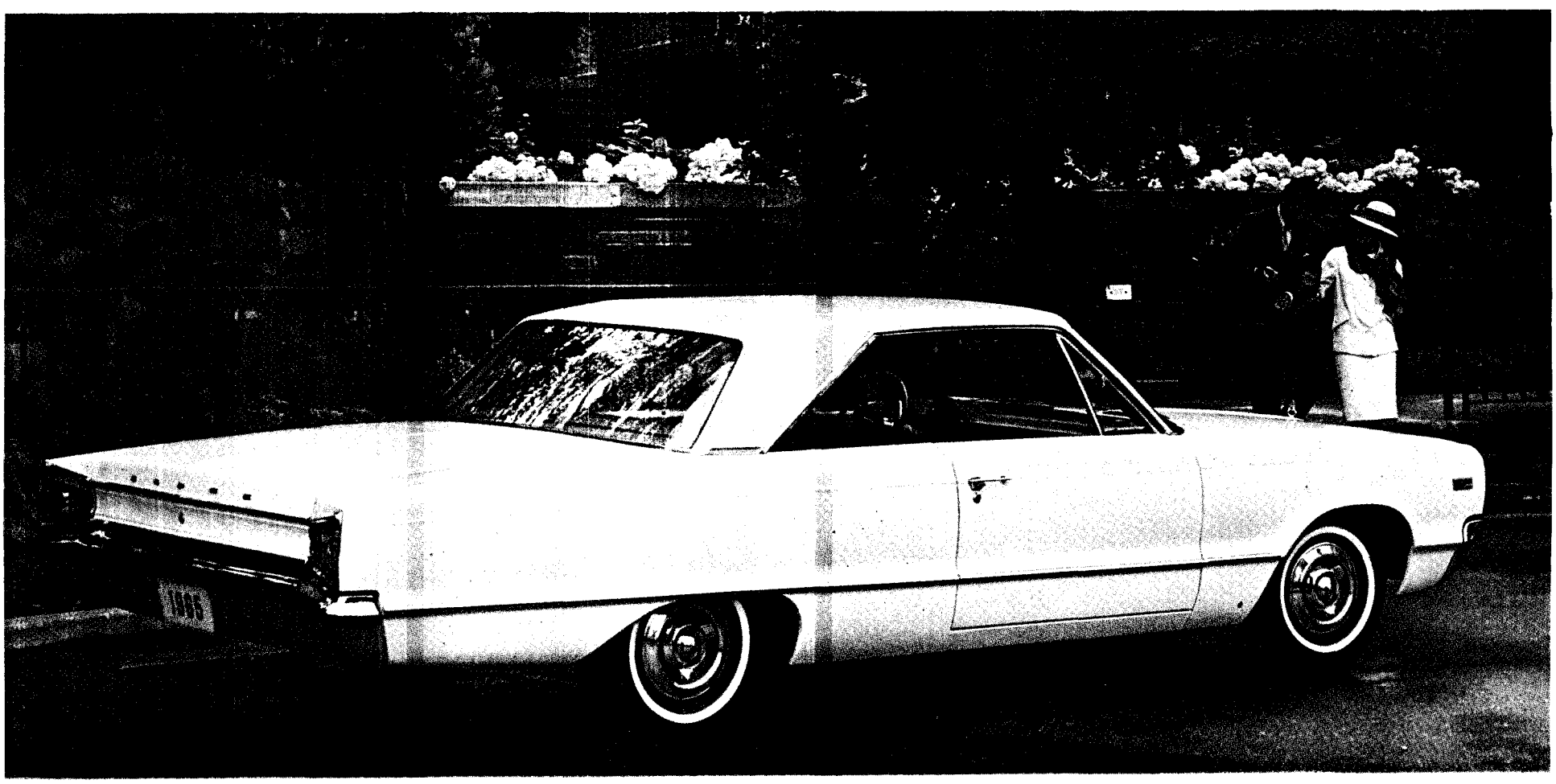

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Cyrus H. K. Curtis

Northern whites agonize over whether to vote for Goldwater to thwart the Negro.

Goldwater supporters at G.O.P. convention look down with scorn at Negro delegate who declined to cheer the party's nominees.

HOW STRONG IS THE HATE VOTE?

"When you get back to Washington," yelled the middle-aged welder in Gary, Indiana, "tell Johnson to come up here and have his wife and kids walk the street with niggers. Then maybe I'll vote for him."

There it was again, more hateful than the other times I heard it, but the same hidden fear bursting to the surface. The welder had just finished telling me that he was a loyal Democrat who had voted for John F. Kennedy in 1960. Yes, he had voted for Alabama's racist governor, George Wallace, in the Indiana primary last May, but in November, he said, he would stick with Lyndon Johnson and the Democratic Party. I was halfway down his narrow concrete walk before he blurted out his fear, an expression of the bitter and mysterious phenomenon called "white backlash."

The term "backlash" came into widespread use last spring when Governor Wallace journeyed North and entered presidential primaries in Wisconsin, Indiana and Maryland. The nation watched with shock as Wallace, running against pro-civil-rights Democrats, captured as much as 42 percent of the votes. Noting the heavy Wallace support in white working-class districts, observers began to speculate that a "white backlash" against the Negro rights movement might cost the Democrats the Presidency.

Is color going to split the traditional Democratic working-class strongholds in the Northern cities? Are white Democrats in serious revolt against their party's support of the Negro? Is this "white backlash" going to give Sen. Barry Goldwater victory in the election now three weeks away?

This reporter recently visited Baltimore, Milwaukee and Gary, and interviewed more than 200 Democratic voters—some for more than an hour—in white working-class districts where Wallace scored heavily. The idea was not to take a scientific poll but to discover what emotions move these voters. The interview yielded strange and fascinating findings.

The chief characteristic of the backlash is its wavering uncertainty. There is no solid, joyful transfer of Democratic votes, like that to Dwight Eisenhower in 1952. Instead, it is a churning emotional conflict within each voter, shifting toward Goldwater one day and back to Johnson the next. It is influenced by the latest racial headline or television footage, or what happened on a bus on the way to work or in the store at the end of the block. This summer, as backlash sentiments pulled some voters toward Goldwater, another force, fear that a Goldwater administration might be hostile to the workingman, pulled them strongly toward Lyndon Johnson and the Democratic Party. Well into the presidential campaign the white working-class vote remained volatile.

"I could go for Goldwater," said a man in Baltimore who after 24 years of employment had been laid off from a nearby aircraft plant. A Democrat all his life, he had voted for

By BEN H. BAGDIKIAN

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Whites live in fear of Negroes in this Baltimore district. Many here may vote for Goldwater.

"I voted for John Kennedy, but these

Wallace. "I'm waiting. I don't know what the hell to do."

The backlashers are not usually vicious bigots or swaggering red-neck bullies. They are not against a better life for the Negro, but they are strongly against this being achieved at the cost of white tranquillity.

Backlash can be traced geographically. For example, a Milwaukee precinct that gave Wallace 40 percent of its vote is—on the basis of talks after ringing every doorbell in that precinct—going to give Goldwater only 6 percent. That precinct is far from any Negro neighborhood or expansion. But in Gary on a white borderline block with 19 houses and six "For Sale" signs—evidence of nervous abandonment by whites—30 percent of the Democrats said they would vote for Goldwater. In Baltimore, one end of South Exeter Street—which is all white—touches a big public-housing project filled mostly with Negroes. Starting at this end—the "colored end"—and going toward the "white end," the Democrats, house by house, said they would vote this way in November: Goldwater, Goldwater, Goldwater, maybe Goldwater, Johnson, maybe Goldwater, Johnson, Johnson, Johnson, maybe Johnson, Johnson....

The governing axiom is this: The closer a neighborhood is to actual or imminent racial change, the greater the Goldwater vote. Where white Democratic voters are next to Negroes looking for homes, or where white schoolchildren are being bused to distant schools, or where there have been racial incidents, the Goldwater vote shoots upward. But a block away from such a "frontier" the Goldwater shift drops to 5 or 10 percent.

A corollary of this backlash axiom is that the closer you get to a racial frontier, the more silent are the voters. In Gary, 40 percent of the population is Negro, but it is compressed into a mile-and-a-half band in the middle of the city, sealed off at the north by a set of railroad tracks and on the south by the Little Calumet River. The closer one gets to the railroad tracks or the river in the white neighborhoods, the more grimly evasive responses one receives and the more references to "them" and to "across the tracks."

In a Milwaukee neighborhood of small but carefully kept cottages a prim and pleasant woman said she and her husband were Democrats but had voted for Wallace. "We haven't decided yet how we're going to vote in November," she said. At that moment her husband appeared at the door, red-faced and slightly unsteady. "What do you mean, 'undecided'?" he said to his wife. "You know damn well how we're going to vote, but that's our business. I voted for John Kennedy, God bless his soul, but these race riots have got to stop. Somebody's got to clamp down on these damn civil rights so that the white man will have a chance. That's what my opinion is and I hope you put it down right. But the way I vote is my business." The Goldwater people would be justified in looking on that tiny brown cottage with the manicured lawn as two Goldwater votes about to hatch.

The backlashers' fear of the Negro is genuine, but often there is also a genuine white guilt over the plight of the Negro. "I feel sorry for the colored," said a Baltimore housewife, "but people are scared. God made us all, but they should keep to themselves. I think I'll vote for Johnson, but my husband, he says he thinks he'll vote for Goldwater."

There is a significant group of white Democrats, who are worried about integration or even bitterly opposed, but who think Goldwater would make things worse. "That Goldwater," a man in Gary said, "he's a wild man. He'd try to push things back and nobody can do that. It's too late now. We had no trouble under Roosevelt or Truman. It was Eisenhower who started all the colored trouble when he goofed in Arkansas. After that the colored radicals took over and since then its been push, push, push. It's bad enough as it is. If Goldwater tried to turn things back this country would just explode. Johnson at least can talk to these colored leaders. And Johnson is getting tired of their pushing. I can tell from his speeches. If this Goldwater took over, boy, the streets of this country would really be jumping."

Asked why he voted for Wallace, he said, "Because the local Democrats are a bunch of crooks and, well, you might call it a protest vote against the colored riots and pushing. But I'd be crazy to want the man for President."

In the so-called "ethnic" neighborhoods in the three cities I visited, fear of the Negro was combined with resentment of the Negro as a newcomer. Over and over, the theme was repeated by first-, second- and third-generation Poles, Irish, Italians, Greeks, Serbs, Croats, Hungarians, and Germans: "We did it. Why can't they?" If, now and then, it was suggested that no other people had been enslaved, had their families systematically destroyed, and were indelibly labeled by their skins, the response was generally casual sympathy.

One of the fundamental findings yielded by my interviews in the three backlash cities is that, even where fear of the Negro is intense, fear of personal economic catastrophe is often stronger. "If I thought Goldwater would keep the white and colored separate, I'd vote for him," a Baltimore housewife told me. "But I guess I'll vote for Johnson. As far back as I can remember, the Republicans never did us working people any good."

Caught most poignantly between these two categories of fear are the working-class old people, products of another racial age. Now retired or close to it, their financial security tied up in their homes, they look upon civil rights as an invitation to the Negro—usually known only through headlines or racial stereotype—to move next door and, in their view, destroy the value of their home. But at the same time, these same elderly people are in dread of an impoverished old age and of illness. They want medical care for the aged under Social Security. They want Goldwater to protect their mortgages and Johnson their health.

The proprietor of a Polish grocery store in a heavily Democratic Baltimore precinct said, "They come in here all day long, these old ladies, saying, 'I'm going for Goldwater, I'm going for Goldwater.' They own their own houses and it's all they got. If they lose their mortgage value, they're too old to start all over again. People are serious about that. There's been no colored moving in here. We got no trouble in this neighborhood, except from the teen-age whites. But these old ladies, they're worried."

Down the street a 67-year-old retired man sat ramrod stiff on a wooden chair in front of his slender home with the traditional Baltimore marble steps "you can eat off."

"Johnson!" the old man said curtly. "I voted for Wallace, but I like Johnson. He has good ideas. He's trying to get Medicare, which all of us older people need. I get a pension and if I get sick, what's going to happen to me? This Goldwater, he doesn't care for Medicare, and I don't think he's too hot for Social Security either. I don't go for that."

In Milwaukee's heavily Democratic Precinct 12 of Ward 12 a 64-year-old machine operator spoke bitterly of the Negroes. "They want jobs on a silver platter. Let them get educated and trained for them the way we did." He had voted for Wallace in April, but in November he would vote for Johnson. "Johnson wants Medicare. When my wife gets sick we got to pay five dollars for a bottle of pills. What am I going to do when I retire? And that Goldwater wanting voluntary Social Security. I don't want anyone else deciding about my Social Security. I want my Social Security, period. The trouble with Goldwater is he doesn't know what it is to be an ordinary working man. No Medicare. Voluntary Social Security. Why, I'd be ashamed to be running for President and say stupid things like that."

Asked how he could square his feeling about Negroes with his support of President Johnson, he looked angry for a moment and then said, "For heaven's sake, Johnson can't be expected to do everything."

In July, a retired Gary steelworker and his wife felt that if Johnson continued his drive for civil rights, they might not vote for him. The man told a pollster, "I'd like niggers taken out of the United States." Then they saw the Democratic convention on television. When I talked to them recently, they were still worried about the Negro. The wife said they had worked on their house since 1927, and if a Negro moved next door, "we'll lose everything. At our age." Did this mean they would vote for Goldwater? "Oh, no! We're both going to vote for Mr. Johnson. Oh, that Mr. Johnson is a good gentleman. He understands the rich people and the poor people. He's like Uncle Sam."

In house after Democratic house I listened as people who had voted for Wallace last spring tried to make up their minds about the election this November, the decision often seesawing

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race riots have got to stop. Somebody's got to clamp down on these damned civil rights."

as the voter spoke. Despite the widespread fear of the Negro revolution, many voters also felt fierce loyalty to the Democratic Party as the champion of the workingman. Time after time these elements were mixed and unmixed as the voter sat on his front steps or in his backyard or agonized in his own living room, tipping the seesaw back and forth as he talked and often ending with a desperate, "What would *you* do?"

These bitter, guilt-ridden, changeable emotions of the white backlash appeared in all their confusion during an episode on a street in Baltimore. It was an Italian district in a precinct that has 817 registered voters, of whom 797 are Democrats and one is a Negro. It is next to another precinct with 87 percent Democrats, two thirds of them Negroes.

Interviewing, I had worked my way up and down the narrow, tidy front stairways to a wide, sunny alley formed by plastered walls topped by backyard fig trees and grapevines, all of it dominated by the Romanesque hulk of St. Leo's church. But from the entrance to the alley one can see the cold expanse of the asphalt playground of Public School No. 2 just a block away, and beyond that the public-housing project filled with Negroes.

It was a pleasant afternoon, and a 26-year-old woman with glasses was washing down her father's sidewalk with a hose, in the Baltimore fashion. I asked how she felt about Johnson and Goldwater. She said her family had always been Democratic but she hadn't decided yet. She might vote either way because the neighborhood was changing so fast and the civil-rights business. . . .

Our voices carried in the alley, and out of a front door came a large, indignant woman.

"Changed?" she said. "Changed? Ever since they moved into that project six years ago there's been nothing but trouble. Our kids used to play in that school yard, but now the colored have taken it over. They beat up any white kid who tries to use it. Look at them playing ball now. They got no respect for anybody."

WOMAN WITH THE HOSE: "You should hear some of the language those colored kids use in that playground. On Sunday mornings too."

INDIGNANT WOMAN: "They come into the Laundromat, little kids, and use language that makes me blush. If you say anything to them they tell you to shut up. Civil rights! Mr. Goldwater has something."

WOMAN WITH THE HOSE: "Yes, he's got the right idea, I think. I'm thinking about Johnson, but I've got to read up on Goldwater too."

An attractive, dark-haired woman in a print dress came to the corner. She was 35, a secretary, coming home at the end of the day, calling as she approached to locate her two small children. She had voted for Kennedy, and for Wallace, and now she was thinking of voting for Goldwater.

"I was born right here in this neighborhood. I never knew any colored people and I didn't care one way or the other. But I have to work all day and I worry because my kids can't play in the school yard anymore. They can't leave their bikes in the alley the way they used to. My boy made a scooter out of roller skates and a colored boy asked if he could take a ride and then ran off with it."

The secretary scanned the sidewalk and called to a little girl who had chased a tennis ball half a block away, "Annie, Annie, come back here. You know you're not supposed to go way down there."

"My family has always been Democratic," she said, watching as the child came back, "and so have I. But now I'm sending for some Goldwater reading matter. There's a Goldwater-for-President headquarters in this neighborhood. *That* never happened around here before. I want to read a little bit more before I make up my mind for certain."

INDIGNANT WOMAN: "Tell him how they choked that white boy to death down there on the corner."

SECRETARY: "Not to death. But there was a fight here. It gets pretty bad sometimes."

INDIGNANT WOMAN: "Look at them in that school yard. Look at them. Like savages."

She pointed toward the school, where 14 Negro boys played. For the better part of an hour, while we stood and talked, the boys played an unremarkable and quite orderly game of softball.

Another woman came out of her house to chat. She was Mrs. Fanny Iannantuono, a pleasant office worker in harlequin glasses. Her husband is a tile worker. They own their own home and have always voted Democratic. The women, including the indignant one, listened respectfully.

"I voted for Wallace and I was praying he would win. I thought that maybe if he wins things will be better because it will show the colored that we're fed up."

INDIGNANT WOMAN: "That's right. That's right."

WOMAN WITH THE HOSE: "That's what we thought too."

SECRETARY: "He came pretty close."

MRS. IANNANTUONO: "I've lived in this house eighteen years. I was born in this neighborhood. But now I feel I don't belong. I get worried about leaving the house at night. We're afraid to go to the zoo or the parks. I used to love to take a walk to Broadway after supper, but lately I've been afraid to.

"But what are you going to do? If Senator Goldwater was elected maybe we'd have war between the colored and the white because things have gone too far to turn back. Now they're mixed, and if Senator Goldwater tried to separate them there'd be civil war. I'd vote for Goldwater if I thought he could separate them without a civil war, but I'm afraid he'd only make things worse."

WOMAN WITH THE HOSE: "I think so too."

INDIGNANT WOMAN: "That's all we need. A civil war. As though we don't have enough troubles already."

MRS. IANNANTUONO: "It's so confusing. They say if the Republicans win we'll have a depression. I remember the depression."

INDIGNANT WOMAN: "Boy, do I remember *that*."

MRS. IANNANTUONO: "When Hoover was in we had to go on welfare and practically beg for kids' shoes. Many's the time I had to line up in St. Leo's basement for food and clothing. You were lucky if you made twelve dollars a week in those days."

INDIGNANT WOMAN: "You're telling the truth."

MRS. IANNANTUONO: "I'm for Johnson. He understands these things. I like his looks, the way I liked Roosevelt's, Truman's and Kennedy's. I think Johnson is going to be a second

Alabama Gov. George Wallace won anti-Negro votes in the North, prompting the furor over "backlash."

Roosevelt. Maybe he'll know how to handle the colored. He's like Father at church—never says anything against the colored. Father tells us if your skin is black you are still a child of God just like anybody else. It's what's inside that counts. The colored who go to Mass at St. Leo's are fine people, dignified and refined and well-behaved. If they were all like that, things would be different."

WOMAN WITH THE HOSE: "That's right."

SECRETARY: "Right."

MRS. IANNANTUONO: "We need Social Security and Medicare. Johnson is for that."

INDIGNANT WOMAN: "He's for the student loans too. If we don't have those student loans in my family, we're finished for college."

And so it went, that sunny afternoon not long ago, the arguments circling on themselves: Fear of the Negro blending into fear of Goldwater and the Republicans, leading to perhaps-the-Negroes-aren't-so-bad. If the presidential election had been held at 10-minute intervals on that Baltimore street corner, the results would have shifted between Goldwater and Johnson half a dozen times.

On 10,000 street corners, and along miles of back fences and rows of front steps in northern cities, voters are agonizing in similar fashion. Which way they vote on Election Day may depend on the last person they talk to, or the most recent racial clash, or the scene on the local playground as they drive to the voting booths.

The white backlash is real enough, but it is like summer lightning, playing fitfully in the political sky. It may dissipate itself without ever striking, or it may coalesce into a blinding thunderbolt that will shatter the electoral landscape. THE END

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The author predicts that female technological workers of the 21st century will wear jump suits and boots. Aluminum rotunda in background is

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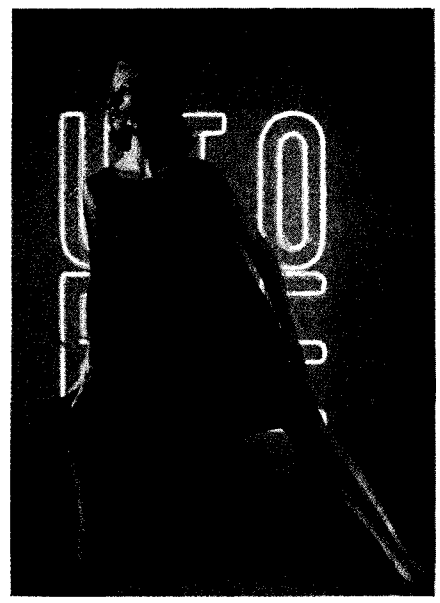
...posed to represent equilibrium.

Pleats and tights are for moon shopping.



For cocktails: a silk toga with net hose.

DESIGNS ON YOUR FUTURE

The woman of tomorrow will wear pleats and tights, and live in a house spun from glass fiber, with patent-leather walls and no furniture at all.

By EVELYN JABLOW

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN LAUNOIS

Stepping out of the hot, bright sunlight of Milan's Sempione Park into the exposition hall of the Triennale—the world's most prestigious show of furniture, decorative art, industrial design and architecture—was like walking into a mammoth fun house. In the long, dark entrance hall, pictures and lights flashed off and on, and a babble of sounds from television commercials filled the air.

In a huge silver room bathed in yellow light a voice enticed the viewer to play a game with a machine. The machine asked, "What is your age, sex, profession, hobby?" The final question had a sardonic twist: "You live in a world dominated by advertising. How do you like it?" After receiving the answers, the machine spewed out a character analysis which consigned the individual to one of three categories—the world of utopia, the world of technology or the world of illusion created by advertising.

It was obvious from the exhibits that followed that Italian artists and architects were taking a sardonic view of Leisure Society in the 20th century—the theme of this year's 13th Triennale. In America, *New York Times* columnist Russell Baker moaned, "With its genius for self-adjustment, society has turned leisure into labor," and the Triennale went to extremes to prove his point.

The effect on the individual of constant bombardment by the mass media was vividly dramatized in a completely mirrored room 50 feet high. Visitors to the room, enveloped a thousand times over by their reflections, saw themselves reduced to dust-speck size as the result of a blitz of film clips flashed continuously from hidden projectors. The photographs represented all phases of 20th-century work and play: famous people, sports events, historic scenes—ranging from the serious to the ludicrous, with none lasting longer than the blink of an eye. In the background sounded the endless rumble of rock-'n'-roll music, advertising clichés and slogans.

Another vignette captured the essence of the weekend mania for play: an expressway jammed with small cars laden with camping gear, boats, picnic baskets, suitcases, portable radio and television sets—the leisure society on the move, desperately trying to reach some overcrowded spot to play organized games.

Italian designers hammered home the point that the 20th century is becoming the Pop-Art Era—a worship of the familiar, a passion for objects rather than provocative new ideas.

The city of Milan has sponsored this noncommercial exhibit since 1923, but this year's show was a sharp departure from the past. The manufacturers, designers, artists and architects who came from around the world to spot furniture trends, set up manufacturing and import operations, or just to steal ideas, were more startled by the show's philosophy than by its exhibits. For this year's Triennale was less a showcase of new designs than a satiric commentary on the contemporary corruption of leisure.

About $20 billion is spent annually in the United States alone on recreation and

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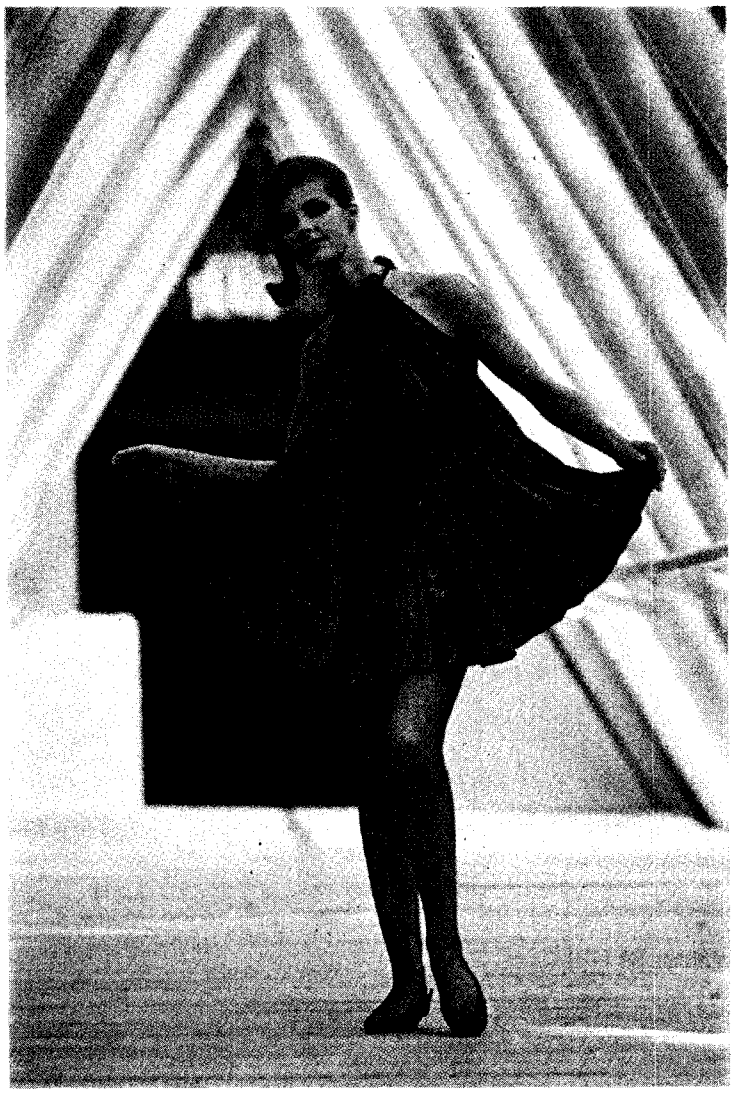
The 20th century is becoming the Pop-Art Era—a worship of familiar objects rather than provocative new ideas.



Structural shape of iron bridge is repeated in this pleated theater dress.

Dressed for lounging on the moon, model stands on pegboard stools.

Future Designs

leisure. Worldwide, the figure is astronomical. Yet, say the Milan critics, our goal is not leisure but mass consumption, and frenzy, rather than serenity, seems to be the result.

The emptiness of modern life was pointed up by a great, high hall that offered endless steps leading nowhere. The walls and steps were covered with aluminum foil and reflected in mirrors. Enrico Baj, one of Italy's leading contemporary artists, spoofed the ubiquitous soft-drink machines and jukeboxes by constructing them out of Erector sets to form pop-art sculpture. Another room, dominated by murals and photographs of Marilyn Monroe, represented an attempt to portray the creation and destruction of a personality through the myth-making machinery of the movie industry. Artist Lucio Fontana's satiric concept of the average man's idea of utopia was wall-to-wall purple carpeting and indirect lighting.

The Italian section of the show ended in a rotunda where the walls and ceiling were made of large strips of aluminum which gave the hypnotic illusion of spinning in slow motion. The background music was soft and serene. The scene was intended to represent equilibrium—an inner peace and harmony Italians believe is being destroyed by the senseless pace of modern life.

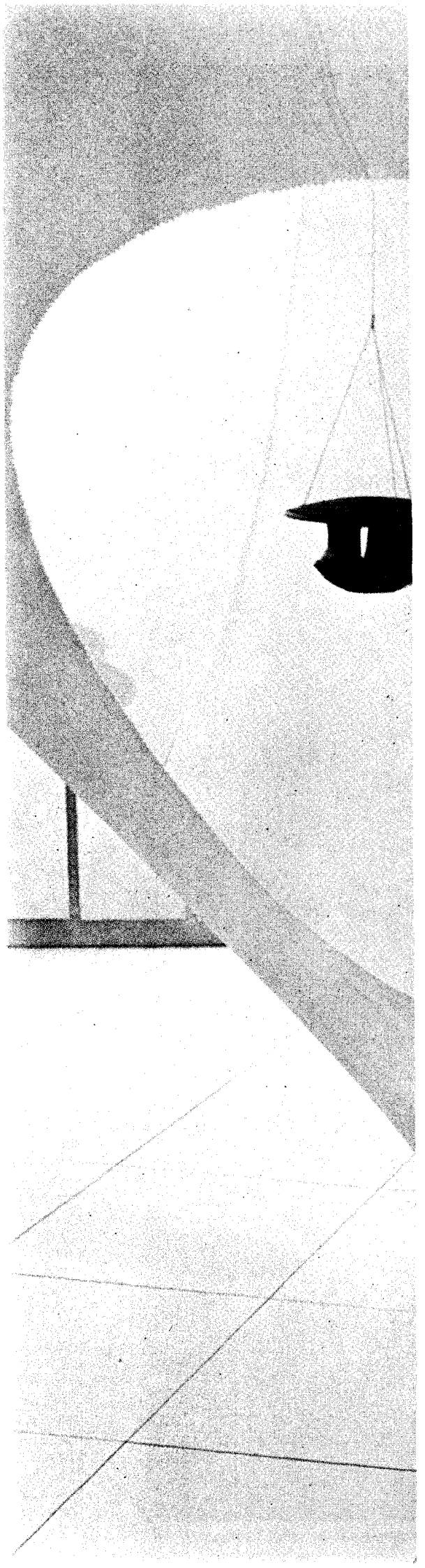
However the 14 other countries participating in the Triennale ignored the sociological implications of the 20th century and presented a few unusual designs for the more immediate future.

French architects designed a House of Culture with a floor that looked like a giant pegboard. The chairs, tables and shelves were built on stems to fit the holes in the floor. Depending on the activity scheduled for the room, the components could be rearranged to form either a recreation area, an auditorium or a classroom.

The Belgians constructed a theater with a stairway made from structural pipe which could be reassembled like a giant tinker toy, in any size and place. The theater seats were molded laminated wood without backs. All seats were near the stage to allow for a new concept of audience-participation drama.

The Swiss showed a room with a floor made of a series of levels, or platforms, completely carpeted to create "floor furniture," eliminating the need for upholstered chairs and sofas. Such a system would simplify moving problems, since tenants would only need to transfer personal belongings and art objects from one home to another.

In the United States exhibit, architect-designer Charles Forberg set out to destroy the idea that rooms must be either



The United States exhibit at Triennale used nylo

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stretch fabric, anchored at ceiling and floor, to shape unusual curved areas in a standard room. Entire area was white to create a serene and airy atmosphere.

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'Leisure without study is death; it is a tomb for the living man.'

Future Designs

square or rectangular. He used huge swooping canopies of nylon stretch fabric to create cave and tunnellike areas, giving a rounded, sculptural feeling to a rectangular space. The walls were of white patent leather; the floor of white plastic laminate. The general effect was light, airy and serene. To change the shape of the areas within the room, the homeowner need merely redrape the canopies in other directions.

A group of exhibits dealt with leisure living out-of-doors. British design students created a cube on wheels which opened like a giant jack-in-the-box into four rooms. The caravan cube could be easily carted across country on a small trailer. Owners would be able to set up their mobile apartment within an hour.

The Italian outdoor exhibit offered a blow-it-up-yourself plastic recreation hall big enough to house a tennis court and two or three Ping-Pong tables. The newest thing for swimming pools was a loudspeaker system which transmits music underwater. The familiar wood-slat or wrought-iron park bench will be replaced by modernistic concrete units combining chairs, tables and lighting.

The Milan exhibit emphasized the point that the architecture of the future will be based on the work of designers and engineers now occupied in technological advancement. Materials used for rocket-motor cases, expandable space stations and lunar vehicles will be adapted to build houses for the first pioneer colonies in space. At Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., for example, engineers are constructing a model of a moon house spun out of glass threads, wound round and round like a cocoon.

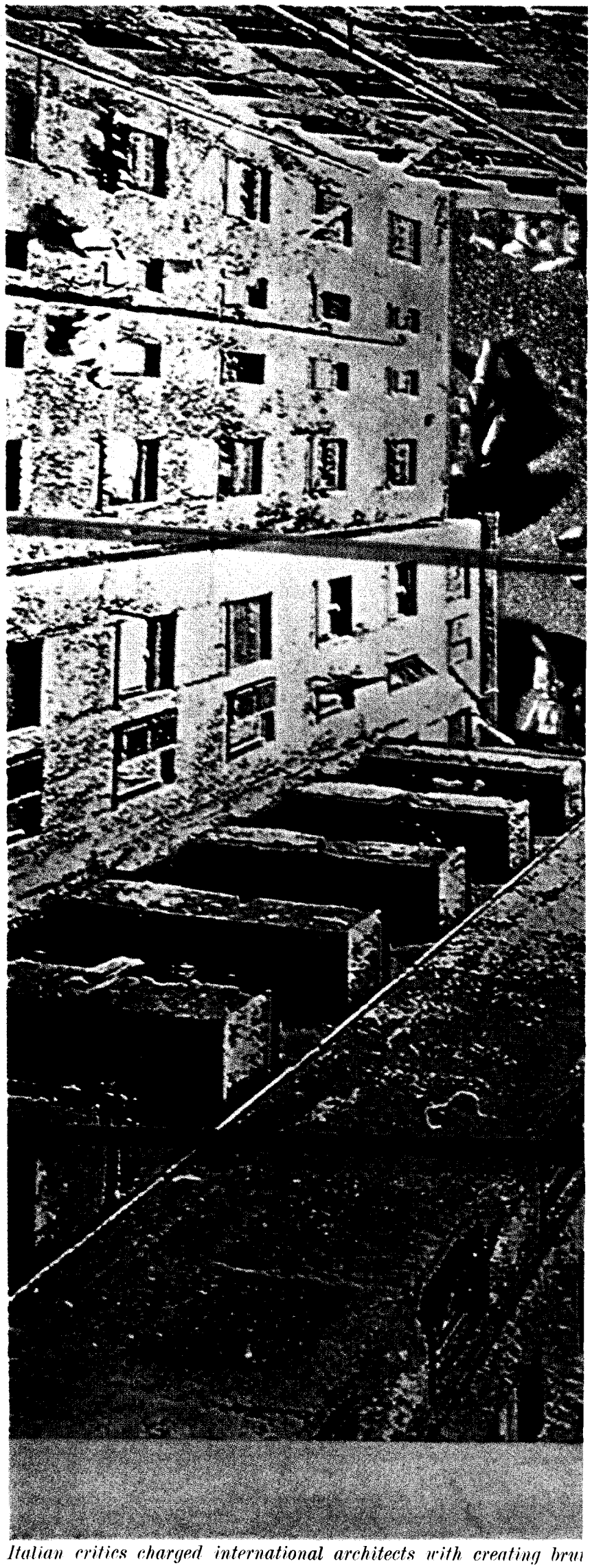
The furniture and decorative objects which go into the house of the future will not be as important as the shape of the house itself. Some will be built underground, similar to the concrete caves architect Paolo Soleri is now constructing in Arizona. Soleri and his wife and children live in one of the subterranean earth houses, and another is used for his working office. Eventually homes also will be built under water.

These houses will be stamped out as one unit, with openings for windows and doors. The igloo shape, the cone, the round house, the mushroom and the two-story cylinder probably will be used on the moon. Furniture will be unadorned and shaped to the human frame; chairs and tables will often be joined to each other like Siamese twins. For variety, the homeowner on the moon can zip over to his prepackaged-furniture store to pick up some pneumatic chairs and a table, which he can inflate himself, similar to the procedure used with life rafts. Each house will have its own electric inflator to keep up the pressure of the furniture. Lighting will be woven into the walls, eliminating conventional fixtures and giving the entire wall the appearance of a softly glowing panel. The intensity of the light, and even the color, will be controlled at a master panel.

Into this environment will rocket the 21st-century woman. Everything in her life—home, clothes, furnishings—will probably be created by the same designer. Such designers of the future will be able to shape a dress as well as a space house. Having spent 12 years in the field of interior design myself, I found it interesting to develop my concept of a wardrobe for the woman of the future. As I conceived it, the entire wardrobe will be contained in a cylinder no larger than a man's golf bag, compartmentalized to hold three or four pieces of clothing that can be worn in multiple combinations. Clothes construction will be simple, devised for ease of movement. The pleated outfits shown on these pages will come in one size only—a free form to fit all figures—prepackaged in a tube. The variety of pleating (such as mushroom, sunburst, accordion) will determine the shape of the dress. Fabrics will be lightweight, extremely colorful and often of stretch material. From shoulder to hem the tops will be 36 inches long to fit in the travelpack without folding. A warmly insulated jump suit replaces the standard overcoat. Since the short skirt length exposes legs nearly to the thigh, women will wear gaily patterned or ornamented tights. Boots will be worn outdoors; soft, slipperlike shoes indoors. Purely ornamental accessories, such as earrings and bracelets, will not be worn. The 21st-century woman will put on her basic tights each morning and merely change pleated tops during the day as she moves from activity to activity.

Her astronaut-husband's outfit will be equally simple. The 21st-century man will abandon tie, shirt and trousers. Instead he will be outfitted in the masculine version of the one-piece stretch moonsuit for traveling, and will strip down to long tights and a short toga, reminiscent of the free-swinging styles of the Roman charioteer. While traveling through space, he will wear a skintight pressurized suit made out of stretch material. Gloves, helmet and shoes will all be attached to the suit to protect the body.

Though the whimsical and technological aspects of the 21st century can be easily projected, it is not easy to predict whether society will make the appropriate sociological and philosophical advances. Civilization evolves slowly. Two thousand years ago Seneca wrote, "Leisure without study is death; it is a tomb for the living man." If things keep on, say Italian critics, the tomb will be filled with badly designed knickknacks. THE END



Italian critics charged international architects with creating bru

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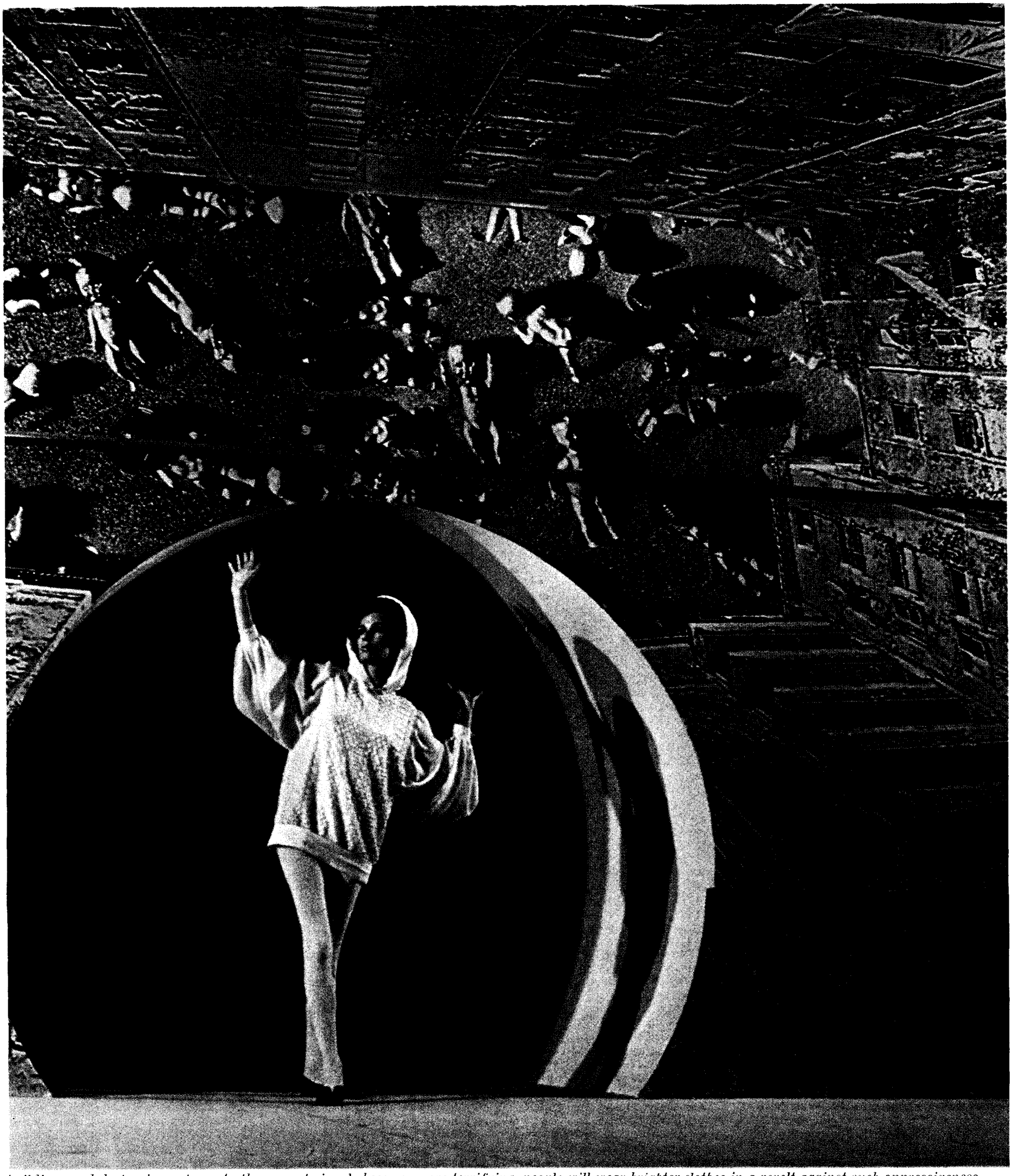

buildings and destroying nature. As the concrete jungle becomes more terrifying, people will wear brighter clothes in a revolt against such oppressiveness.

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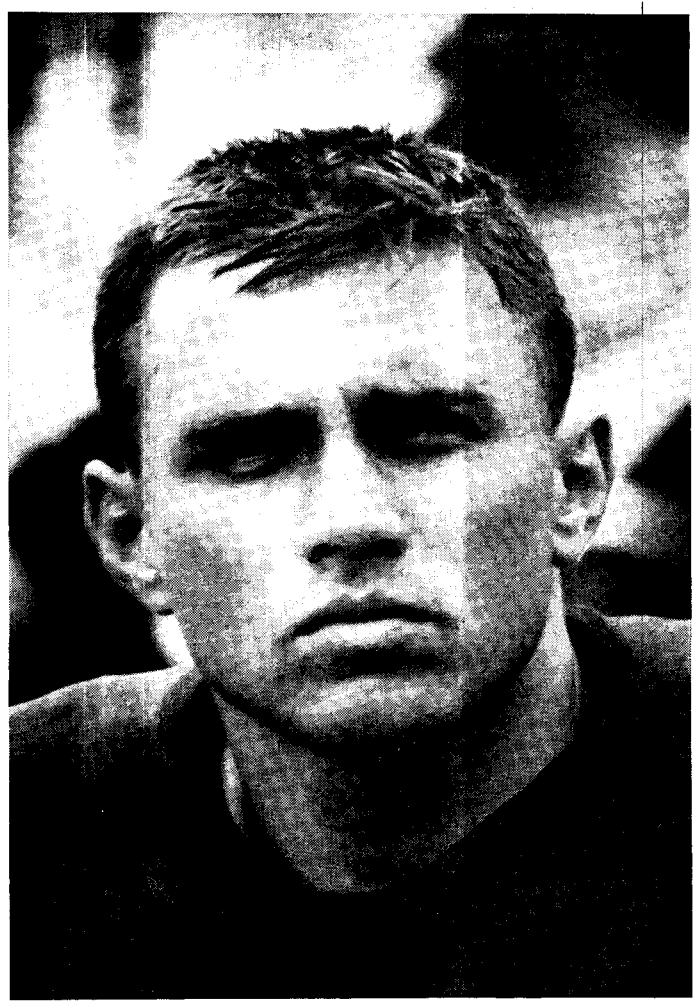
Pitt's Freddie Mazurek might have been voted an all-American last year if a superstar named Roger Staubach hadn't come along at Annapolis. When the two meet again this month it will be a

SHOWDOWN FOR A QUARTERBACK

By MYRON COPE



Mazurek's mother promised not to veto football for her unborn son.

It would be almost unpatriotic if another quarterback were to depose Navy's Roger Staubach, the No. 1 glamour boy of college football. The game could scarcely ask for a more all-American all-American. Sleek, closely barbered, humble, and yes, attired in the uniform of his country, Staubach looks as though he has just stepped out of an old Grantland Rice sports column. Yet he is about to be challenged by a dark, intense, unlikely runt who hopes October 24 will mark Midshipman Staubach's end as an all-American.

The runt, Freddie Mazurek, quarterbacks the University of Pittsburgh. Pitt plays Navy in Pittsburgh on October 24, and it is Mazurek's dream that before the afternoon is over, Staubach will have been succeeded as the nation's premier quarterback. "I won't say I'm better than Staubach," says Mazurek. "He's the all-American now. I have to catch him."

Even if Mazurek fails, the fact that he has come close is a triumph of nerve, for football has almost killed him. He plays the game as if unaware that only a few years ago he was carried from a field with a blood clot on his brain. Throughout Pitt games his mother clutches a rosary and prays for his safety. No matter how worried she may be, however, she remains faithful to a pledge she made to Freddie's father before their marriage.

"I want one guarantee, that's all I ask," said Joe Mazurek, a coal miner in Republic, Pa. "If we have any boys and they want to play football, you put up no roadblocks." Thus, in a sense, Quarterback Mazurek's course was set toward the gridiron before he was born.

"My dad put a lot of pressure on me," says Freddie. "He sees only one thing—gaining all the ground, scoring all the points. I've played with broken ribs and torn ligaments and when I could hardly walk. But I had to put out for my dad."

Staubach vs. Mazurek is a match that has all the appearances of Lancelot jousting with the village dwarf. The 21-year-old challenger is five feet ten and 185 chunky pounds, most of them in his backside and fireplug legs; by today's big-time football standards, he is better suited to peddle peanuts in the aisles.

Fortunately, Freddie was born with exceptional athletic instincts to go with his physical toughness. He is a pinpoint short passer and a mercurial, zigzag runner who rewrites plays on the run. "I know what he's going to do," says Mazurek's backfield coach, Bimbo Cecconi, "but not how he's going to do it. Somehow, when Mazurek gets the ball, the play doesn't always end the way it's supposed to." On one play last year, with the ball on the Penn State 17, Mazurek ran to his right to pass, then changed his mind and dashed up the middle. At the five-yard line he eluded the last tackler by hurtling as if fired from a bazooka, clear into the end zone.

Pitt's head coach, John Michelosen, a tall, pleasant man who ordinarily speaks mild generalities, says point-blank that neither Staubach nor ex-Miami star George Mira—last season's two most publicized college quarterbacks—was the equal of Mazurek. Moreover, athletic director Frank Carver maintains that Mazurek is the most dangerous back in Pitt history. Still, all-American honors elude Mazurek, partly because he has had to contend with Staubach. He denies that the Navy star bugs him, yet in conversation he rattles off Staubach's exact yardage in every game last year.

"All-Americans are chosen at midseason," he sighs. "My first five games last year couldn't compare with Staubach's, but his last five couldn't compare with mine."

If Freddie Mazurek is nettled, his father is outraged. "What do you have to do to outshine Staubach?" he cries.

What Freddie must do, pure and simple, is outshine his rival face-to-face on the same football field and beat Navy. As of now, Staubach, for all the publicity he attracts as a service-academy lion, is on top on merit. He is more the classic passer than Mazurek, firing both from the pocket and on the run. As a ball carrier, Staubach does not possess Mazurek's nimble stop-and-go wizardry or the runt's astonishing gift for darting through holes that seem little wider than a bathtub drain. Yet Staubach is a scrambler in his own right and in open field he runs with a great, leggy stride. He will be a hard man to outperform on October 24—or any other Saturday.

Mazurek is not apt to fall to pieces on the big day. Although he describes himself as "all nerves"—lightning terrifies him and dissecting a frog turns him squeamish—he is a cool football general who comes from stern, tough-minded stock. His grandfather, an immigrant coal miner, was a no-nonsense parent who forbade his sons to play high-school football. When he once suspected that Joe was sneaking off to play coal-patch sandlot football, he told him, "If you ever come home with a broken leg, I promise you I'll break the other one." Joe played coal-patch ball anyhow. Today he figures that if his father had allowed him to play high-school football, he would have received a college scholarship and escaped the mines.

Joe bore down on his only son. "In Little League baseball," says Freddie, "if I didn't hit a home run every time, he'd turn red in the face and give me those grimaces." Actually, Joe is an immediately likable man whose passion to produce an all-American is understandable in the context of his environment. For decades sports has been the escape route from the sooty homes of the Mazureks' Monongahela Valley. Countless young men have traveled this route with the same fierce will that Joe Mazurek transferred to his son.

In this region high-school football is only slightly less rugged than a Chinese tong war. During Freddie Mazurek's sophomore year, he crouched in a huddle after a pileup and suddenly felt a stabbing pain in his head. He blacked out, then swallowed his tongue and stopped breathing. Immediate attention from the school physician revived his heartbeat, and an ambulance sped him 15 miles to a hospital in Uniontown, where he lay for 18 days, seeing double. He was taken to Pittsburgh, where specialists found a blood clot on his brain and immediately operated. Later, when his recovery was still in doubt, he told his parents, "If I can't play sports, I don't want to live."

Within a month, Freddie Mazurek opened the basketball season wearing a Little League batting helmet. The following fall, with assurances from doctors that he had made a complete recovery, he resumed his football career. His mother, fulfilling her promise to Joe Mazurek, held her silence.

The next time he played against the same team, there was talk that Freddie would "turn chicken." To prove otherwise, he galloped headfirst into four tacklers the first time he got his hands on the ball. Later, he rolled out to his left and ran 50 yards for a touchdown, but a five-yard penalty nullified the run. On the next play he rolled left again and ran 55 yards. Another penalty pushed the ball back five more yards. So for a third time he rolled left and ran 60 yards, finally getting his touchdown. As for his future, 86 different colleges wanted to provide him with an education.

At Pitt, coach Michelosen wanted to bring him along slowly in his sophomore season, but Mazurek literally sneaked himself into the lineup. In a late-season game against Notre Dame, he begged a Pitt halfback named Ed Clark to let him take his place on the kickoff-receiving team. Clark, seeing tears in Mazurek's eyes, shrugged and slipped off the field.

Before any of Pitt's coaches was the wiser, Mazurek caught the kickoff. He raced 93 yards for a touchdown.

After the game Joe Mazurek barked at Michelosen that Freddie should have been given a chance sooner. Michelosen replied, "Freddie isn't ready." Joe stomped off. "He's a rather strong sports father," Michelosen says today.

The coach also felt the hot breath of

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a rather strong sports employer—Chancellor Edward H. Litchfield, the head of the university. Although Litchfield has made Pitt a prestigious center of learning, he remains a bull-throated football fan, and he was inclined to agree with Pitt fans that Michelosen was playing dull football. He urged the coach to be more entertaining. Michelosen, hoping to oblige in the 1963 season, knew Mazurek to be the bandmaster he needed but he was dismayed to learn that the quarterback did not intend to show up at spring practice.

Mazurek, a professional-baseball prospect who had rejected a $25,000 Philadelphia bonus at the time of his high-school graduation, intended to spend the springtime playing college baseball.

"Spring football practice is important," Michelosen told him, trying to be gently persuasive. "College football is a lot different from high-school football."

"Not where I played high-school football," said Mazurek.

"Maybe we can work it out so you can play baseball and practice football too."

"No, coach," Mazurek replied stubbornly. "I tried that once in high school. It didn't work."

"Well," said Michelosen, "if you take spring practice you're our No. 1 quarterback. If you don't, you start on the bottom in the fall."

"I'll just have to start on the bottom then," said Mazurek.

When fall came Michelosen, not about to spite himself, promoted his problem child to the No. 1 spot after watching him dazzle the regulars in the first scrimmage. With Mazurek running the team, Michelosen adopted a wide-open offense that scored 236 points. Rolling out to his right or left, Mazurek made it impossible for opponents to know whether he would riddle them with passes or slither through them on the ground.

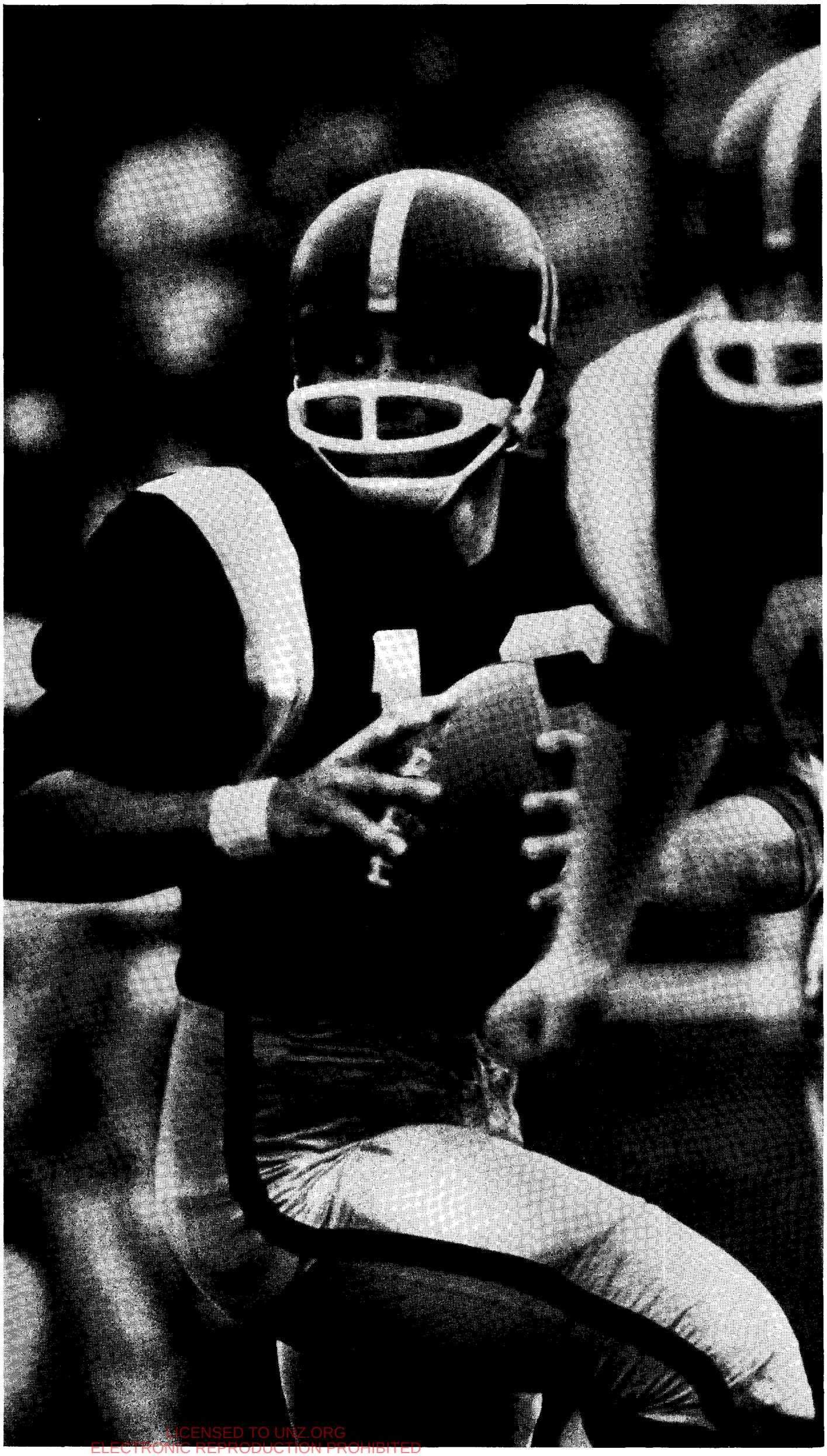
Pitt lost only one game—to Navy, which means Staubach—but Mazurek went into the game with a broken toe and saw only 16 minutes of action. By season's end he had gained 1,595 yards running and passing, a university record. His passing accuracy stood at .583. It was less than Staubach's (.665), but on the ground Mazurek gained 228 more yards than Staubach.

This year Mazurek is, like Staubach, a marked man. Playing the season opener against U.C.L.A. before a national TV audience, he had hoped to pick up a few votes for all-American but was kicked unconscious and missed much of the game. Even so, he gained 157 yards in 13 minutes.

The Navy game is Mazurek's last chance. Supporting casts, of course, will influence the outcome. Navy seems the stronger team, but Pitt will have a home-field, home-crowd advantage. At any rate, even if Mazurek fails to unseat Staubach, the mining-town runt will have something to show for his football career.

He came to Pitt girl shy, having had only one date in high school. In his sophomore year of college he had his second date. In his junior year he fell in love, at a distance, with a pretty blonde coed and finally summoned nerve to arrange the third date of his life. He now goes steady with the blonde, whose name is Suzanne Michelosen—the coach's daughter.

A man with that kind of initiative isn't likely to worry about an appointment with a mere midshipman. THE END



Mazurek is a pinpoint short passer, but is even more explosive running with the ball.

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Conclusion

JOSEPH P. KENNEDY

THE DAYS OF TRIUMPH AND TRAGEDY

By RICHARD J. WHALEN

His ambition brought wealth and power to his family. He could not save them from disaster.

Following his discharge from the Navy in March, 1945, Jack Kennedy gravitated toward the only occupation for which he had some training and credentials—writing. Through friends of his father, he joined Hearst's International News Service as a special correspondent. He covered the founding of the United Nations in San Francisco, reporting on the conference "from a GI viewpoint," and later went to England, where he saw Churchill rudely toppled by a war-weary British electorate. These were choice assignments for a neophyte journalist, but Jack found reporting too "passive," and his editors were unimpressed with his copy.

His entry into politics as the replacement for his brother Joe Jr., who had been killed in action during the war, was probably inevitable, although Jack and his father later would make it sound like the result of a dramatic command decision. "I got Jack into politics, I was the one," Joe Kennedy told an interviewer many years afterward. "I told him Joe was dead and that it was therefore his responsibility to run for Congress. He didn't want to. He felt he didn't have the ability, and he still feels that way. But I told him he had to." Jack himself told a friendly newspaperman, "It was like being drafted. My father wanted his eldest son in politics. 'Wanted' isn't the right word. He demanded it. You know my father."

Political opponents would depict Jack Kennedy as a puppet dancing under the hands of a ruthless, dictatorial parent whose ambitions he had been forced to fulfill. But this "puppet-master" theory said more about Joe Kennedy's egotism and his son's self-mocking quality than about what actually happened. By a gradual process that involved little self-denial, Jack came to agree with his father's wish that he enter politics. After all, there was no compelling reason why he should *not;* he had been taught since childhood that he must do something worthwhile with his life. Responding to his father's urgings, he accepted the career held out to him. However narrow his choice, it was to prove a satisfying one. For he would discover in politics an animating purpose—to win.

When Jack Kennedy returned to Boston in mid-1945 to launch his political career, he was a stranger in the city of his birth. Almost the only person he knew there, he later would recall half seriously, was "Grampa Fitz," then 83 and living in retirement in the Hotel Bellevue, a politicians' hangout near the State House on Beacon Hill. Jack, too, moved into the Bellevue, but not to sit at the feet of "Honey Fitz" and his garrulous cronies. As usual, the elder to whom Jack listened most attentively was his father, who soon established himself in a suite at the Ritz-Carlton.

Though the Kennedys had been absent from Boston for two decades, their local fame had grown. The city's parochial press had chronicled every step of Joe Kennedy's career—from neighborhood banker to financial adventurer whose speculations in Wall Street, movies, whiskey and real estate, among other commodities, had brought him a fortune estimated to be in excess of $200 million; his public career as chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission and the Maritime Commission; and particularly his giant stride to London as U.S. Ambassador. Indeed, the nonresident Kennedys were sentimentally regarded as the city's leading Irish family. To be sure, some members of the inbred political fraternity, when informed that "young John" would seek public office, spoke scornfully of the arrivals from Palm Beach, Fla., as "carpetbaggers." But the general response to Jack was one of hearty welcome.

There was a vacancy in the office of U.S. Representative for the 11th Congressional District of Massachusetts. After careful study, Kennedy and his son agreed this was the opportunity they had been seeking. Misshapen by repeated gerrymandering, the 11th District sprawled across East Boston, the North and West End, and then over the Charles River into Charlestown, Cambridge and part of Somerville. The poor, slum-ridden district was unshakably Democratic, but the party consisted of warring Irish and Italian factions. Thus the Democratic primary in June, the only election that mattered, promised to be a free-for-all.

In addition to his family's enormous financial resources, Jack enjoyed the

Excerpted from "The Founding Father: The Story of Joseph P. Kennedy," to be published by N.A.L.-WORLD. © 1964 by Richard J. Whalen.

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advantage of the family's fame. While he was unknown to the voters, his grandfathers were well remembered in the district that embraced their old bailiwicks, and everyone had heard of Ambassador Kennedy. However, no matter how broad the coattails of preceding generations, Jack's election was not assured. It was by no means certain that the voters in the working-class district, accustomed to the derby-wearing, backslapping breed of "pol," would accept the rich young newcomer. His siege of malaria had left him drawn and emaciated, making him appear even younger than his 28 years. With his air of diffidence and his Harvard *a*, he looked and sounded like a graduate student who had strayed absentmindedly from cloistered Harvard into the strange environment of the Boston slums. His world of exclusive schools, trips abroad, debutante parties and weekends in the country was remote from the residents' dreary world of monotonous drudgery, crowded tenements and Saturday-night drinking bouts. As he climbed rickety stairs and poked into dark, noisome corners, seeking out his prospective constituency, he encountered end'ess and not-very-pleasant surprises. It was a revelation to him, his guide later recalled, that the gas stove and the toilet actually could be in the same bleak room.

As Jack doggedly knocked on doors, shook hands and made small talk, he may have thought how effortlessly his dead brother, Joe Jr., would have performed these chores that he found so difficult and distasteful. Assailed by doubts and full of apologies, he often confided to campaign workers, "I'm just filling Joe's shoes. If he were alive, I'd never be in this."

Yet he was more than the driven proxy for the ambitions of others. No less than his gregarious brother, shy, reserved Jack was the heir to the family's rich political tradition. And he was proud, as all Kennedys were proud. Whatever his sense of obligation, he wanted to win for himself. Beginning his campaign months before his opponents, he slowly gained poise and self-confidence. The process of self-discovery, begun in the South Pacific, continued to unfold in the daily round of campaigning. "I never thought Jack had it in him," an astonished Joe Kennedy told a friend.

No one, least of all the candidate, could forget for a moment the powerful figure in the background. A taunting opponent in the primary dubbed Jack "the poor little rich kid." Rumor had it that Joe Kennedy was boasting he could elect his chauffeur to Congress with all the money he was spending. Asked years afterward what he had done to help his son, Kennedy replied, "I just called people. I got in touch with people I knew. I have a lot of contacts. I've been in politics in Massachusetts since I was ten."

Jack's campaign had two separate and distinct sides. On display before the voters was the candidate, surrounded by clean-cut, youthful volunteer workers, some of them college chums and Navy buddies, the total effect being one of wholesome amateurism. But the appealing contrast with the ward-heeling professionalism of much of the opposition was more apparent than real. At work on the hidden side of the campaign were the professional politicians whom Joe Kennedy had quietly recruited. In his hotel suite and other private meeting places they sat with their hats on and cigars aglow, a hard-eyed, cynical band, brainstorming strategy.

The voters of the district were saturated with Kennedy advertising—billboards, posters, car cards, leaflets and radio "spots." The people, a campaign worker remembered, "saw Kennedy, heard Kennedy, ate Kennedy, drank Kennedy, slept Kennedy, and Kennedy talked and we talked Kennedy all day long." Joe Kennedy was rumored to be spending upward of a quarter of a million dollars on the campaign. An insider later estimated the actual outlay at perhaps one fifth that amount, still far more than any opponent. A smoothly efficient organization planned and executed every phase of the Kennedy campaign—for example, volunteer hostesses at Kennedy house parties were provided with cups and saucers, coffee and cookies, silver and flowers. Tight scheduling enabled the candidate to appear at as many as half a dozen such parties in an evening. The name of every person who attended was forwarded to campaign headquarters.

But the money so freely spent and the work so flawlessly done were not decisive. In the final analysis the candidate owed his long lead to himself. His injured back laced in a brace, his thoughts on the steaming bath at day's end that would ease his pain, Jack campaigned 14 hours a day. And yet it was not really as a politician that he was sweeping the field. He was very young and perhaps overeducated, but his heroic war record marked him as a man among men. Wage earners who would have balked at backing a millionaire crossed jealously drawn class lines to give their support to the skipper of PT-109.

Although the Kennedys were celebrities, they were engagingly democratic. Voters were startled (and flattered) to answer the doorbell and find one of the Kennedy girls, Eunice, Pat or Jean, flashing a smile and holding out her brother's campaign brochure. Twenty-year-old Bobby, just out of the Navy, was assigned to run a campaign office deep behind enemy lines, in the tough neighborhood of East Cambridge. It was hoped that he might cut the expected vote against Jack from five-to-one to four-to-one. Bobby ranged through the Italian neighborhood shaking hands and eating spaghetti, but his reputation as "a regular guy" was

In Chicago hotel during the 1956 convention, Bobby and Jack radiate optimism.

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'JOE KENNEDY'S FORTUNE IS REAL. HE COULD WRITE A CHECK FOR NINE MILLION DOLLARS JUST LIKE THAT.'

Joseph P. Kennedy

sealed when he deserted his office to play softball with the kids in a park across the street. Astonishingly, the returns from East Cambridge would show Jack running neck and neck with the local favorite.

True to the pollsters' predictions, Jack scored a smashing victory in the primary. Almost doubling the vote of runner-up Mike Neville, he took more than 40 percent of the ballots cast, an arresting feat in a 10-man race. As the returns came in, Joe Kennedy stood in a corner apart from the self-possessed candidate and his jubilant supporters, a proud, quietly happy onlooker.

The opinions Jack heard from his father in the latter half of the 1940's were vociferously conservative. Vanished without a trace was the enlightened liberal capitalist, the admiring New Dealer. Now Joe Kennedy outdid veteran opponents of the New Deal in condemning the overgrown Federal Government and the stealthy advance of socialism.

In the early postwar period there were reports that Kennedy would return to the Government, but nothing came of them. Probably it was just as well that Kennedy remained a private citizen. As a public man, he might well have embarrassed his son. As Kennedy rephrased his prewar isolationist views, he drew the fire of liberal internationalists.

Following the outbreak of the Korean War, Kennedy adopted an unequivocally isolationist stance. Clearly audible in his public remarks were echoes of his old defeatist opinions. Indeed, in a speech at the University of Virginia in December, 1950, he drew a tenuous parallel between the U.S. position and that of Britain at the time of Munich. He spoke under the auspices of the Student Forum at the law school, and was introduced by his son Bobby, the forum's president. Describing the foreign policy of the Truman Administration as "suicidal," the elder Kennedy said the U.S., like Britain in 1938, was perilously overextended, saddled with commitments that could not be fulfilled even at the cost of the war that these reckless pledges invited.

What he proposed, with brutal candor, was a policy of wholesale retreat. His views unchanged since 1939, the speaker recognized no vital American interest in the fate of the peoples and resources of Western Europe. By his curious logic, the best hope of defeating Communism lay in surrendering Europe.

Clearly the opportunity for reflection afforded Kennedy over the past decade had left him more convinced than ever of the rightness of the appeasement policies of his friend Neville Chamberlain. Wrote Joseph and Stewart Alsop in their syndicated column, "Back in 1940 Joseph P. Kennedy returned from the London embassy to advocate giving the world to Nazi Germany. He did not put it quite that way, but total triumph for Hitler would still have been the result of his program. In the same manner in 1950, Kennedy has just crawled out of his richly upholstered burrow to advocate giving the world to the Soviet Union."

The Russians, ever willing to profit by the blindly repeated mistakes of the West, paid the capitalist Kennedy the unusual compliment of reprinting the full text of his speech in *Pravda*.

After helping his son establish a political base in Boston, Kennedy seldom returned to the city, preferring to divide his time between New York and Palm Beach. His life in Florida was pleasant and well ordered. On a typical day he awoke about seven, ate breakfast in his room, and read his mail and several newspapers before going downstairs around 9:30. From midmorning until noon he basked in the sun beside the pool, conducting his far-flung business by long-distance telephone. After lunch, he usually took a half-hour nap, then played a round of golf. In the long, tropical twilight, he might have a drink, but only one. Following an early, well-served dinner, he watched television or a new movie, and went to bed well before 10 o'clock. Each tranquil day he grew richer. "The Kennedy fortune is different from most others," said James M. Landis, who was associated with him in his business enterprises. "It isn't paper; it's real. Joe could write a check for nine million dollars just like that."

Even after Jack had got started in politics, Kennedy, concerned over his son's back injury, from time to time explored less demanding careers for him. In the late '40's he briefly considered buying the New York *Sun*, and he made an offer for the Boston *Post*. "He once had it in the back of his mind that Jack might make an editor," Landis remembered.

Also in the late '40's, Kennedy toyed with the idea of buying the Brooklyn Dodgers baseball team and installing his son as president. The deal failed to go through because of Kennedy's bearishness; he saw the possibility of a depression and a third world war, calamities which would distract even Dodger fans.

Any initial doubts Kennedy had about Jack's making a career of politics were resolved by the ease with which he was reelected without working or campaigning very hard. In 1948 he had no opposition in either the Democratic primary or the general election. Two years later he faced five opponents in the primary, and rolled up five times their combined vote. That fall he won over his Republican opponent by almost five to one. Jack Kennedy's seat in Congress was "safe" for as long as he cared to occupy it.

In these years of rising East-West conflict, the views of the father and son on foreign policy coincided at a few points, but diverged sharply at many others. Thus, while Jack might assert that the U.S. "cannot reform the world," he consistently supported foreign-aid programs, provided the Allies bore their share of the burden. Actually, what Congressman Kennedy thought about foreign aid—or almost anything else, for that matter—was of small consequence. Later in his career he would recall that "we were just worms over in the House—nobody pays much attention to us nationally." Even if Joe Kennedy's inclinations had run in that direction, which they did not, it would hardly have been worth his trouble to dictate his son's position on this bill or that. According to Jack Kennedy's biographer, James MacGregor Burns, "There is little evidence of direct paternal influence on the son's views; his files contain a number of letters from his father, but almost all relate to family and financial matters. His father states flatly today that he never asked his son to vote for or against any bill in Congress."

More meaningful to Kennedy than the stand Jack took on a particular public question was the effect his son's politics had on his overall standing before the voters. His constant fear was that Jack would speak or act impulsively, and thus "hurt" himself—needlessly damage his popularity. Kennedy had been reared in the intensely personal politics of the East Boston wards, where the man counted for everything; the issue-centered politics of the New Deal and afterward were alien and unappealing. He railed against expanding government and onrushing socialism, but calmly accepted his son's contrary voting record, for he realized such tactical liberalism was expedient in Jack's constituency. Joe Kennedy admired well-organized, self-disciplined men who were physically tough and agile of mind; what they thought was of small importance. It was more important that his son win elections than that Jack's opinions agree with his own.

As early as 1949 Jack Kennedy, though scarcely more than a freshman congressman, began running hard for higher office. It had taken only one term in the House for him to become bored with the tortoiselike pace of the seniority system. Restless and impatient, he found the satisfactions of the settled legislative life inferior to the excitement of capturing higher rank. What office he wanted, when he would seek it—these questions were left to be decided by future opportunity.

The old man takes over

Each Thursday evening he flew from Washington to Boston, and set off in a chauffeur-driven car for a long weekend of speechmaking across the state. On the following Monday evening, the undeclared candidate caught a plane back to the capital and resumed his congressional duties for another three days. As a leading member of the "Tuesday-to-Thursday Club" of absentee eastern congressmen, Jack found little time to distinguish himself in the House. But by early 1952 he had crisscrossed Massachusetts dozens of times, introducing the name of Kennedy to voters in almost all of the state's 351 cities and towns.

When he embarked on this long preliminary campaign, he considered trying for the governorship in 1950, when the Democratic incumbent, Paul Dever, came up for reelection. State issues and politics were uninviting, but the executive position would make an excellent springboard to national office. Gradually, however, Jack changed his mind and moved toward a direct leap to the Senate in 1952. The way was cleared when Governor Dever, the logical challenger to Republican Sen. Henry Cabot Lodge, fearful of the latter's popularity, chose to stay in the governor's mansion. Thirty-four-year-old Congressman Kennedy promptly announced his candidacy for the Senate.

In their recollections of 1952, father and son differed on the role the older Kennedy played in the campaign. As Jack remembered that summer and fall, his father had stayed on the sidelines at Hyannis Port. However Joe Kennedy recalled that he had been in Boston—and so he had. Jack's attempt to minimize his father's contribution was part of his general defensiveness about how he had won, and why. As he said several years afterward, "People say, 'Kennedy bought the election. Kennedy could never have been elected if his father hadn't been a millionaire.' Well, it wasn't the Kennedy name and the Kennedy money that won that election. I beat Lodge because I hustled for three years. I worked for what I got." Work he did. But whether or not he acknowledged it, the name and wealth bestowed on him by his father made victory possible.

Twenty-seven-year-old Bobby Kennedy, fresh from the University of Virginia Law School, became campaign manager. "When Bobby came in," an insider said later, "we knew it was the old man taking over. What had Bobby done up to that time politically? Nothing. Not a damn thing, and all of a sudden he was there as campaign manager, waving the banners." At the very least, the choice provided further proof, if any was needed, that Kennedys preferred to deal with Kennedys.

The inexperienced Bobby showed little deference toward older politicians. As much a stranger in Boston as his older brother had been, he knew almost none of the local powers. One very prominent Boston political figure paid a visit to the newly opened Kennedy headquarters and was astounded to discover that no one, not even the candidate's manager, recognized him. "You're asking me who I am?" he shouted. "You mean to say nobody here knows me? And you call *this* a political headquarters?" Annoyed, Bobby threw the caller out.

Some professionals found the young amateur insufferable. Governor Dever was running for reelection, and his campaign was linked with Jack Kennedy's. One day Bobby stormed into Dever's office and began to berate him for what he considered a mistake in strategy. Dever angrily cut him short and showed him the door. Then he telephoned the ambassador: "I know you're an important man around here and all that, but I'm telling you this and I mean it. Keep that fresh kid of yours out of my sight from here on in."

Through the campaign, those around Jack often doubted his ability to bear up physically. A spinal operation had failed to heal properly, and he was in almost constant pain. On a trip with Bobby and Pat in 1951, he had become seriously ill, and was flown to a military hospital on Okinawa with a temperature above 106 degrees. ("They didn't think he would live," Bobby later recalled.) Midway through the campaign Jack was unable to move without crutches, but he refused to admit his body's weakness. "He hated to appear in public on his crutches," said a friend who traveled with him. "When we came to the door of a hall where he was to make a speech, he'd hand the

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John F. (Honey Fitz) Fitzgerald, a politician of the old school, helps Jack celebrate reelection to Congress in November, 1948. With them are Rose, Mrs. Fitzgerald and Joe.

'AVERAGE!' JOE SHOUTED. 'WHY, I HAPPEN TO BE THE MOST AVERAGE GUY IN THIS WHOLE DAMNED OUTFIT!'

crutches to one of us and throw his shoulders back and march down the aisle as straight as a West Point cadet. How he did it, I'll never know."

An unfailing source of strength was the support he received from his family. "Each Kennedy," a reporter once observed, "takes pride in the achievements of the others. Each, instinctively, would rather win the approval of the family than of outsiders. And when an outsider threatens to thwart the ambitions of any of them, the whole family forms a close-packed ring, horns lowered, like a herd of bison beset by wolves."

Lodge, who had been busy working for Eisenhower, belatedly recognized his peril and came hurrying back to Massachusetts two months before the election. By that time members of the Kennedy family had shaken the hands of some two million voters. During the campaign no fewer than 33 formal receptions were given, attended by an estimated 75,000 persons, almost all of them women. Jack's standard appeal was brief and boyish. "In the first place," he told the ladies, "for some strange reason there are more women than men in Massachusetts, and they live longer. Secondly, my grandfather, the late John F. Fitzgerald, ran for the United States Senate thirty-six years ago against my opponent's grandfather, Henry Cabot Lodge [Sr.], and he lost by only thirty thousand votes in an election where women were not allowed to vote. I hope that by impressing the female electorate I can more than take up the slack."

The handsome young congressman made a dazzling impression: an estimated 80 percent of his volunteer workers were signed up at the receptions. "What is there about Jack Kennedy," a Republican visitor was heard to ask, "that makes every Catholic girl in Boston between the ages of eighteen and twenty-eight think it's a holy crusade to get him elected?" Women of all ages were awed by the family's trappings of wealth and power. A veteran newspaperman cynically remarked that "it was all they could do to keep those old gals who came to the affairs from curtsying. They had every tendency to drop to one knee."

The candidate's brothers and sisters rang doorbells, made speeches, attended house parties, and twice appeared on a family television program called *Coffee With the Kennedys*. But the star of the family campaign troupe turned out to be Rose. Jack's organization was weakest in Boston, and his father summoned a seasoned professional, State Sen. John Powers, to take the situation in hand.

"I told him," said Powers, "that he was right about Boston. I said to him, 'Joe, the fight's falling off, and it needs something to pick it up.' I asked him for permission to use Mrs. Kennedy. He answered, 'But Johnny, she's a grandmother!'

"'That's all right,' I told him, 'she's a Gold Star mother, the mother of a war hero and a congressman, the wife of an ambassador, the daughter of a mayor and a congressman, the daughter-in-law of a state senator and representative and she's beautiful and she's a Kennedy. Let me have her.' And he thought it over and finally said, 'Well, take it slow with her.'"

Joe's concern was misplaced. The daughter of Honey Fitz knew exactly what to say and do, no matter what the audience. Before a group of Italian women in Boston's North End, she appeared as a girl who had grown up in the neighborhood, the mother of nine children. She greeted her audience with a few words of Italian, and then showed the card-index file she had used to keep track of her children's illnesses, vaccinations and dental work. She might wear a simple black dress and a single strand of pearls. In her limousine en route to a gathering of Chestnut Hill matrons, she would don jewelry and a mink stole. After speaking for a few minutes about her son, Rose would say, "Now, let me tell you about the new dresses I saw in Paris last month."

On election night the workers at Kennedy headquarters watched tensely as a year and a half of planning, and more than six months of unremitting effort, were put to the test. Hour by hour the returns swayed back and forth. By early morning it was clear that Eisenhower would sweep the state. Lodge might ride Ike's landslide to victory. But Jack Kennedy remained serene, never doubting that he would win. At six o'clock in the morning Lodge conceded. The final returns showed that Kennedy had pulled a stunning upset, defeating Lodge by more than 70,000 votes.

"It was those damned tea parties," Lodge said afterward. In a sense he was right. He had been defeated by a young challenger whose rise was shared vicariously by thousands of Irish-Americans. Where their grandfathers dreamed of awakening as Yankee overlords, now they might dream of becoming Kennedys.

Following Jack's election to the Senate, Joe Kennedy tried to retrace his steps back into obscurity. "Joe knows he's controversial, so he stays out of the way," said a friend in Boston. "He's sort of like a caterpillar; he couldn't quite become a butterfly, but his boys were going to fly, no matter what."

In explaining his "retirement" long afterward, Kennedy omitted mention of his role in the Senate campaign and merely recalled that he had made his "last speech" at the University of Virginia in 1950. "After that," he said, "I decided to keep quiet and let my children have the center of the stage. I simply stopped speaking to or seeing the press, unless Bobby or Jack requested it."

Actually, Kennedy made his last speech only a few weeks after the 1952 election. Speaking informally before the Boston Latin School Association, he drew on his business experience to sound a familiar warning against expanding government. "The pendulum has now swung, so you are entirely in the hands of the government when it comes to finance. You can know trends and the principles of the stock market, you can work out charts and tables, and in five minutes someone in Washington can knock you into a cocked hat."

After his talk Kennedy was asked what he thought of his son's views, particularly on the foreign-policy issues highlighted by the Korean War. Kennedy said that he and Jack were "in complete disagreement." Describing himself as an "isolationist" because U.S. foreign aid had failed to produce "anything like the results it was supposed to produce," he concluded, "I couldn't possibly have a worse argument with anyone about foreign policy than I have had with my son."

By 1960 Jack himself said his disagree-

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ment with his father on policy was "total," and added, "We never discuss it. There is no use, because we can't agree."

Even before his son entered the Senate, Kennedy began looking ahead with characteristic directness. One day during the campaign he appeared wearing an unusual new necktie, made of dark blue material and bearing an eye-catching silver inscription: KENNEDY FOR PRESIDENT. The gift of a friend who intended it as a joke, the tie drew amused smiles, but Kennedy's expression showed that he took the idea quite seriously.

It was easy to assume from Kennedy's blunt manner that he was an uncomplicated man; and this was what he wished others to assume. Once he made a suggestion for a campaign television show, but one of his son's advisers shook his head and said deferentially, "Mr. Kennedy, that may seem like a good idea to you, but maybe it wouldn't appeal to the average person." Kennedy was indignant. "What do you mean?" he demanded. "I happen to be the most average guy in this whole damned outfit!"

Kennedy's decision to withdraw from public view—and from his son's path—was a step toward the distant goal of the Presidency. Other steps on the journey were the disclosures—calculated or not—of differences between father and son. In the beginning none of the obvious obstacles to his son's eventual drive for the Presidency—his religion, youth, inexperience—loomed as large before Kennedy as the obstacle only the family intimately understood: Jack's uncertain health. And the answer to that problem was only partly in human hands.

Through the 1950's the patriarch saw his family steadily expand as his children, one by one, married and returned with their wives and husbands and children to fill to overflowing the family seat at Hyannis Port. For a long time, one of the Kennedy girls remarked, it had seemed as though none of the children ever would become interested enough in anyone outside the family to get married. Interestingly, when the young Kennedys did marry, they tended to choose spouses much like themselves.

Bobby's wife, Ethel Skakel, had been Jean Kennedy's roommate at the Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart. The large and wealthy Skakel family controlled Great Lakes Carbon Corp., one of the largest privately owned U.S. companies. Ethel might have been born a Kennedy, so completely did she enter into the life of her husband's family. Summer visitors at Hyannis watched in open-mouthed amazement as the lithe young woman, several months pregnant, asked and gave no quarter in the bruising family touch-football games. Jean's husband, Stephen Smith, fit readily into the Kennedy pattern. The quiet-spoken scion of a wealthy New York barge-and-tugboat-operating family, he joined one of the Kennedy real-estate companies and was groomed to assume many of the financial responsibilities that his brothers-in-law shunned. Similarly Eunice's husband, Sargent Shriver, was bound closely to the Kennedy family even before marriage, serving first as assistant manager of Kennedy's giant Merchandise Mart in Chicago and later going to Washington, at Kennedy's suggestion, to assist Eunice with a study of juvenile delinquency she was making for the Justice Department.

Of course, there were exceptions, as when Patricia chose Peter Lawford. Kennedy made no attempt to conceal his displeasure. "If there's anything I think I'd hate worse than an actor as a son-in-law, it's an English actor."

Easily the most dazzling Kennedy in-law, and perhaps the most challenging to the head of the family, was Jack's wife, the intelligent and strong-willed former Jacqueline Lee Bouvier. The daughter of a wealthy stockbroker, she was a regally poised member of Long Island's untitled aristocracy. Hers was the small, rigorously selective world of hunt meets, country estates and inherited Republican loyalties, a world the elder Kennedy had visited but one in which he was not at ease. When the young Kennedys had been loudly debating political questions at the Hyannis Port dinner table, Jacqueline and her parents had been conversing by candlelight in elegant French. When she made her debut at Newport, the ecstatic society columnist "Cholly Knickerbocker" dubbed her Queen Deb of the Year. Newport also was the scene of her wedding to Jack in September, 1953, an extravaganza attended by 700 guests and almost disrupted by 3,000 spectators.

As a bride, Jackie shrank from the compulsive athleticism and togetherness of the Kennedy clan. ("Just watching them wore me out," she said of her hyperactive in-laws.) After injuring an ankle trying to play touch football, she withdrew from the family scrimmages. She firmly refused to attend the nightly family dinners at her father-in-law's house. "Once a week is great," she told her husband. "Not every night." The inevitable head-on collision with the elder Kennedy came one day in Palm Beach when she was 15 minutes late to lunch. "That can be fatal with Joe when he's in one of his Emperor Augustus moods," recalled a family friend who witnessed the scene. "So when she came in, he started to give her the needle, but she gave it right back. Old Joe has a lot of old-fashioned slang phrases, so Jackie told him, 'You ought to write a series of grandfather stories for children, like *The Duck with Moxie*, and *The Donkey Who Couldn't Fight His Way Out of a Telephone Booth*.' When she said this, the old man was silent for a minute. Then he broke into a roar of laughter." After that Kennedy and his spirited daughter-in-law got along better. Some of Jackie's watercolors, painted especially for him, soon graced the walls of his home. One showed a crowd of young Kennedys looking out to sea. "You can't take it with you," read the caption. "Dad's got it all."

What should have been happy years for the newly wedded senator were filled with pain. Jack's spinal condition became progressively worse, and by the summer of 1954 he was forced to hobble about on crutches. The best chance of regaining his health, doctors said, would be through spinal-fusion surgery, involving grave risk. Apparently as the result of his wartime physical ordeal and subsequent malaria and fevers, he suffered from adrenal insufficiency, and therefore lacked natural defenses against shock and infection. On the porch at Hyannis Port one day that summer, Dr. Sara Jordan, of Boston's Leahy Clinic, candidly told her patient and longtime friend that his chances of surviving an operation would be slim. When she went away, Jack punched his crutches with his fist and,

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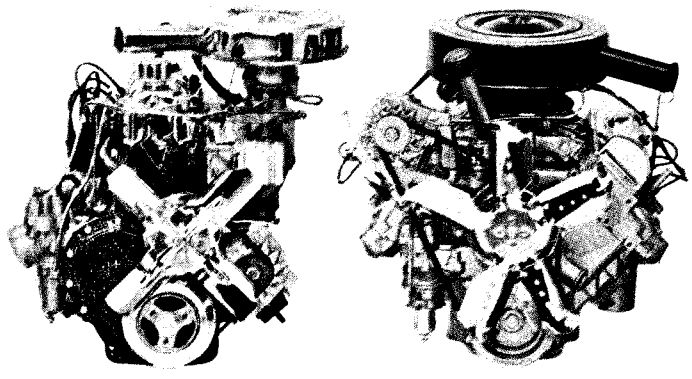

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On Riviera vacation in 1959, Joe and Bobby halt golf game to pose for a picture.

'DON'T BUY ONE MORE VOTE THAN NECESSARY. I'LL BE DAMNED IF I'LL PAY FOR A LANDSLIDE.'

Joseph P. Kennedy

turning to a friend seated nearby, said, "I'd rather die than spend the rest of my life on these things."

That October, in New York's Hospital for Special Surgery, he underwent a double fusion of spinal discs. Twice his anxious wife and parents were summoned when it seemed that he would die, but, as Joe Kennedy said later, "he fought his way out of it." For several weeks Jack lay on his back in a darkened room, showing little improvement. The doctors decided he might recuperate more rapidly in Florida. Late in December he was flown to Palm Beach for Christmas with his family. However, his recovery was so slow that another operation was advised. In mid-February he returned to New York. Once more he received the last rites of the church, and once more he survived. Late that month he flew back to his father's house.

In Florida he used five months of enforced leisure to write a book, *Profiles in Courage*, a collection of stories relating the responses of several politicians to crises arising from unpopular defense of principle. "Jack couldn't sleep for more than an hour or so at a time because his pain was so bad," Kennedy remembered. "So he'd study to get his mind off the pain. That's where the book came from." During these months the father may have reflected on how often during his son's lifetime he had seen him ill and in pain, yet how seldom he complained. In this respect Jack resembled his mother. "I don't think I know anyone who has more courage than my wife," Kennedy once said. "In all the years that we have been married, I have never heard her complain. Never. Not even once. . . . That is a quality that children are quick to see."

As he recovered, Jack realized that his back, while still painful, would not cripple him. Now that his future had been restored, he could range freely over a world of possibilities. It was during his long convalescence, close friends later guessed, that he began to think seriously of becoming President of the United States.

By the spring of 1958 Jack Kennedy was the front-runner among the undeclared Democratic presidential candidates. Some observers thought he was *too* far in front; would he "peak" and lose momentum long before the convention? Joe Kennedy scoffed at the suggestion. "The only way we can win this is to wrap it up very, very early," he said. "In our position, that's the risk we're most willing to take, and it's the least of our worries. When you start from scratch, you've got to run like the dickens all the way."

Although Kennedy spoke of "our position" and "our worries," he discreetly avoided being seen in public with his son. As Jack prepared to run for reelection to the Senate that summer, Kennedy went into hiding, choosing as his retreat an apartment on Boston's Beacon Street.

It was difficult to stir voter interest in an off-year election, but the Kennedy machine, warming up for greater things, ground out a crushing victory. On election night Jack received the returns in his father's hotel suite, and saw himself reelected by the almost incredible margin of 874,608 votes, the greatest landslide scored by any candidate for any office in the history of Massachusetts.

But this brilliant vote-getting performance failed to sway many of the powerful big-city bosses and officeholders in the large eastern states who remained convinced that a Catholic could not win the Presidency. Outside the East such party leaders as former President Truman and House Speaker Sam Rayburn anticipated a showdown at the convention that would put the young upstart in his place. Not only Jack's religion, youth and inexperience hurt him with the party's older leaders; they also had unpleasant memories of his father. "I like Jack. He is a nice person," said Truman. "But I don't like his daddy and never did."

The liberal wing of the party remained cool to Kennedy. By and large, the liberals were secularists, suspicious of the Catholic Church and its generally conservative hierarchy. To get the nomination, Jack would have to confront the convention with massive evidence of his popularity. Therefore he decided to go directly to the voters in key state primary elections. If he won steadily, the convention could not deny him the nomination without seeming to do so only because of his Catholicism. The Catholic issue was uppermost in Joe Kennedy's mind. "A few years ago," he said during an interview in 1959, "Jack was elected to the Board of Overseers at Harvard, which would have been unheard of in my day. It seems to me that if a Catholic can be elected to the Board of Overseers at Harvard, he can be elected to anything."

On January 2, 1960, Jack Kennedy announced his candidacy. Later that month Joe Kennedy stepped off the Empire State Express at Albany and went to see an old acquaintance, Daniel P. (Uncle Dan) O'Connell, the Albany County Democratic chairman. Kennedy asked O'Connell's help for his son, but the crusty veteran balked a bit, noting that the candidate for President was only 42 years old. "He's a little young, isn't he?" asked O'Connell.

"He is," Kennedy conceded, "but I'm seventy-two, and I want to be around to enjoy it."

In such a mission Kennedy briefly resumed his former role in his son's career, but now the roles of father and son were reversed. "Dad is a financial genius, all right," Jack told a reporter, "but in politics he is something else." Kennedy still sat among the inner circle of advisers, was privy to plans and strategy, and offered opinions and suggestions. And Jack still listened. Kennedy insisted that his son enter the Wisconsin primary. "You've got to do it, Jack," he told him during a meeting at Hyannis Port. "You've got no choice." His opponent there would be Minnesota's liberal Sen. Hubert Humphrey, not a major threat but one who could prove formidable in a midwestern and heavily Protestant farm state. Bobby Kennedy and others advised against entering the race. Finally Jack took his father's advice. During the Wisconsin campaign a friend of the family recalled coming to a political conference a few minutes before Jack arrived. A problem had come up, and Joe Kennedy sat waiting with several of his son's advisers. In former days he would have been holding forth on what should be done. Now he sat quietly. When the candidate appeared, his father was first to speak. "Well, Jack," he asked, "what do we do now?"

Yet there was no question that Kennedy held unchallenged sway as head of the family. Visitors to Palm Beach remembered being shushed by the senator as they entered the house. Jack explained that his father was watching his favorite television program. Any strain that developed as the result of tactical disagreement quickly passed as father and son pursued the strategic objective of victory.

Wisconsin did little to advance Jack Kennedy's cause, for while he won the primary there, his margin was unconvincing, and he failed to knock Humphrey out of the race. An overwhelming victory was necessary on the next battleground—West Virginia. Again Humphrey would be the opponent, and could be expected to run well in a state suffering serious economic woes and presumed to be unfriendly to a Roman Catholic.

The full weight of the Kennedy wealth and political expertise was brought to bear in West Virginia. Earlier in Wisconsin Humphrey had complained half seriously that, campaigning against all the Kennedys and their in-laws, he felt like an independent retailer competing with a chain. Addressing a dinner in New York, Jack artfully dodged criticism of his family's heavy spending. "I got a wire from my father," he said, and then read,

"DEAR JACK: DON'T BUY ONE VOTE MORE THAN NECESSARY. I'LL BE DAMNED IF I'LL PAY FOR A LANDSLIDE."

But this good-natured banter faded as the West Virginia campaign became heated. "I don't have any daddy who can pay the bills for me," Humphrey said bitterly. "I can't afford to run around this state with a little black bag and a checkbook." The superbly organized Kennedy forces rolled up a stunning majority. After this triumph Kennedy's candidacy gained irresistible momentum. In the midst of the campaign Joe Kennedy expressed the spirit driving his son. "For the Kennedys, it's either the outhouse or the castle—no in-between." At the convention in Los Angeles, Jack Kennedy captured the nomination on the first ballot. Soon after, the Republicans named as his opponent Richard M. Nixon.

Through the late summer and fall of 1960 it seemed that the earth had swallowed Joe Kennedy, so well did he conceal himself from the press and public. The mystery of his whereabouts puzzled Republican editorial writers and inspired a couplet:

Jack and Bob will run the show
While Ted's in charge of hiding Joe.

Among friend and foe alike the Kennedy clan provided an endless store of gossip. America's enfeebled political humor revived in a rash of father-and-son jokes. "Don't worry, son," Old Joe was said to have told Young Jack, "if you lose the election, I'll buy you a country." Americans had never seen anything like the small army of Kennedys and in-laws barnstorming across the land. One automobile bumper strip proclaimed: BE THANKFUL ONLY ONE CAN WIN.

At the center of things was 34-year-old Bobby, his sleeves rolled up, shoulders hunched, a scowl fixed on his face. Politicians who doubted that a revolution had occurred at the convention were rudely set straight by the young man who had taken charge. "Ruthless" was a word often heard along his trail, but he also left behind impressive results. Stepping between the brawling factions of New York's Democratic organization, he dealt as roughly with the high-minded reformers as with the Tammany wheelhorses. "Gentlemen," he told a group of startled reform leaders, "I don't give a damn if the state and county organizations survive after November, and I don't give a

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damn if *you* survive. I want to elect John F. Kennedy."

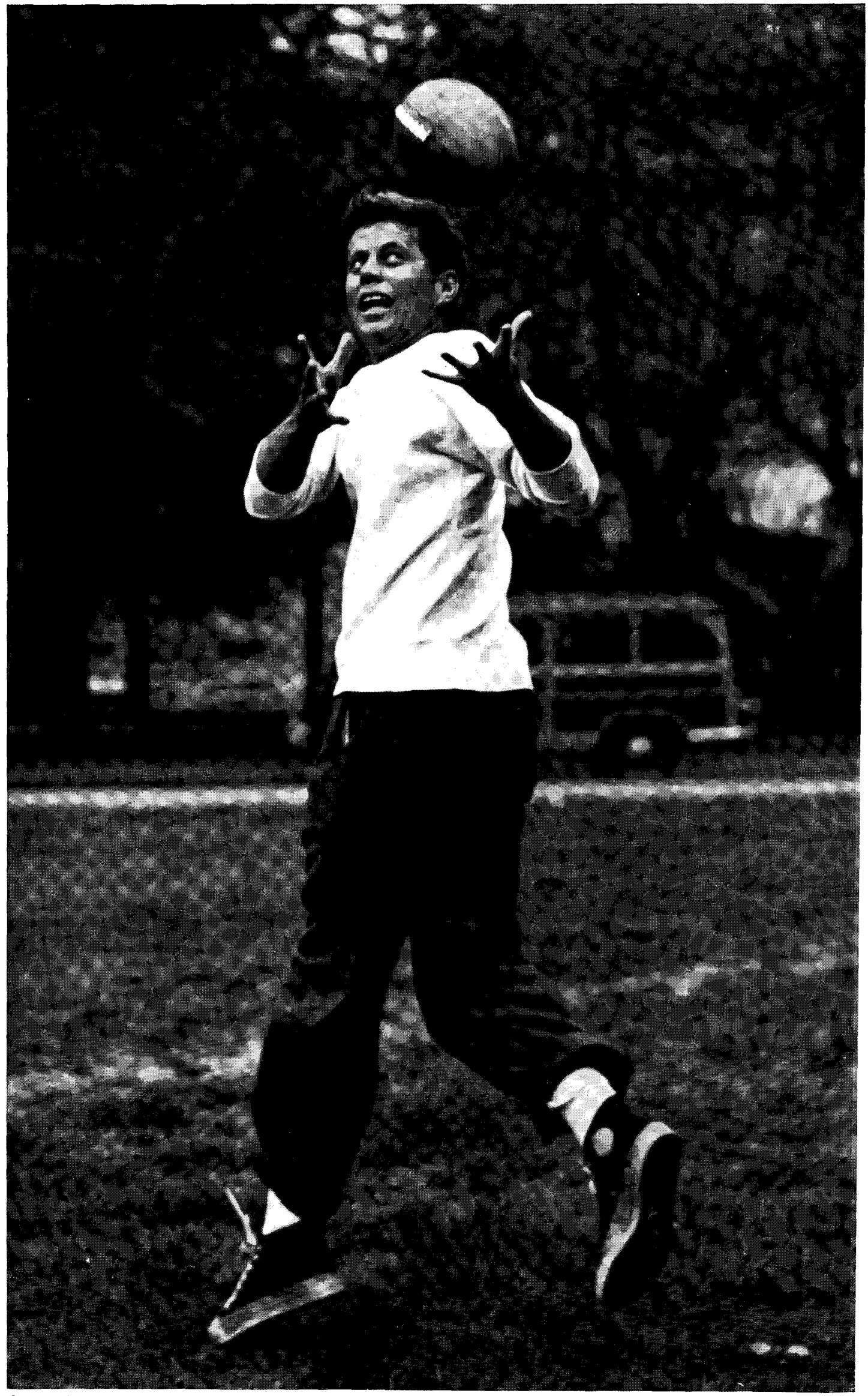
In sizing up his two eldest sons, Kennedy once observed, "Bobby is more direct than Jack. Jack has always been one to persuade people what to do. . . . He [Bobby] resembles me much more than any of the other children." On another occasion, he remarked of Bobby, "He's a great kid. He hates the same way I do." The strong similarity between his father and younger brother had not escaped Jack. When someone mentioned his campaign manager's youth, he had a ready answer. "If I need somebody older," Jack said with a smile, "there's no need to go outside of the family. I can always get my father."

Kennedy spoke frequently with his sons on the telephone, offering advice and cheering them on. The cheering was especially appreciated. "The great thing about Dad," Jack said during the campaign, "is his optimism and his enthusiasm and how he's always for you. He might not always agree with what I do, just as I don't always agree with him, but as soon as I do anything, there's Dad saying, 'Smartest move you ever made. We really got them on the run now.'"

When Kennedy awoke at Hyannis Port on the morning of November 9, 1960, the dream was close to fulfillment.

The previous day almost 69 million Americans had cast their votes for President, the greatest number recorded in any U.S. election. They had divided so evenly in their choice that the result turned on a relative handful of votes. Well into the evening Kennedy had watched the incoming returns on television. Across the dark lawns lights blazed in Bobby's house, the election headquarters into which filtered telephone reports from across the country. Until shortly after 10 o'clock it had seemed that Jack would win comfortably; thereafter the trend changed slowly but dramatically. By midnight, although the television screen continued to show a Kennedy triumph, the watchers in Hyannis Port, closely analyzing the returns, realized they were stalled just short of victory. One by one they went to bed in the small hours of the morning, all except Bobby, who stayed at the telephone until dawn. At last Michigan went narrowly to Kennedy, giving him a tentative majority. Secret Service men, poised to move throughout the night, then took up positions around the house where the President-elect slept.

The next morning Kennedy and his sons, though gnawed by anxiety that the result would be reversed, showed no outward concern. Jack had been elected by the almost invisible margin of one tenth of one percent of the popular vote. But the razor-thin margin stood up, and in midmorning Nixon finally conceded. Now uncertainty gave way to celebration. The President-elect, his brothers and sisters, their wives and husbands—the entire family—posed for photographs in the living room of his parents' home. Joe Kennedy, released from his self-imposed exile, took the place next to his son Jack. Just before noon a motorcade formed for the drive to the Hyannis Port Armory, where the network-television cameras were waiting. Suddenly Jack left his car and [illegible] up the steps of his father's house. He [illegible]rged in a few moments and gave the[illegible]d to wait. At his son's invitation, Jo[illegible] Kennedy was dressing to



Kennedy family is fiercely competitive—in business, politics, sports. Here Jack, as a U.S. senator, catches pass on Capitol grounds.

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Only once before had both parents of a President lived to see him inaugurated. "It's a great day," said Joe, exultantly.

'NOW ITS TED'S TURN. WHATEVER HE WANTS, I'M GOING TO SEE HE GETS IT.'

accompany him to the armory and the public acknowledgment of victory.

"Jack doesn't belong any more to just a family," Kennedy told a journalist close to his son shortly after the election. "He belongs to the country. That's probably the saddest thing about all this. The family can be there, but there is not much they can do for the President of the United States."

In the weeks before the inauguration it almost seemed as though Kennedy were anticipating this separation and inadequacy, for he drew his family around him at every opportunity. Triumphantly he presided at the traditional Thanksgiving feast in Hyannis Port. A few days later he visited Jack and Jackie in Georgetown, following the birth of their son John Jr. Before Christmas, when the family gathered again in Palm Beach, the new President and his father were seen together attending mass, playing golf and going to parties.

After their long public separation, the press noted that father and son suddenly seemed to be together almost constantly. When a reporter asked whether this was just coincidental, Kennedy's terse reply was epigrammatic. "There are no accidents in politics," he said. "I can appear with him any time I want to now."

Inauguration Day was dazzling bright and bitter cold. Shivering in the wind, the crowd that assembled for the noon ceremony watched as high officials of the old and new administrations, and representatives of the nations of the earth, arrived to witness the formal transfer of the awesome power of the Presidency. Escorted to seats on the platform were a couple whose rank fit none of the conventional categories of protocol. Though without office or title, this man and woman were the chief witnesses. Only once before, when Ulysses S. Grant entered the White House, had both parents of a President lived to see him inaugurated. Now Mr. and Mrs. Joseph P. Kennedy took their places of honor.

Joe Kennedy, ruddy-cheeked and beaming, wore a cutaway coat, put aside 21 years earlier when his ambassadorship ended; it had been a source of satisfaction to him that the coat needed no alteration. At the inaugural balls that evening (five were to be held), Rose Kennedy would wear the same gown in which she had been presented to the queen. "This is what I've been looking forward to for a long time," Kennedy said exultantly. "It's a great day."

It was a day when the nation, so closely divided in its choice, united hopefully behind the man who now became the President of all the people. Wearing no overcoat, his hand resting on a closed family Bible, John F. Kennedy, at 12:51 P.M. on January 20, 1961, recited the oath that made him the 35th President of the United States. Then, in a relatively brief address containing passages of soaring eloquence, the youngest man ever elected to the Presidency proclaimed to the world that the torch of freedom had been passed to a new generation of Americans, "born in this century, tempered by war, disciplined by a hard and bitter peace, proud of our ancient heritage." The next morning's newspapers would report that tears had glistened in Joe Kennedy's eyes.

Afterward reporters boggled at three chartered buses parked near the Capitol, each marked KENNEDY FAMILY. Could there possibly be that many Kennedys and relatives? It turned out that the red-carpeted buses were to be used to transport Joe Kennedy's luncheon guests downtown. The sparkling afternoon was filled with martial music and stirring pageantry as the inaugural parade passed over streets hastily cleared of snow. As the new President's open car approached the reviewing stand outside the White House, he rose for the first and only time. Proudly his parents rose and returned his salute.

In the weeks before the inauguration there had been rumors that Joe Kennedy was quietly looking for a house in or near Washington; there were even reports that he would move into the White House itself. Seldom had the public caricature and the private man been so at odds. For now, more than ever, Kennedy intended to keep his distance from his son. "If Jack ever feels he has anything to ask me—I've had lots of different experiences in life—he knows where he can find me, and I'll tell him what I think," he said. "But I feel very strongly about older people keeping their noses out of the businesses of their children. I had a contract years ago with a couple of firms, and all they paid me for was 'for advice—when requested.' That's the way it's going to be between my son and me."

Kennedy realized things could never be the same. "No matter what the previous relationship had been," he said with a trace of sadness, "the moment a man sits behind the White House desk, from then on it is 'Mr. President.' I'm certainly not going to call my son 'Mr. President' when we're alone together," he explained, "but if there are people around we don't know very well, I do, and it doesn't seem at all strange."

Many businessmen found Joe Kennedy's presence in the background vaguely comforting; it was common knowledge that he laughed out loud at the suggestion that his son was a liberal. This euphoria lasted until the steel companies raised their prices in defiance of the President's wishes in April, 1962, causing Jack Kennedy angrily to recall a paternal description of the big-steel men: "My father always told me they were sons of bitches, but I never really believed him until now."

In his first informal assignment from his son, Kennedy, by his own account, failed completely. After the election Jack asked his father to take a month and compile a list of likely candidates for Secretary of the Treasury. "When Jack called and asked me to give him the names," Kennedy recalled, "I said, 'I can't.'" Nevertheless the President's choices for the key Cabinet posts of State and Defense, Dean Rusk and Robert S. McNamara, respectively, grew out of conversations with his father. And there was no mistaking Kennedy's hand in the most controversial Cabinet appointment, that of Bobby Kennedy as Attorney General. It was Joe Kennedy's strong belief that, when the going got rough, the President would need someone near him he could trust absolutely. At first his sons were reluctant, but he insisted that Bobby be appointed.

Editorial writers called attention to Bobby's scant legal experience, and wrote that his chief qualification was his devotion to his brother's interests. To charges of "nepotism," Joe Kennedy snorted, "Nepotism, my foot! Why would anybody think that Bobby needs a job? He fought this nomination, fought it until he drove Jack and me crazy. A lot of people in our own camp fought it, too, and agreed with him. They wanted to see him go back to Boston and become senator. Not me!"

Kennedy was not merely insensitive to the arguments and long-standing precedent against Bobby's appointment; where his family was concerned he simply could not see the other side of the question.

Though semiretired, Kennedy remained extremely active. At a farm he had bought years before in Osterville, on Cape Cod, he regularly rode his favorite mount, Killarney. He still played a good game of golf and boasted that none of his sons could beat him. (His closest competitor within the family was his daughter Patricia.) At Oyster Harbor Golf Club on the Cape, he was regarded as an intense, no-nonsense player. He appeared precisely on time for a match, putting on his golf shoes at the first tee. If his game was off and he flubbed a shot, he was likely to hurl his club away with an anguished bellow. After the round, instead of going on with the others to the clubhouse, he usually changed his shoes at the last green and went home. He still kept an eye on

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his business interests, and time was too valuable to waste in conversation.

Now well into his 70's, Kennedy understandably tried to anticipate history's verdict on his son's Administration. But he was not content with speaking optimistic prophecies. Impatiently he wrested prizes from the future for his present satisfaction. As such things were measured, the rise of the Kennedys had been extraordinary: Neither the Adamses nor the Roosevelts nor any other great American family had approached it. Still it was not swift enough to satisfy the imperious founder. And so, on the heels of his eldest son's hard-won triumph, he gave impetus to his youngest son's ambitions.

Always it had been his rule within the family to treat his children as nearly equally as possible. Now he invoked this rule on Teddy's behalf. "You boys have what you want now, and everyone else helped you work to get it," he told Jack and Bobby. "Now it's Ted's turn. Whatever he wants, I'm going to see he gets it." What Teddy wanted, although he was not yet old enough legally to take it, was Jack's former seat in the U.S. Senate.

When Teddy's candidacy became known, some expressed fear of a dynasty founded on cold cash and colder calculation. An observer in Washington, once intimate with the elder Kennedy, detected a brutal realism at work. "I like Joe Kennedy," he said, "but I have no illusions about him. He understands power. Everywhere he went, from Brahmin Boston to the Court of St. James's, he saw great hypocrisy about the philosophy of those who rule. Power is the end. What other delight is there but to enjoy the sheer sense of control? He would say, 'Let me see any other motive in the people who command.' Joe thinks like a king, and kings aren't always nice guys."

It was said in Washington that Jack and Bobby, for perfectly obvious reasons, were unenthusiastic about their brother's plan. Reportedly Joe Kennedy had found it necessary to lay down the law. "Look," he was said to have told them, "I spent a lot of money for that Senate seat. It belongs in the family." Apocryphal or not, the story made a point on which all the Kennedys were agreed.

Following the presidential election, Teddy marked time by serving as an assistant district attorney for Suffolk County, Mass. He spent evenings and weekends making speeches across the state. Meanwhile, objections to Teddy's candidacy were raised by the President's closest political advisers, who suggested that his brother might spare him embarrassment by starting at a more modest level. However, Teddy and his father were adamant, and the President did not ask his brother to desist. The deciding factor, according to White House sources, was a poll taken in Massachusetts in early 1962. The poll reportedly showed that the state's attorney general, Edward J. (Eddie) McCormack, the favorite nephew of House Speaker John McCormack, would win the Senate nomination in the Democratic primary, but that he in turn would lose the election to the likely Republican candidate, George Lodge, son of former Sen. Henry Cabot Lodge. The poll further disclosed that Teddy Kennedy could beat both McCormack and Lodge. The conclusion drawn from these findings, by the family and the President's advisers, was that Teddy must run to prevent a major Republican victory in the President's own backyard.

The Kennedy organization set in motion the standard operating procedures proved successful in previous campaigns: recruitment of an army of volunteers, lavish publicity and advertising, and constant exposure of the candidate to the voters. Teddy's campaign revived the nighttime street-corner rally, well suited to the candidate's outgoing personality. ("Teddy," said Bobby, "is a better natural politician than any of us.") At the state Democratic convention Teddy's managers strong-armed reluctant party professionals, advising them to get aboard the bandwagon before they were run over. Word came from Washington that Teddy, win or lose, would control the state's federal patronage. The McCormack forces cracked, and the delegates endorsed Teddy's candidacy on the first ballot. McCormack grimly carried the fight to the primary.

Showing the familar Kennedy stamina, Teddy marched up and down the state behind high-stepping pretty girls and a blaring brass band. Verve, excitement and superb showmanship were the hallmarks of a Kennedy campaign. In addition, there was an indefinable quality compounded of wealth, fame and power that exerted a magic popular appeal. Noting that some voters looked upon the Kennedys almost as royalty, Stewart Alsop identified Teddy as the newest of that breed of rich, wellborn eastern-seaboard politicians whom he called "People's Dukes." In Worcester one day, as Teddy strode by behind his marching band, an elderly woman darted from the curb and kissed his hand.

Eddie McCormack never had a chance. In the September, 1962, primary election, Teddy won in a runaway. Humiliated, McCormack announced he would quit politics. "If this is politics, if they can get away with this," he said bitterly, "then I don't want any part of politics."

At his headquarters on election night Teddy was surrounded by television newsmen brandishing microphones and shouting questions. Had he talked over his victory with his brother, the President? No, replied Teddy, but he hoped to shortly. Had he talked to his other brother, the Attorney General? No, but he hoped to shortly. Had he talked to his father? Teddy beamed. "Yes," he said, "I talked to him. He was extremely excited."

What passed from Joe Kennedy to his youngest son on that night was sensed rather than spoken. The previous December Kennedy had suffered a stroke. He was partially paralyzed and unable to speak.

December 19, 1961, was a beautifully sunny day in Palm Beach, one which Kennedy could fill as his whim dictated. He had arrived eight days earlier for his usual winter vacation and the second of the family's traditional annual gatherings. Thanksgiving at Hyannis Port had seen 33 adults and children seated at his table. Christmas, less than a week away, would be festive and lively with most of his 20 grandchildren tumbling through the house. As always, there would be laughter over the presents. Well he remembered the time one of his daughters had given him a bathrobe bearing an embroidered warning across the back: DANGER: EXPLOSIVES! There were few occasions to explode nowadays. Old controversies had vanished like crumbling pieces of yellowed newsprint, and the world, when it thought

Joe and Rose in 1960: "In all the years we've been married, I never heard her complain. That's a quality children are quick to see."

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'KEEP UP YOUR COURAGE,' CARDINAL CUSHING TOLD HIS OLD FRIEND JOE. 'YOU'RE GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT.'

Joseph P. Kennedy

of him at all, now thought of Joe Kennedy as a doting grandfather.

On this day the President was to leave Palm Beach for Washington following a short visit. As Kennedy and his son entered the limousine, four-year-old Caroline Kennedy appeared at the doorway of the house. "I'm going to the airport with your father," Kennedy called. "Would you like to come along?" She climbed on her grandfather's lap in the back seat. After seeing the President off, Kennedy returned to his home with Caroline and spent a half hour playing with all his visiting grandchildren. Then, accompanied by Ann Gargan, his favorite niece, he left for the Palm Beach Golf Club, just a few blocks away on North Ocean Boulevard.

Before teeing off, Kennedy remarked, "I really don't feel too well today, but it must be the cold I've had." However, as they played the back nine holes, he walked as usual, believing the exercise was better than using an electric golf cart. On the fairway of the 16th hole, Kennedy sat down on the grass and said he felt ill. Quickly his caddy brought an electric cart and took him to his car. Within a few minutes Ann Gargan had driven him home. In the front hall he met Jackie Kennedy and Caroline. Before going upstairs to his bedroom, he gave the order, "Don't call any doctors." Several times in recent months he had had warnings of an impending stroke, and doctors had prescribed anticoagulants, but he had refused to take them. Worried by his ashen appearance, the family ignored his order. After the doctor examined him, Kennedy, still wearing a sports shirt and golf shorts, was taken from bed and sped in a private ambulance with a motorcycle escort to St. Mary's Hospital. The chaplain administered the last rites of the Roman Catholic Church. In midafternoon his doctors issued a statement announcing that Ambassador Kennedy had suffered a stroke.

The President learned of his father's illness shortly after his return to the White House. The telephone call came from Bobby. After a tense conversation Jack Kennedy put down the receiver, his face taut. "Dad's gotten sick," he said to an aide. That afternoon he returned to Florida aboard the presidential jet, *Air Force One*, accompanied by Bobby and his sister Jean.

Joe Kennedy had suffered an intracranial thrombosis, a blood clot in an artery of the brain. The thrombosis was in the left cerebral hemisphere, the dominant side in the right-handed Kennedy, and was inoperable. His right side was paralyzed, and he was unable to speak. He lay in Room 355 of St. Mary's Hospital, to which he had donated the entire third floor of the south wing. On the door of Room 354 was a bronze plaque: IN MEMORY OF JOSEPH P. KENNEDY JR. DONATED BY MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH P. KENNEDY SR.

When the President arrived, he conferred with his father's doctors and then went briefly to the hospital chapel, where his mother had prayed that afternoon for more than an hour. From all over the nation the Kennedy clan gathered in Palm Beach. Pat Kennedy Lawford flew in from California. From Washington came Eunice Kennedy Shriver. From Boston aboard a military jet came Teddy Kennedy, bringing with him a Manhattan vascular specialist. Teddy, Jean and Ann Gargan kept an around-the-clock vigil near Room 355. On the day following his stroke Kennedy showed some improvement, and appeared to recognize his children. However, pneumonia developed, and on Christmas Eve surgeons performed a tracheotomy to ease his breathing. Slowly he edged out of danger. Friends joined the family at his bedside, among them Richard Cardinal Cushing of Boston. "Keep up your courage," the cardinal told his friend, "you're going to be all right." Afterward the prelate told reporters that Kennedy had replied, "I know I am."

The cardinal had interpreted hopefully the guttural sounds he heard. These, along with smiles, frowns and movements of his left hand, were the extent of Kennedy's ability to communicate. Long a figure of boundless energy and roaring authority, he now was mute and crippled and massively frustrated.

Within a few weeks he was discharged from the hospital. That spring began the agonizing attempt to recover the functions he had lost. He was taken to New York's Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation, and underwent months of therapy as the patient of the institute's director, Dr. Howard A. Rusk. (A dozen years earlier, when Doctor Rusk was launching the institute, Kennedy had made a generous contribution.) When he went to Hyannis Port that summer, an elevator was installed in the house so his wheelchair could move between his second-floor room and the main floor. Later an elaborate, glass-enclosed swimming pool, with whirlpool baths and other therapeutic devices, was built behind the house. Within a year of his stroke stories circulated that the President's father was making a remarkable recovery, that he was talking with his family and friends on the telephone, and that he had even resumed some of his business activities.

The stories were well intended but cruelly untrue. Like many another elderly stroke victim, Kennedy was impatient with the repetitive therapy exercises and chafed under his helplessness. He enjoyed the companionship of his grandchildren and often went to watch them ride at his farm, but at other times he was depressed and difficult to manage. When the telephone rang, he insisted on picking up the receiver and trying to answer. Friends of the family were instructed to hang up and call again, in the hope that someone else would get to the telephone first. Not until two and a half years after his stroke did he take his first steps. His speech also showed marked improvement. Even before then, however, there always had been a measure of truth to the too-optimistic reports of his recovery. By sheer force of

With Jack in the Presidency, Joe withdrew to avoid controversy. The world now thought of him only as a doting grandfather. Here he celebrates 73rd birthday at Hyannis Port.

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but not the outlook.

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look new, true. And they
act extremely new, too.
Don't worry. We haven't
changed attitudes a bit.
We still build cars a little bit
better (a lot better, really).
And if we have to spend a little
more to give more—we do. In
the driveline. The brakes.
In finding just the
right place for just the
right amount of insulation.
Our cars are as close to
perfect as we can make
them. A lot closer than
most car people settle for.
That goes for the Electra 225
in the picture. And
LeSabre, Wildcat, Skylark,
Special and Riviera as
well. You get more out of a
Buick because we put more in.
Just try us.

Wouldn't you really rather
have a Buick?

Buick
'65
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HIS TRIUMPH WAS COMPLETE. THE KENNEDYS, ALL OF THEM, HAD WON EVERYTHING THAT WAS WORTH WINNING.

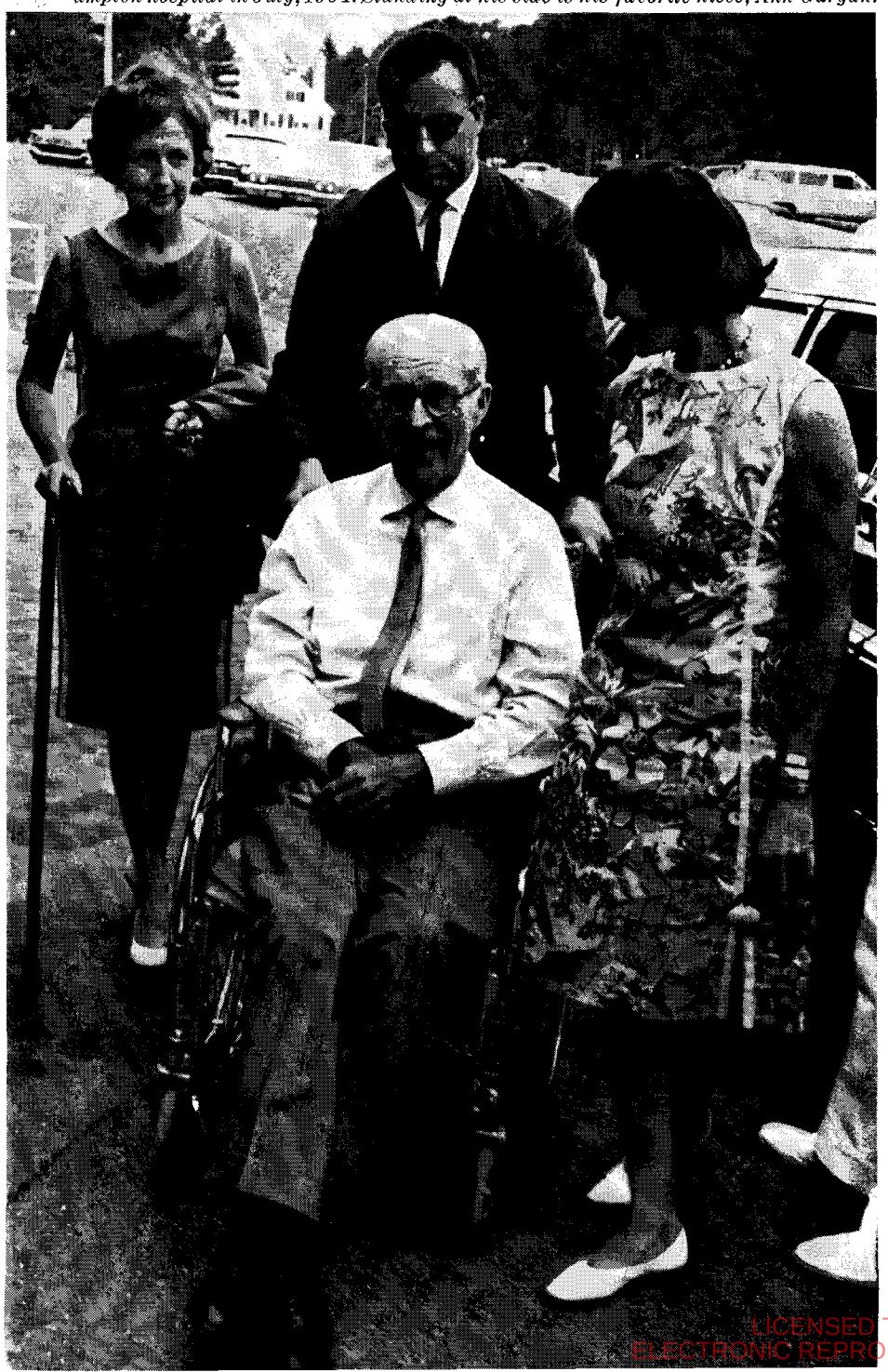
will, he retained something of his former presence. "He comes in and listens to business," his son-in-law, Steve Smith, told a visitor to the New York office, "and, don't worry, if he wants to say no to something, he can make himself known."

Kennedy had made his wishes known on Teddy's candidacy for the Senate, and Jack and Bobby were bound to respect their father's order and Teddy's turn. Even in his infirmity, Kennedy indirectly helped his youngest son's cause: The names and addresses of persons in Massachusetts who sent him get-well messages were forwarded to Teddy's campaign headquarters as likely volunteers and contributors. When Teddy scored a predictably lopsided victory over Republican George Lodge in November, 1962, and took over Jack's Senate seat, Joe Kennedy's triumph was complete. The Kennedys, all of them, had won all that was worth winning.

Friday, November 22, 1963, was a gentle autumn day in Hyannis Port. That morning Joe and Rose Kennedy had been taken for a drive in their station wagon by a Secret Service man. The summer people had left more than two months before, and the streets of the small resort village were almost deserted. This was a season of peace on the Cape, a time of year the Kennedys had always enjoyed. Later that morning Rose, taking advantage of the balmy weather, drove her own compact car to the Hyannis Port Club to play a few holes of golf. Meanwhile, in the large white frame house overlooking Nantucket Sound, life followed its serene round. At noon Joe Kennedy ate lunch. Afterward he rode the elevator to the second floor and retired for his nap.

In recent weeks the routine enforced by his affliction had been broken by visits to Washington, Chicago and New York. He had been his son's guest for a week at the White House. While in New York he had dined in the Waldorf Tower apartment of his old friend, Herbert Hoover. Their reunion was a sad one, for the years weighed heavily on both of them. His robust health failing in his 89th year, the former President was almost deaf.

Paralyzed and unable to speak since his stroke, Joe visits injured son Teddy at Northampton hospital in July, 1964. Standing at his side is his favorite niece, Ann Gargan.



Kennedy could not speak. And so they had eaten in silence. During the meal, Kennedy wept.

Now, as he drowsed, there were pleasures to anticipate. On Wednesday the President and the rest of the family would arrive for Thanksgiving, and the house would echo with the laughter of children. Already there was a quiet bustle of preparation. The cook would select the turkey with great care; it was the custom to parade the golden-brown bird around the table for the family's inspection and approval before the meal began. The children would eat in the afternoon, the adults in the evening. There would be talk, now serious, now bantering, and perhaps, as in the past, skits, games and singing. Joe Kennedy would sit at the center of it all, his eyes reflecting the love of his children.

By 1:30 Rose had returned to the house and was eating lunch. In the chauffeur's apartment over the garage at the rear of the main house, a radio was playing. Suddenly the music was interrupted by a bulletin from Dallas, Tex. Stunned by what he heard, the chauffeur ran to the rear entrance of the big house and blurted the bulletin to a maid, who in turn hurried to tell Ann Gargan. It was Ann, her niece, who came to Rose bearing the news that defied comprehension and turned the heart cold: The President had been shot. Within minutes word arrived that the President, her son, was dead.

For the third time death had violently taken from Rose Kennedy a child she had cherished. Soon, from the presidential jet flying her son's body back to Washington, she received a telephone call. It was the new President, seeking to comfort her. "I wish to God there was something I could do," President Johnson told her. "I just wanted you to know that."

Quickly Rose decided that her husband should not be wakened. Once he had kept from her the message reporting Jack's disappearance in the Pacific while he prayed for a miracle. This time there was no hope of deliverance, but she would shield him until his ability to withstand the blow was known. His doctor was summoned.

After Kennedy awoke, his normal afternoon routine continued. Ann Gargan and his nurse took him for an automobile ride, which they prolonged so as to avoid the possibility that he would ask to watch television. When the doctor came, he explained to his patient that he was merely receiving his customary checkup before departing for Palm Beach at the end of the month. Afterward the doctor advised the family that Mr. Kennedy was strong enough to take the news. Even so, it was decided to postpone the moment a while longer. Following dinner, Ann Gargan encouraged her uncle to watch a particularly long movie. Meanwhile Teddy and Eunice arrived by plane from Washington. It was not unusual; one or more of the children visited almost every weekend. However, their sadness and hushed conversation made Kennedy restless. He seemed to sense that something was wrong, but he retired as usual at 9:30.

The next morning Rose went, as she did daily, to the seven-o'clock mass at St. Francis Xavier's, the small, white clapboard church in Hyannis. Later, as she and her husband ate breakfast together, he became more suspicious: his *New York Times* was not beside his plate. After breakfast, as Kennedy waded in the heated swimming pool, he did not respond to the pleasantries of his nurses.

Teddy and Eunice also attended mass at St. Francis Xavier's and returned at about 9:30. By now their father had changed clothes and was in his room. Together they climbed the stairs and joined him. His room was furnished simply—three lounge chairs, a bureau, a chest of drawers and a hospital-size, electrically operated bed. On the bureau were photographs of the family. Three large windows looked out on the lawn and the Sound; from here Kennedy had often watched his children sail and swim.

After Teddy and Eunice came into the room, Kennedy motioned to his son to turn on the television set. Teddy hesitated, and said the set did not work. His father pointed to the unplugged power cord. Reluctantly Teddy inserted the plug, but as the set began to flicker on, he pulled the plug from the socket. It was then that he told his father that Jack was dead.

Watching from a distance, reporters could only imagine what was occurring within the house. At the church they had learned that the President's father had not yet been informed. Now came a sign that he knew. Just before 10 o'clock, hours later than usual, the flag on the lawn before his house was raised to the top, then lowered to half-mast.

Those who saw Kennedy in the days that followed found him bearing his grief with stoic calm. He understood what had happened; of that there was no question. "Joe Kennedy always understands," said a departing visitor. The newspapers were brought to him, and he watched the final honors for his son on television. But he did not break down, even when a Secret Service man sitting with him wept. Kennedy, according to his friend, Richard Cardinal Cushing, took the news with "extraordinary resignation and confidence in God." People mistakenly thought of Kennedy as a man "completely interested in accumulating money," the cardinal said, but "his idea in life was the success of his children."

Now death had stolen his success and shattered his dream. The doctor gave approval for the trip to Washington, but Kennedy chose to remain behind while the rest of the family attended the funeral on Monday. The morning was cold and bright, and as he was driven through the empty streets of Hyannis Port, he motioned for the car to go slowly, so that he might look at the store windows. Many of them displayed pictures of his son, framed in crepe and surrounded by wreaths.

Later he and an old friend, the Reverend John Cavanaugh, president emeritus of the University of Notre Dame, watched the funeral procession on television. The muffled drums beat the grave, majestic pace of the march and the shrill bagpipes skirled dirges as the President's body was borne across the Potomac and laid to rest in Arlington National Cemetary. In the house at Hyannis Port the television set was turned off and Father Cavanaugh went downstairs. Joe Kennedy sat alone in his silent room, gazing out the window. THE END

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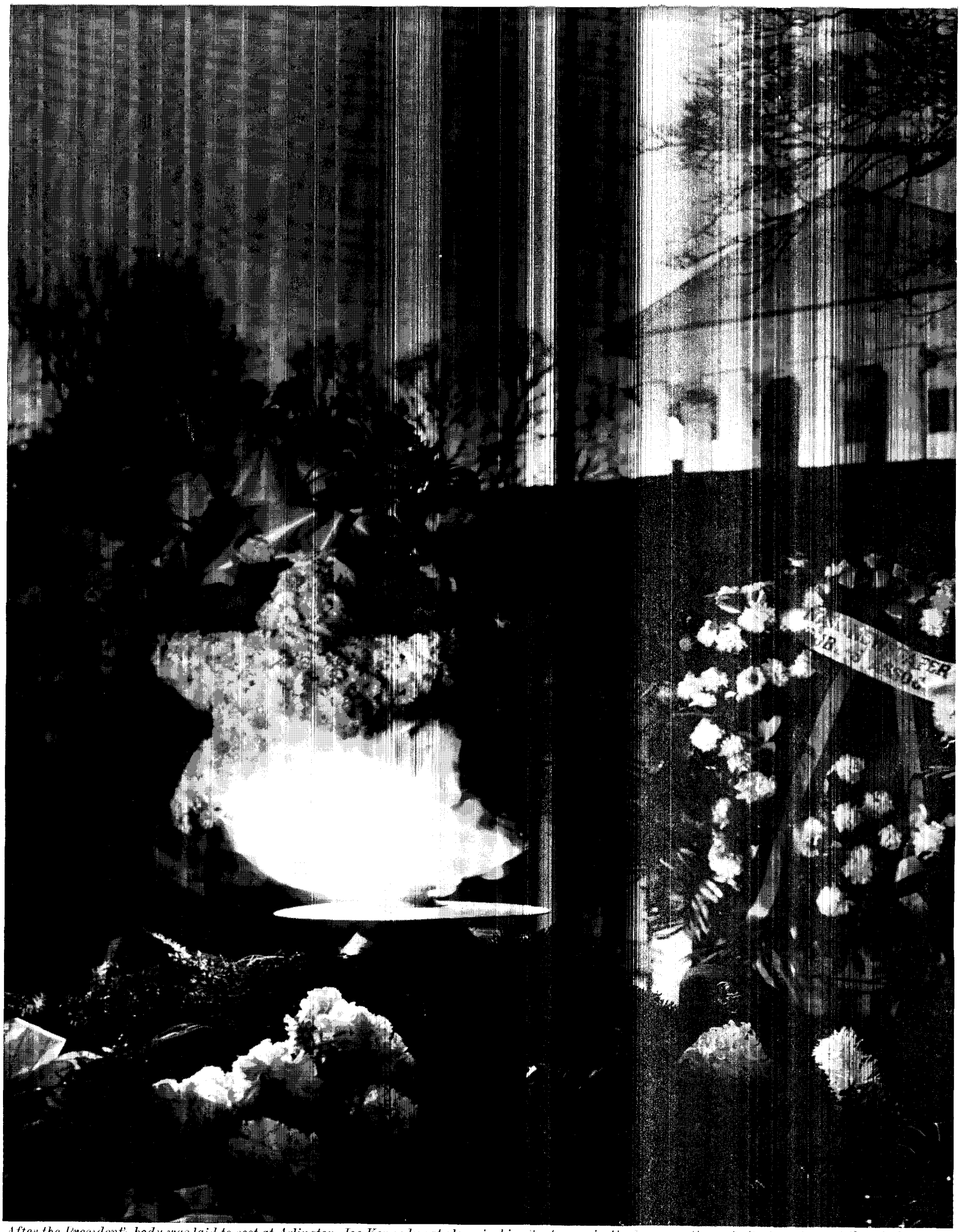

After the President's body was laid to rest at Arlington, Joe Kennedy sat alone in his silent room in the house at Hyannis Port, gazing out the window.

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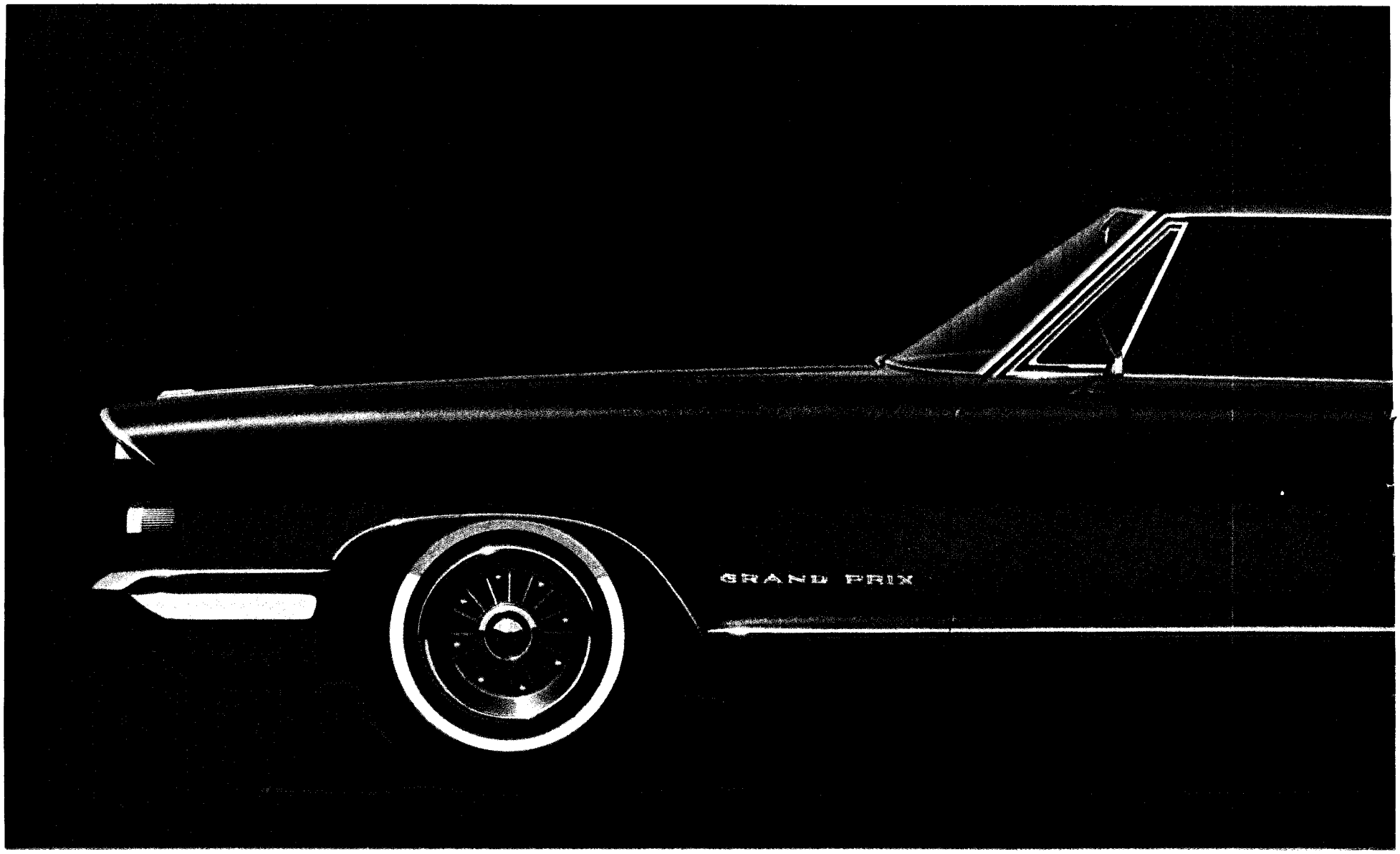

Who needs all that new car talk with a

1965: THE YEAR OF THE QUICK WIDE-TRACKS

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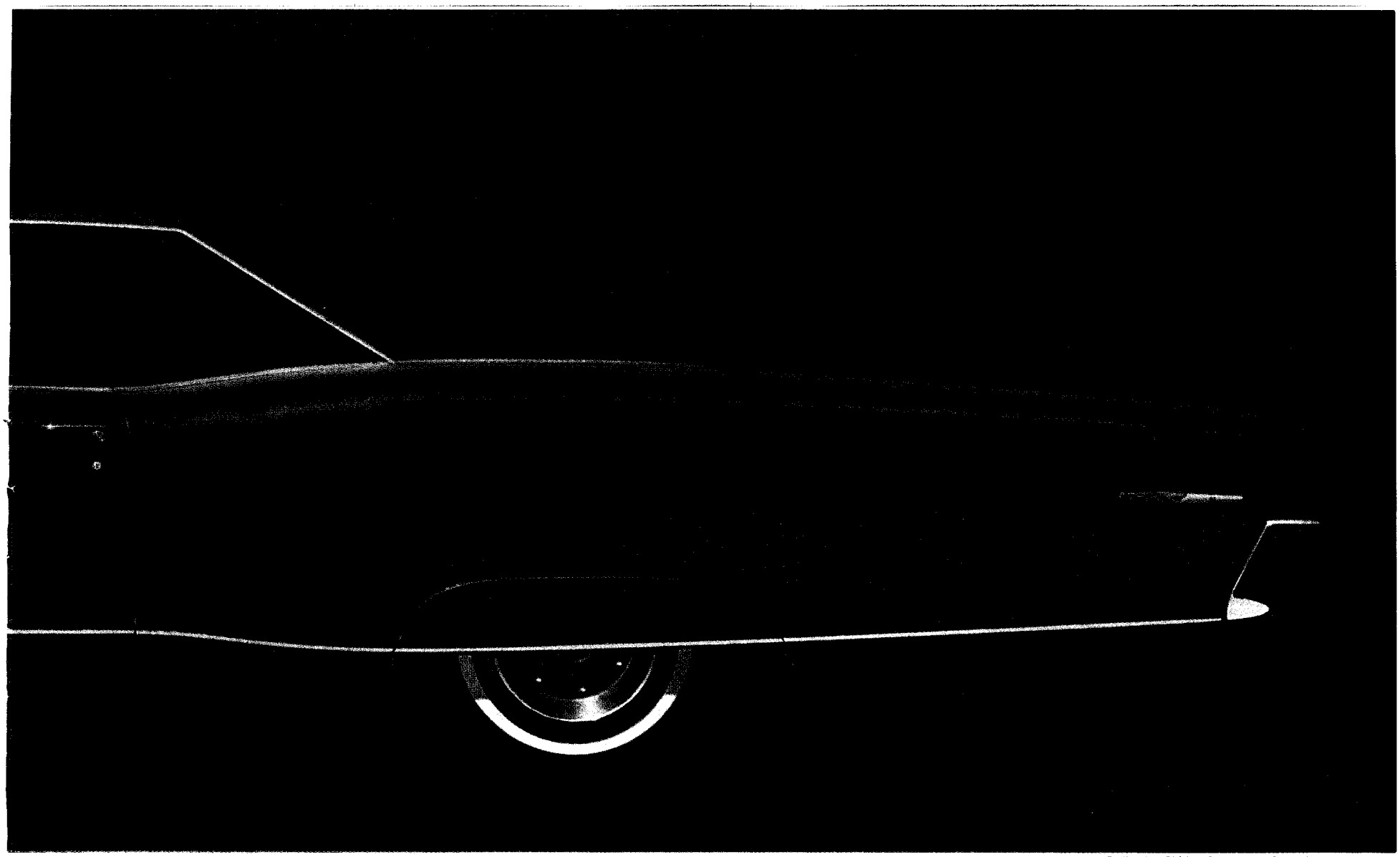

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ESTHER KREINDEL

By ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

A Talmud teacher named Meyer Zissl lived in the town of Bilgoraj. He was a short, broad-shouldered man with a round face, black beard, red cheeks, cherry-black eyes, a mouth full of jutting teeth, and a furry head with hair that blanketed his neck. Meyer Zissl liked to eat well; he could drink down half a pint of brandy at one gulp, and he liked to sing and dance at weddings until dawn. He had no patience for teaching, but still the wealthy sent him their sons as pupils.

When Meyer Zissl was thirty-six years old his wife died, leaving him with six children. Half a year later he married a widow, Reitze, from the village of Krashnik, a tall, lean, silent woman with a long nose and many freckles. This Reitze had been a milkmaid before marrying a rich man of seventy, Reb Tanchum Ishbitzer, by whom she had one daughter, Simmele. Before his death, Reb Tanchum had gone bankrupt, leaving his widow with nothing but their one beloved child. Simmele knew how to write and she could read the Bible in Yiddish. Her father, returning from business trips, had always brought her gifts—a shawl, an apron, slippers, an embroidered handkerchief, a new storybook. Simmele, bringing all her possessions, came to live with her mother and stepfather in Bilgoraj.

Meyer Zissl's brood, four girls and two boys, were a greedy, ragged lot; fighters, gluttons, screamers, full of spiteful tricks, always ready to beg or steal. They immediately attacked Simmele, robbed her of all her treasures, and nicknamed her Miss Stuck-Up. Simmele was delicate. She had a narrow waist, long legs, a thin face, white skin, black hair, gray eyes. She was afraid of the dogs in the courtyard, shrank at the way the family snatched food from each other's plates, and was ashamed to undress before her stepsisters. Before long she stopped talking to Meyer Zissl's children, nor did she make friends with any of the girls in the neighborhood. When she went into the street, the other children threw stones at her and called her a fraidycat. Simmele stayed home, read books, and wept.

From childhood on, Simmele had liked to listen to stories. Her mother had always been able to calm her with a story, and when Reb Tanchum was alive he had regularly put her to sleep with a fairytale. A constant subject for story-telling had been Reb Zorach Lipover, a great friend of Reb Tanchum's who lived in Zamość. Reb Zorach was known throughout half of Poland for his wealth. His wife, Esther Kreindel, also came from a rich home. Simmele had loved to hear about this famous family, their wealth, and their well-bred children.

One day when Meyer Zissl came home for lunch he brought the news that Esther Kreindel, Zorach Lipover's wife, had died. Simmele opened her eyes wide. The name brought back memories of Krashnik, of her dead father, of the time when she had had her own room, a bed with two pillows, a velvet coverlet in an embroidered linen case, a maid to serve refreshments. Now she sat here in an untidy room, in a torn dress and worn shoes; her hair had chicken feathers in it; she went unwashed; and she was surrounded by nasty children who watched for every opportunity to upset her. Hearing of Esther Kreindel's death, Simmele covered her face with both hands and wept. The girl didn't know herself whether she was bemoaning Esther Kreindel's fate or her own, the fact that the most fortunate of women, Esther Kreindel, was now rotting in the grave or that her own, Simmele's, life seemed to have come to such a dismal end.

When Simmele slept alone on her bed, Meyer Zissl's children tormented her, so Reitze often took Simmele into her own bed to sleep. One night when Simmele was in bed with her mother, Meyer Zissl returned from a wedding drunk. He lifted the sleeping girl from his wife's side, only to discover that Reitze had left a heap of wet wash on the girl's bed, so he set his stepdaughter down on top of the oven among some rags. Simmele dozed off. Sometime later she awoke to hear Meyer Zissl snoring. She pulled a flour sack over herself to keep warm. Then she heard a rustling sound as if somebody's fingers were scratching at a

Isaac Bashevis Singer writes in Yiddish but helps translate his own stories into English. The critic Kenneth Rexroth has said of him that "if only he were left writing Yiddish, it would still be an important literary language." "But a Yiddish writer in America," Singer himself says, "is an unseen entity, almost a ghost. Perhaps because of this I am so much interested in ghost stories and in the supernatural. I am inclined in my writings to search for what's hidden from the eye. Somewhere I believe every human being to be possessed, and the real writer to me is the man who has the ability of exorcism." He has written several novels (his first was Satan in Goray) *but is best known for his short stories, which have appeared in many magazines and have been collected in the famous* Gimpel the Fool, and Other Stories *and in* The Spinoza of Market Street. *"Esther Kreindel the Second" will be included in another collection, called* Black Friday, *which Farrar, Straus & Company will publish in November.*

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THE SECOND

While God sometimes answers prayers, He never answers questions—so the world is full of puzzles.

Illustration by Des Asmussen

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Meyer Zissl lifted the sleeping girl and set her down on top of the oven among some rags.

Esther Kreindel

board. Lifting her head, she was astonished to see a bright spot of light on the wall nearest her. The shutters were closed; the fire in the oven was long since extinct; no lamp was lit. Where could it come from? As Simmele stared the brightness began to shake and tremble, the rings of light to coagulate. Simmele, bewildered, never thought to be afraid. A woman began to materialize, forehead first, then eyes, nose, chin, throat. The woman opened her mouth and began to speak, words that sounded as if they came from the Yiddish Bible.

"Simmele, my daughter," the voice said, "be it known to you that I am Esther Kreindel, the spouse of Reb Zorach Lipover. It is not usual for the dead to break their slumber, but because my husband longs for me endlessly day and night, I am unable to remain in peace. Though the thirty days of mourning have passed, he does not cease his lamentations and cannot put me out of his mind. If I could throw off death, I would gladly rise and return to him. But my body is buried under seven feet of ground, my eyes have already been consumed by the worms. Therefore, I, the spirit of Esther Kreindel, have been permitted to find myself another body. Because your father, Reb Tanchum, was like a brother to my Zorach, I have chosen you, Simmele. You are indeed no stranger to me but almost a relative. Simmele, I will enter your body soon, and you will become me. Have no fear, for nothing evil will befall you. In the morning rise, cover your head, and announce to your family and to the townspeople what has happened. The wicked will contradict you and accuse you, but I will protect you. Heed my words, Simmele, for you must do all that I bid you. Go to Zamość to my sorrowing husband, and be a wife to him. Lie in his lap and serve him faithfully as I have done for forty years. Zorach may doubt at first that I have returned to him, but I will give you signs with which to convince him. You must not tarry because Zorach is consumed with longing and soon, God forbid, it may be too late. God willing, when the time comes for you to pass away, both you and I will be Zorach's footstools in Paradise. He will rest his right foot on me and his left on you; we will be like Rachel and Leah; my children will be yours. It will be as if they had issued from your womb. . . ."

Esther Kreindel went on speaking, telling Simmele those intimacies only a wife can know. Not until the rooster in the coop crowed and the midnight moon was visible through the chinks of the shutters did she stop. Then Simmele felt something hard like a pea enter her nostrils and penetrate her skull. For a moment her head ached, but then the pain ceased and she felt her hands and feet stretching, her belly, her breasts ripening. Her mind was maturing too, her thoughts becoming those of a wife, a mother, a grandmother, who is used to commanding a large house with menservants, maids, cooks. She was too full of wonder to be surprised. "I put myself into Thy hands," Simmele murmured. Soon she sank into sleep, and immediately Esther Kreindel reappeared in her dream and stayed with her until Simmele opened her eyes in the morning.

The delicate Simmele usually stayed late in bed, but the next morning she arose with the rest of the family. Her stepbrothers and stepsisters, seeing her on top of the oven with a meal sack pulled over her, began to laugh, to throw water on her, to tickle her bare feet with straws. Reitze drove them away. Simmele, sitting up, smiled benignly and recited, "I thank Thee." And though it is not the custom to set a pitcher of water near a girl's bed for morning ablutions, Simmele asked her mother for water and a basin. Reitze shrugged her shoulders. When Simmele was dressed, Reitze handed her a slice of bread and a cup of chicory, but Simmele said she wanted to pray first, and taking out her Saturday kerchief, she covered her head. Meyer Zissl watched the conduct of his stepdaughter with amazement. Simmele recited from the prayer book, bowed down, beat her breast, and after the words "He makes peace on high," retreated three steps. Then, before eating, she washed her hands up to the wrists and recited the Benediction. The children flocked around, mimicking, mocking, but she only smiled in a motherly fashion and called out, "Please, children, let me say my prayers." She kissed the smallest girl on the head, pinched the youngest boy in the cheek, and made the older boy wipe his nose on her apron. Reitze gaped. Meyer Zissl scratched his head.

"What sort of stunts are these? I scarcely recognize the girl," he said.

"She's matured overnight," said Reitze.

"She shakes like Yentl the Pious One," scoffed the oldest boy.

"Simmele, what's going on?" Reitze asked.

The girl didn't answer immediately, but went on slowly chewing the bread in her mouth. It was not like her to act with such quiet deliberation. When she had swallowed the last crumb, she said, "I am no longer Simmele."

"Then who are you?" Meyer Zissl inquired.

"I am Esther Kreindel, the wife of Reb Zorach Lipover. Last night her soul entered me. Take me to Zamość to my husband and children. My home is being neglected. Zorach needs me."

The older children burst out laughing; the younger gawked. Reitze turned white. Meyer Zissl clutched his beard, and said, "The girl is possessed by a dybbuk."

"No, not a dybbuk but the sacred soul of Esther Kreindel has entered me. She could not remain in her grave because her husband, Zorach Lipover, is expiring of grief. His affairs are topsy-turvy. His fortune is disappearing. She has told me all her secrets. If you don't believe me, I will furnish proof." And Simmele began to repeat some of the things Esther Kreindel had confided to her while she was awake and while asleep. As Simmele's mother and Meyer Zissl listened, they became more and more amazed. Simmele's words, phrases, her whole style, were those of an experienced woman, of one who is accustomed to running a business and a large household. She referred to matters that it was impossible for one as young as Simmele to know. She described Esther Kreindel's final illness, told how the doctors had made her worse with their pills and salves, bleeding her by cupping and leeches.

The neighbors were soon aware that something strange was happening, as people do in a small town where they listen behind doors and peer through keyholes. The story spread and a crowd began to gather at Meyer Zissl's. When the rabbi heard what had happened, he sent a message ordering the girl to be brought to him. At the rabbi's the council of elders was assembled, along with the most distinguished matrons of the community. After Simmele's arrival, the rabbi's wife chained the door and the interrogation began. It was necessary to find out if the girl was trying to deceive them, if she was possessed by a devil or by one of those demons who try to outsmart the righteous. After hours of interrogation, everyone was convinced that Simmele was telling the truth. They had all met Esther Kreindel and not only did Simmele talk like the dead woman but her gestures, her smile, the way she tossed her head and brushed her brow with her kerchief were all exactly like the deceased. Her manner, too, was certainly that of someone who had always been accustomed to wealth. Moreover, if an evil spirit had possessed the girl, she would have become abusive, whereas Simmele was respectful and answered all questions politely and judiciously. Soon the men began tugging at their beards; the women wrung their hands, straightened their bonnets, and tightened their aprons. The members of the Burial Society, usually so tough and unemotional, wiped tears from their eyes. Even a blind man could see that Esther Kreindel's soul had returned.

While the interrogation was still in process, Zeinvel the coachman harnessed

Suddenly there was the noise of wheels as Reb Zorach's carriage rolled into the courtyard, and he entered the house.

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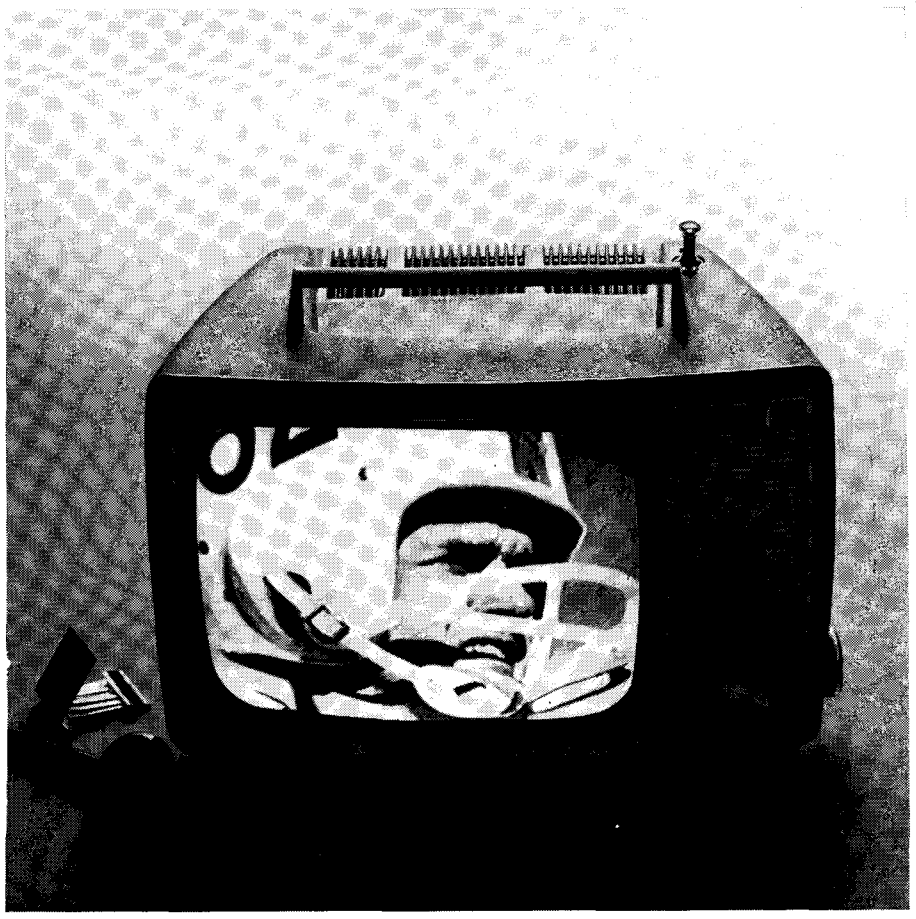

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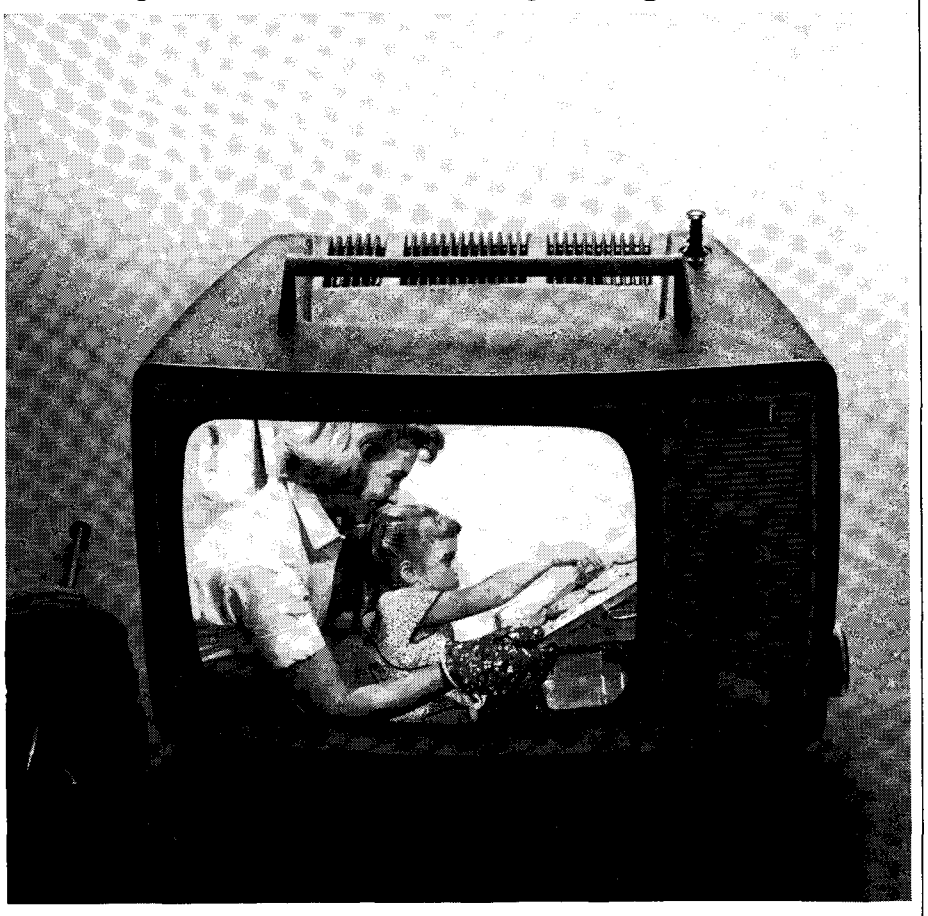

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his horse and buggy and taking several witnesses with him set out for Zamość to bring Reb Zorach Lipover the news. Reb Zorach wept when he was informed. He ordered the coachman to bring a four-horse carriage, and he, a son and two daughters got in. The coachman did not spare the whip. The road was dry, the horses galloped, and by nightfall Zorach Lipover and his family had arrived in Bilgoraj. Simmele was staying at the rabbi's and was being cared for by the rabbi's wife to escape the morbid and the curious. She sat in the kitchen knitting, something Reitze swore she had never known how to do before. Simmele had been reminiscing to those present of long-forgotten events: dreadful winters three decades past, heat waves following the Feast of Tabernacles, snows in summer, winds that broke windmills, hails that shattered roofs, rainfalls of fish and toads. She had also chattered of roasting and baking, of the illnesses women were susceptible to in pregnancy; she had discussed the rituals pertaining to cohabitation and the menstrual period. The women in the kitchen sat in stunned silence. To them it was like listening to a corpse speak. Suddenly there was the noise of wheels as Reb Zorach's carriage rolled into the courtyard. When Zorach entered, Simmele, having put down her knitting, rose and announced:

"Zorach, I have returned."

The women burst into a wail. Zorach just kept on staring. The questioning began again and continued until past midnight. Later there were many conflicting statements about what was said, and these disagreements led to protracted quarrels. But from the very beginning everyone admitted that the woman who received Zorach was no one but Esther Kreindel. Soon Zorach began to cry in a heartrending voice; Zorach's son called Simmele "mother." The daughters did not give in so quickly but sought to prove that Simmele was a liar, anxious to assume their mother's prerogatives. Slowly they too realized that the matter was not that simple. First the younger became silent and then the older one bowed her head. Before daybreak both daughters had uttered the word they had been avoiding for hours: "Mother!"

According to the law, Zorach Lipover could have married Simmele immediately, but Reb Zorach had a third daughter, Bina Hodel, who remained stubbornly unconvinced. She argued that Simmele could have learned all about Esther Kreindel from her own parents or from some maid Esther Kreindel had dismissed. Or Simmele might be a witch or could be in league with the devil.

Bina Hodel was not the only one who suspected Simmele. In Zamość there were widows and divorcées who thought of Reb Zorach as a good catch. None of these had any intention of letting Simmele grab Zorach without opposition, and they went around town saying that she was a sly fox, a scheming wanton, a pig trying to put its snout into someone else's garden. When the rabbi of Zamość heard of Simmele's claim, he ordered her to be brought before him for examination. Suddenly Zamość found itself divided. The wealthy, the scholarly, and those with sharp tongues were dubious of Simmele's claims and wanted to examine her closely. Esther Kreindel's neighbors and friends also wanted to question the girl.

When Reitze heard how things stood in Zamość and how her daughter was likely to be treated, she protested that she did not want her child dragged around and made the talk of the town and that Simmele was not interested in Reb Zorach Lipover's fortune. But Meyer Zissl had different plans. He was tired of teaching, and he had long wanted to move to Zamość, a larger and gayer city than Bilgoraj, full of rich men, gay youths, handsome women, taverns and wine cellars. Meyer Zissl persuaded Reitze to let him take Simmele to Zamość. He had already gotten some money from Zorach Lipover.

In Zamość a large crowd gathered outside the rabbi's house to watch Simmele arrive with Meyer Zissl. Meyer Zissl and those on his side saw to it that only the most influential citizens were admitted. Simmele was dressed in Reitze's holiday dress and had a silk kerchief on her head. In recent weeks, she had grown taller, plumper, and more mature. Attacked from all sides with questions, she answered with so much good taste and breeding that finally even those who had come to mock her became silent. Esther Kreindel herself could not have given better answers. At the beginning, she was asked about the other world. Simmele told of her death agony, the cleansing of her body, her burial; she described how the Angel Dumah had approached the grave with his fiery rod and asked her her name; then how evil spirits and hobgoblins had tried to fasten themselves on her and how she had been saved by the *kaddish* of her pious sons. Her good deeds and transgressions were weighed against each other on the scale at her trial in heaven. Satan had plotted against her, but holy angels defended her. She told of her encounter with her parents, her grandparents, her great-grandparents and other souls who had long been residing in Paradise. But on her way to judgment she had been permitted to look at Gehenna through a window. When she spoke of the terrors of Gehenna—the torture beds, the piles of snow, and beds of coals on which the wicked burned, the glowing hooks on which the spiteful were hung by their tongues or breasts—the whole assemblage sighed. Even the scornful and the impenitent trembled. Simmele identified by name many residents of Zamość who were being punished: some by immersion in barrels of boiling pitch, others by being forced to gather wood for the pyres on which they were burned, still others poisoned by snakes or eaten by vipers and hedgehogs. A stranger would never have heard of most of these people, nor of their crimes.

Next Simmele described the diamond pillars of Paradise among which the just sit on golden chairs with crowns on their heads, feasting on Leviathan and the Wild Ox, drinking the wine which God keeps for his beloved ones while angels divulge to them the secrets of the Torah. Simmele explained that the righteous don't use their wives as footstools; rather the holy women sit near their husbands, but on chairs whose golden headrests are somewhat lower than those of the men. The women of Zamość, gladdened by this news, began to cry and laugh. Reb Zorach Lipover covered his face with both hands and tears ran down his beard.

After the interrogation at the rabbi's house, Simmele was taken to Reb Zorach's where his children, relatives, and neighbors had gathered. There she was closely questioned again, this time about Esther Kreindel's friends, merchants, and servants. Simmele knew everything and

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remembered everybody. Reb Zorach's daughters pointed to drawers in the closets and sideboards and Simmele listed the linens and other objects contained within. She remarked of one embroidered tablecloth that Zorach had bought it for her as a gift in Leipzig, of an incense box that he had purchased it at a fair in Prague. She spoke familiarly to all the aging women, Esther Kreindel's contemporaries. "Treina, do you still have heartburn after meals?" "Riva Gutah, has the boil on your left side healed?" And she joked good-naturedly with Reb Zorach's daughters, remarking to one, "Do you still hate radishes?" and to another, "Do you remember the day I took you to Doctor Palecki and a pig frightened you?" She recalled the words the women of the Burial Society had spoken while cleansing her. When the questioning slackened, Simmele repeated that the yearning of her husband Zorach had not allowed her to rest in peace, and that the Lord of the living, taking pity on Zorach, had sent her back to him. She explained that when Zorach died she would die also for all of her years were used up, and she was living now only for his sake. No one took this prediction seriously, so young and healthy did she seem.

Zamość had expected Simmele's interrogation to last many days, but most of those who questioned her at the rabbi's and then later at Reb Zorach's were soon satisfied that she was truly the reincarnation of Esther Kreindel. Even the cat recognized her old mistress, meowing excitedly and running to rub its head against her ankles. By the end of the day, only a small group still held out. Esther Kreindel's friends covered Simmele with kisses; all Zorach's daughters except Bina Hodel wept and embraced their returned mother; his sons did her honor. The grandchildren kissed her fingers. Everyone ignored the scoffers. Reb Zorach Lipover and Meyer Zissl set the marriage day.

The wedding was noisy. For though the soul was Esther Kreindel's, the body was that of a virgin.

Esther Kreindel had returned. But nevertheless it was hard for Zorach and the town to believe in the occurrence of such a miracle. When the second Esther Kreindel went to the marketplace, followed by her maid, girls peeped at her from the windows and those on the street stopped to stare. In the half holidays of Passover and of the Feast of Tabernacles young people from all over traveled to Zamość to see the woman who had returned from the grave. Crowds gathered in front of Reb Zorach's house and the door had to be chained to keep out the curious. Zorach Lipover himself went around in a trance; his children, in the presence of their resurrected mother, blushed and stammered.

The town skeptics constantly reverted to the subject, referring to Zorach as an old goat; they asserted that he had arranged the miracle with Reitze, and speculated on how much he had paid—some said a thousand guldens—for her young daughter. One night two pranksters stealthily set a ladder against the wall of Zorach's house and peered through the shutter into his bedroom. In the tavern later they told how they had watched Esther Kreindel the second recite her prayers, bring a pitcher of water for the morning ablutions; how they had seen her remove Zorach's boots, tickle his soles, he lasciviously pulling at her earlobes. Even the Gentiles in their winehouse discussed the matter, several of them predicting that the court would enter the case and investigate the impostor, who was very likely a witch and in league with Lucifer.

For many months the new couple spent their nights talking. Zorach did not stop questioning Esther Kreindel about her departure from this world and what she had seen in the hereafter. He kept on looking for irrefutable proofs that she was what she claimed. He told her many times of the anguish he had endured while she lay sick and dying, and of the despair he felt while sitting *shibvah* and during the thirty days of mourning. Esther Kreindel affirmed again and again that she had longed for him in her grave, that his agony had not let her rest, that she had gone as a supplicant before the Throne of Glory, while cherubim sang her praise and demons howled accusations. She kept on adding particulars about her encounters with dead relatives, their adventures in their graves, in Tophet, and later in the gardens of Eden. When daybreak came, husband and wife were still talking.

On those nights that Esther Kreindel went to the ritual bath and Zorach came to her bed, he proclaimed that her body was more beautiful than it had been even in the first weeks of their first marriage. He said to her, "Perhaps I too will die and reappear as a young man." Esther Kreindel scolded him good-naturedly, assured him that she loved him more than she could possibly love any young fellow, and her only wish was to have him live to be a hundred and twenty.

Gradually everyone grew accustomed to the situation. Soon after the wedding Reitze and her stepchildren came to live in Zamość in a house that Reb Zorach gave them. Reb Zorach took Meyer Zissl into his business, and put him in charge of loans. Meyer Zissl's boys, who had so recently slapped, kicked, and spat on Simmele, now came to bid Esther Kreindel a good Sabbath and to be treated to almond bread and wine. The name Simmele was soon forgotten. Even Reitze no longer called her daughter Simmele. Esther Kreindel had been nearly sixty when she died; Simmele now treated Reitze like one of her daughters. It was strange to hear the younger woman calling Reitze child, giving her advice on baking, cooking, and bringing up children. The second Esther Kreindel, like the first, had a talent for business, and her husband, Zorach, would make no decisions without consulting her.

In the community, too, the second Esther Kreindel assumed the position of the first. She was invited to accompany brides to the synagogue, to be the matron of honor at weddings, to hold the babies at circumcisions. And she conducted herself as if she had been accustomed to such honors for years. At first the younger women tried to make her their friend, but she treated them as if they belonged to another generation. At the wedding people had predicted that Esther Kreindel the second would soon conceive, but when several years passed and she did not, everyone began to remark that the returned Esther Kreindel was aging prematurely, her flesh shrinking, her skin drying up. Moreover, she dressed like an old woman, wearing a cape with raised shoulders and a ribboned bonnet when she went out. She often wore tucked tops

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and pleated skirts with long trains. Every morning she entered the women's section of the synagogue carrying a gold-rimmed prayer book and a book of supplications. On the day before the new moon she fasted and attended the prayers to which only the old women went. During the months of Elul and Nisan, when it is customary to visit the graves of relatives, the second Esther Kreindel visited the cemetery and threw herself on the grave of the first Esther Kreindel, weeping and begging forgiveness. It seemed then as if the corpse buried within had emerged to mourn and eulogize itself.

The years passed and Zorach grew older and weaker. Both his stomach and his feet pained him. Having stopped attending to his business, he sat all day long in an armchair, reading. Esther Kreindel brought him food and medicine. Sometimes she played cards with him; other times she read aloud to him. She took over the entire management of the business, since his sons were lazy and incompetent. Every day she reported to him what had happened. Husband and wife talked of the old days as if they were really the same age. He reminded her of their early struggles, when the children were small. They recalled family worries and business complications with creditors, nobles, competitors. Esther Kreindel knew and remembered all the details. Often she reminded him of things he had forgotten. Other times they sat in silence for hours: Esther Kreindel knitting socks, Zorach Lipover watching her in amazement.

The second Esther Kreindel had grown more and more like the first, had developed her high bosom, the wrinkles and folds in the face, the double chin, the bags under the eyes. Like the former Esther Kreindel, the present one wore her glasses on the point of her nose, scratched her ear with a knitting needle, refreshed herself with cherry wine and jam while muttering to herself or to the cat. Even her smell of fresh linen and lavender was that of the first Esther Kreindel. When she stopped going to the ritual bath everyone assumed she was undergoing her menopause. Even Reitze, her mother, could recognize nothing of the former Simmele.

Some of the first Esther Kreindel's contemporaries hinted that not only had their friend's soul returned from the grave but her body as well. The shoemaker insisted that the feet of the reincarnated woman were duplicates of the first. A wart had sprouted on the neck of the second in exactly the same spot where one had been on the neck of the first. There were those in Zamość who said that if the grave of Esther Kreindel were opened—God forbid that anyone should commit such a sacrilege!—the body exhumed would not be Esther Kreindel's but Simmele's.

Because a female cannot completely take over the place of a male, much of the responsibility for running Zorach Lipover's business passed to Meyer Zissl. The former Talmud teacher began to spend money lavishly. He got up late, drank wine from a silver goblet, sported a pipe with an amber bowl. Reb Zorach had always bowed and raised his hat to the squires, but Meyer Zissl tried to be their equal. He dressed in a squire's costume with silver buttons, wore a sable hat with a feather, dined with the nobles, went hunting with them. When he was tipsy he threw coins to the peasants. His

Other times they sat in silence for hours, Esther Kreindel knitting socks, Zorach Lipover observing her and marveling.

sons were sent to study in Italy, his daughters were married off to rich young men in Bohemia. After a while the Gentiles of Zamość addressed him as Pan. Esther Kreindel reproached him, said that it was not good for a Jew to indulge in worldly pleasures, that it made the Christians jealous, and that the money was being squandered; but Meyer Zissl paid no attention. There came a time when he ceased to go into Reitze's bedroom. Gossips spread the rumor that he had begun an affair with a Countess Zamoyska. There was a scandal over a woman of pleasure. Meyer Zissl and a noble fought a duel and the nobleman was wounded in the thigh. Meyer Zissl finally stopped coming to the synagogue except on the High Holidays.

Reb Zorach Lipover had become extremely feeble. His final illness was long and protracted. Esther Kreindel sat up with her husband for many nights, refusing to let others watch him. When he died, she fell on the corpse in her anguish and would not allow it to be laid out. The men of the Burial Society had to pull her away. Following the funeral, Esther Kreindel returned home, surrounded by all of Zorach's sons and daughters who had come to sit the seven days of mourning with her. Because Zorach had been so old when he died, his children sat on small stools in their stocking feet and babbled of everyday matters. There were frequent references to his will: They all knew he had made one, but what it contained they could not say. They assumed Zorach had left his widow a fortune and were already preparing to haggle with her. These men and women who had called the second Esther Kreindel mother for years now avoided looking her in the face. Esther Kreindel took her Bible and opened it to the Book of Job. Weeping, she read the words of Job and his companions. Bina Hodel, who hadn't cried once during her father's final illness, muttered loud enough to be heard: "God's thief."

Esther Kreindel closed the Bible and stood up. "Children, I want to take leave of you."

"Are you going somewhere?" Bina Hodel asked, lifting her brows.

"Tonight I will be with your father," Esther Kreindel replied.

"Tell us that next year," said Bina Hodel.

At supper that night Esther Kreindel hardly touched the food on her plate. Afterward she stood at the East Wall. She bowed, beat her breast and confessed her sins as if it were Yom Kippur. Reitze washed dishes in the kitchen, Meyer Zissl had gone to a ball. When Esther Kreindel was finished, she went to the bedroom and ordered the maid to make up the bed there. The maid demurred, muttering that the lady should sleep elsewhere. The master had died in that room. A candle was still burning, and the customary glass of water stood on the night table with a piece of linen inside prepared for the soul to cleanse itself. Who would spend the night in a room from which a corpse had so recently been taken out? But Esther Kreindel made the girl do as she had been told.

Esther Kreindel undressed. The instant she stretched out on the bed her face began to change, and became yellow and sunken. The maid ran to summon the family. A doctor was sent for. Those who watched Esther Kreindel die testified later that she looked exactly like the first Esther Kreindel in her death throes. Her eyes remained open but opaque and unseeing. They spoke to her, but she did not answer. A spoonful of chicken soup was poured into her mouth, but it dribbled out. All at once she heaved a sigh, and the soul left the body. Bina Hodel threw herself down at the foot of the bed calling out, "My good mother. My sacred mother."

The funeral was a large one. Esther Kreindel the second was buried near Esther Kreindel the first. The most venerable woman of the town sewed her shroud. The rabbi delivered a eulogy. When the funeral was over, Meyer Zissl showed the rabbi two wills. In one, Zorach Lipover willed his wife three-quarters of his fortune; in the other Esther Kreindel left a third of her inheritance to charity and two-thirds to Reitze and her children. Meyer Zissl was the executor.

Not many months later Bina Hodel died and Meyer Zissl, without Esther Kreindel's stabilizing influence, became reckless. He gave credit to insolvent merchants, accepted mortgages without evaluating the property, and continued to lose large sums of money. He was forever involved in lawsuits. More and more often he had to hide from his creditors and from the king's tax collectors. One day a group of squires accompanied by marshals, bailiffs and soldiers came to Meyer Zissl's place. The governor of Lublin had authorized a public auction of all his property. Meyer Zissl was arrested, shackled and thrown into prison. Reitze tried to raise money from the community to get him released, but because he had ignored the Jews and his religion, the elders refused him assistance. The squires with whom he had drunk and caroused did not even bother to answer his letters in which he asked for forgiveness.

One morning nine months later when the jailer entered Meyer Zissl's cell with a loaf of bread and a bowl of hot water he found the prisoner hanging from the window grating. Meyer Zissl had torn his shirt into strips and braided it into a rope. The Jews took away the corpse and buried it behind the fence.

Years later the people in Zamość, in Bilgoraj, in Krashnik, even in Lublin continued to discuss the case of the girl who went to sleep as Simmele and woke up as Esther Kreindel. Reitze had long since died in the poorhouse. Her children, now living in foreign lands, had completely forsaken their faith. Of Zorach Lipover's great fortune nothing was left. But the controversy still went on. Seamstresses sang a ballad about Simmele. On long winter nights girls and women, plucking feathers, chopping cabbage, knitting jackets, reviewed the facts. Even *heder* boys told one another the story of how the soul of Esther Kreindel was reincarnated. Some contended that the whole thing had been mere fraud. What fools Reb Zorach Lipover and his family had been to let themselves be tricked by a girl. They claimed that the mastermind was Meyer Zissl. He had wanted to give up teaching and enjoy Zorach's wealth. One man concluded after much thought that Meyer Zissl had been in love with his stepdaughter and persuaded her to be a party in the plot. Another said Reitze had initiated the conspiracy and had primed her daughter for the part. In Zamość there was a Doctor Ettinger who argued that miraculous though it was for a woman to rise from her grave and return to her husband, it was an even greater miracle for a fourteen-year-old girl to deceive the elders of Zamość. After all, Zamość, unlike Chelm, was not a town of fools. In addition, how had it happened that Simmele had not become pregnant and had died the night after her husband's burial? No one can make a contract with the Angel of Death.

In any case, there is a birch tree growing from Zorach Lipover's grave. Birds nest in its branches. The leaves never stop trembling and their perpetual rustle rings like tiny bells. The tombstones of Esther Kreindel the first and Esther Kreindel the second lean against each other and have been made almost one by time. The world is full of puzzles. It is possible that not even Elijah will be able to answer all our questions when the Messiah comes. Even God in seventh Heaven may not as yet have solved all the mysteries of His Creation.

Perhaps this is the reason He conceals His Face. THE END

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Coney Island's Uncle

Have things

Inevitably our parents are the bearers of our disillusion. After they have ushered us into the world, they must bring word that Santa does not exist, that camp is out of the question, that Grandma is dying, and that they themselves are flawed by spite and unreason. Sometimes it falls to another grown-up to renew in us for a time, through disinterested kindliness, that original seamless innocence, the very notion of which can otherwise become a sour mockery. The lucky ones among us can be grateful for a childhood graced by an unencumbered relative—a bachelor uncle, perhaps—who enjoys us not for what we may become, or may one day owe to him, but simply because we exist. I had such an uncle.

We lived, my parents and I, in a small frame house not far off Main Street in Dunkirk, New York, which is on Lake Erie about halfway between Buffalo and Erie, Pennsylvania. My father had inherited a hardware and agricultural-implements store to and from which he walked every day, and where my mother joined him to keep the books and wait on customers during the hours when I was in school.

My mother was a good sport, I think now, about a life that she could not have foreseen when she fell in love with my father on a summer vacation at Lake Chautauqua. She had been a New York girl with musical ambitions; she often exercised her light and agreeable soprano voice of an evening during my boyhood, accompanying herself at the Aeolian Duo-Art piano father had given her on the occasion of the arrival of her first-born—me, Charley Morrison, who also turned out to be her last-born. Mother solaced herself with introducing me to "the better things" (Friday-night poetry readings at her Sorosis Club, piano lessons with Miss Letts, and reproductions of the Great Masters), traveling to an occasional concert in Buffalo, and taking me to New York every year to visit her three brothers, my uncles

By HARVEY SWADOS

Illustrated by Jan Balet

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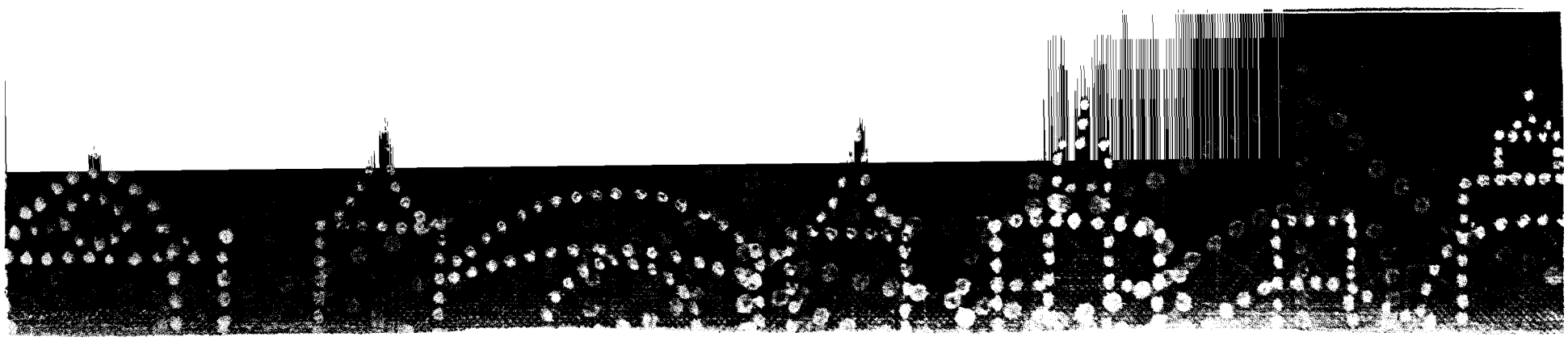

really changed as much as we think? Or is it just that now, older, we see the way they really always were?

Al, Eddie, and Dan.

Uncle Dan was the one who mattered. I can't remember why he happened to be visiting us when I entered kindergarten on the very morning of my fifth birthday. What I do remember, so vividly that the sunlit-noonday thrill of it is still almost painful, is the sight of Uncle Dan coming toward my mother and me on the cracked sidewalk before our little house, which sagged, a bit askew, like my father, as we returned from that terrifying first day of school. He was leading an Irish setter puppy by a braided leather leash.

Aside from our family doctor, who had bad breath and wore hightop shoes, Uncle Dan was the only real doctor I knew. He might not have been an outstanding physician, but he did know, even though he never married or fathered a son, what could turn the trick with a small boy. As I ran up to him, still trembling from the strange lonely newness of the classroom, he unwound the leash from his fingers and flipped it at me.

"Here you go, Charley boy," he said. "Here's a puppy dog for a good student."

And he stood there, stocky and self-possessed, smiling around his cigar, ignoring my mother's shocked surprise and nudging amusedly at my bottom with his toe as I dropped to my knees to caress my new dog. "Just treat him right, Charley boy," he said, "and you'll have a real friend."

I didn't know how to tell Uncle Dan that he was my favorite. The other New York uncles were all right, but they had wives and children of their own; he was the one who I felt belonged to me. People said that I looked like him, which was beyond my understanding—he was a burly man with an impudent mop of reddish-brown hair (my father had almost none that I can recall even from my earliest childhood, and I couldn't even tell you the color of the fringe around his ears), and an even more unlikely moustache, full, square, and bristling. How could I resemble a middle-aged man—he must have been in his thirties at that time—with a big thick moustache? It was enough that he would give me a dog, and an occasional boot in the behind, to show me that he appreciated what I didn't dare to tell him.

As the years passed, I came to believe that he would have understood, had he been around, far more than my parents. Not that they didn't try, in that dull and drowsy community. But in the cruel way of children, I often felt, particularly as the depression invaded our lives like a prolonged state of mourning, that they—immured in their dark semibankrupt store that smelled of iron filings and birdseed—had no notion of how they ought to treat me. Else why would they have lied to me after they had my dog put away when he went into distemper convulsions? And why did they take it for a kindness to let me oversleep the grand opening night of the circus, the only halfway exciting event of the year in Dunkirk, after I had worked to the point of exhaustion for a pass, a ticket which they could never have afforded, in those lean days, to buy me?

I was going on thirteen that summer, sullen and rebellious after the circus fiasco, when my father informed me with clumsily evasive tact that, as a reward for having done well in school and helped out at the store, I was to be sent to New York. Alone.

I was old enough to know that my parents could not have come to this decision by themselves. Mother's family had to be consulted, if only because they would have to put me up. My mother had already forgone her annual visit home, but this, as well as the matter of who was paying for my ticket, was something that simply went unmentioned in our household; to bring it up would have been like asking if you were going to get a Christmas present, and how much would be spent on it.

Besides, I had a strong hunch that it was my Uncle Dan who was footing the bill. He was the one with the fewest responsibilities, and it was he who scrawled me the postcard (he never could manage a whole letter) asking if I'd like to batch it with him for a while.

If they had fixed it up not with my Coney Island uncle, but with the Manhattan uncles, Al or Eddie, I probably wouldn't even have wanted to go at all. Not that I was spoiled or blasé about New York. But mother and I had always stayed with Uncle Al and Aunt Clara, mother sleeping on the studio couch, me bunking with their boys.

They were all right, but as far as I was concerned there was nothing glamorous or big city about them. Uncle Al was seldom home except Sunday evenings, when he'd slump down morosely before the radio to listen to Ed Wynn, and Aunt Clara was in the kitchen baking all day, gabbing with mother. She wouldn't let my cousins own bicycles, they didn't even know how to ride, and they never ceased needling me monotonously as a hick. We'd stand around in the concrete courtyard of the apartment house, not a blade of grass in sight, bouncing a sponge-rubber ball back and forth in the little clear space to one side of the corroded green fountain of a nymph with jug that never worked anyway, and taunting each other out of boredom and aimlessness.

"Is this all you guys ever do?" I'd ask. "Isn't there anything else to do in New York, except follow the horseballs in the bridle path in Central Park?"

"Horseballs yourself. Is it true you still got Indians running around loose in Dunkirk? Aren't you afraid of getting scalped? Why do you always say faw-rest and George War-shington?"

And then my mother, with her relentless passion for intellectual improvement, would haul us off on the bus to the Museum of the City of New York to look at dolls costumed as dead mayors' wives, or to the Museum of Natural History to study the

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"I have never been able to decide whether I love the city or hate it," writes Harvey Swados. "I believe this is true of most Americans, who have become an urban people but flee the city when they can. This American tension has informed a good deal of my fiction, whether in the short stories collected in 'Nights in the Gardens of Brooklyn' or in my latest novel, 'The Will.' And while I find myself writing more and more about people and places that no longer quite exist—just as the Coney Island of this story is in the process of dissolution—it is my hope that the mood evoked is not one of easy nostalgia, but rather of recognition of the universality of a boy's wonder at his first encounter with the city." This story will be included in a new collection of Swados' short fiction to be published next year.

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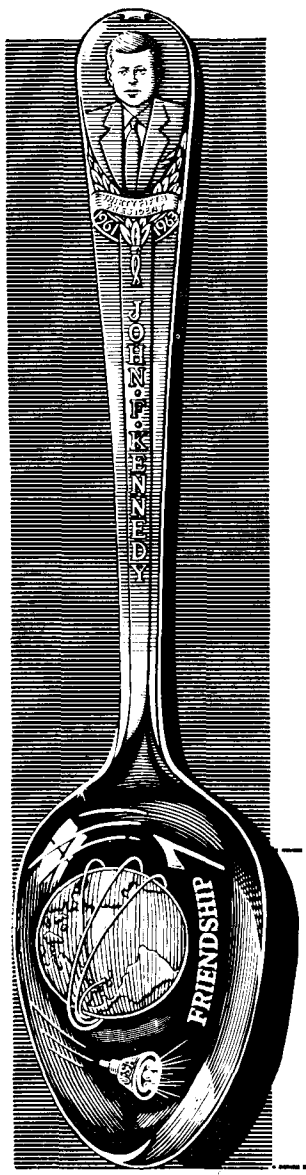

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My Coney Island Uncle

pasted-together bones of brontosauruses and tyrannosauruses. After five or six days I was more than ready to go home.

I just knew that it would be different now, staying with my Coney Island uncle. From the moment that father bade me good-bye in the unwashed bus depot that smelled of depression and defeat, stowing his rusty Gladstone in the rack over my head, shaking hands with me shyly, and smiling a reassurance that did not conceal his perpetual somberness, I settled into the new mood of freedom and adventure. All through the long ride down across Pennsylvania, Erie to Warren to Couderst port to Towanda to Scranton to New York, I pitched and rolled on the torn leather seat with the stuffing oozing out, exalted as though I strode the deck of a Yankee clipper. Even the discovery that my uncle was not at the Manhattan Greyhound Terminal to meet me, as he had promised, was exhilarating. I kept a good grip on the valise, as father had advocated, and while I was looking about for Uncle Dan, a lady from Travelers Aid came up and asked if I was Charley Morrison.

"Your uncle is tied up in an emergency. He says to come right out to his place. Now you can take any line of the BMT, can you remember that? Don't take the IRT, you'll get all mixed up."

It was like Uncle Dan, I thought, not to send some stooge relative after me, but to trust me, even though it was already well into the night, to find my way out to Coney Island. I got there without trouble, hauled the valise down the steps of the elevated into the street at Surf Avenue, and walked straight up the block, milling and restless as Times Square, even at midnight, to the corner where Uncle Dan's signs hung in all his second-floor windows. Just as I was reaching out to punch his night bell I heard my uncle's familiar voice behind me, deep and drawling.

"Charley boy! Have a nice ride?"

I swung around. Uncle Dan was standing there smiling, medical bag in his left hand, cigar and door key in his right. His hat was shoved back on his head, and his Palm Beach suit was wrinkled at the crotch; he had put on some weight and seemed tired, but otherwise he looked the same.

"Let's just throw our bags in the hall, so we can go out and grab a bite."

He led me around the corner and up the ramp, gritty with sand, to the boardwalk. Above us the looped wires of bulbs drooped like heavy necklaces, the neon lights of stores and stands slashed on and off, some hurling their arrows hopelessly after each other, others stabbing into the sky like red-hot sparks, and the night was so illumined by them all that you could follow the smoke from the skillets of the hamburger joints high into the air before it disappeared into the darkness, along with the hot steam of the coffee urns. Amidst the acrid smell of burning molasses, before saltwater-taffy machines swaying rhythmically as they pulled the fat creamy ribbons to and fro, girls opened cupid's-bow mouths to receive huge wobbling cones of cotton candy extended eagerly by their sailor boyfriends. The ground shook beneath me with the thudding of thousands of feet on the wooden boardwalk, stained in spots from the wet footprints of late bathers and the spilled soda pop of boys my age who shook up the open bottles and released their thumbs to aim the spray at the unsuspecting before they fled. And over it all the

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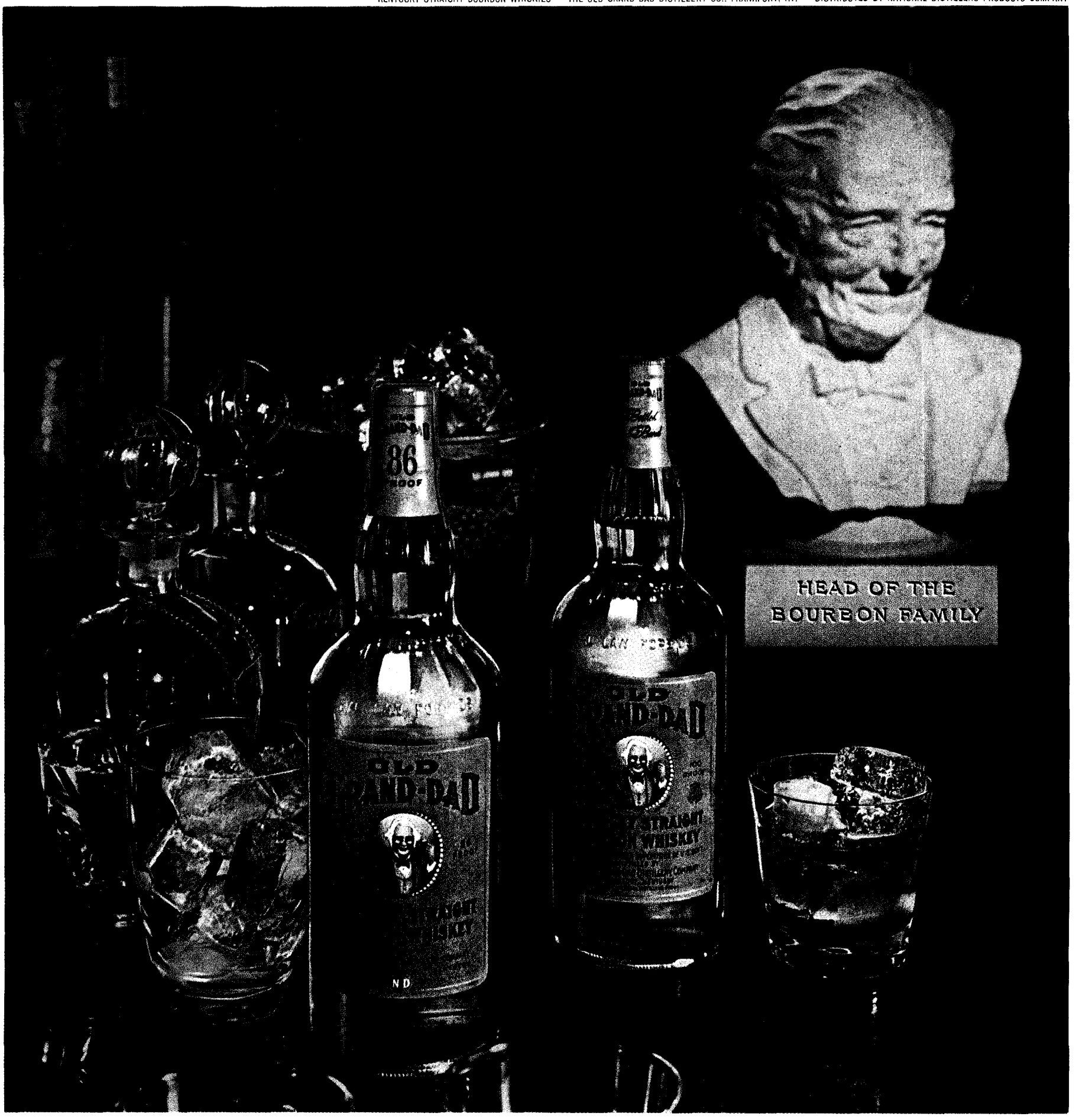

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intermittent roar of the plunging roller coaster across the way at Steeplechase Park, its electric controls rattling as it raced down below the horizon like an express train to hell.

Uncle Dan led the way to Nathan's hot-dog stand and said to a Greek counterman, "Two franks well done, Chris, for me and my nephew." He turned to me. "You take yours with sauerkraut? I forget."

I said boldly, "I like mine with everything." Mother would never have let me eat a spicy hot dog in the middle of the night, much less with all that junk smeared, rubbed, and squeezed on it.

"That's your nephew, hey, Doc?"

"Come in from the West to keep me company for a while. We're going to have some fun, us two bachelors." My uncle took a huge bite; I had never before seen anyone handle a hot dog, a cigar, and a toothpick, all at once. "And listen, Chris, if this boy comes by with a hungry look during the day, his credit is good."

"I got you." The counterman extended his bare arm, hairy as a gorilla's. "Have a knish, kid."

We washed down the hot dogs and knishes with big shupers of root beer. The glass mugs were heavy as sin, frosty, with foam running down the sides; Uncle Dan blew off some of the suds at me as if we were drinking beer, which was just what I had been secretly pretending. As we strolled off he asked, "What time do they make you go to bed back home?"

I hesitated. I wanted to add thirty minutes to my weekend late limit, but then something made me reply honestly.

Uncle Dan screwed up his face. "That sounds awful damn early to me. At least, it is for Coney Island. Tell you what, if you promise not to snitch to your mother, we'll just forget that curfew stuff while you're staying with me."

I could hardly trust myself to reply.

"Your mother's a good woman," Uncle Dan remarked, in a thoughtful tone that I had never heard him use before. He took me by the elbow and led me to his apartment through the midnight crowds, thicker than we had even for circuses back home. "She's got her troubles, you know, like all of us. But she's my favorite. I mean, your uncles are all right, they're not bad fellows, but they've made a couple mistakes. Number one was when they got married."

As he threw away his cigar, he added, "Number two was when Al and Eddie left Brooklyn. In Manhattan, you don't even realize that you're living on the shore, on the edge of the ocean, the way you do here."

He fell silent, and I, matching my step to his, could not remember when Uncle Dan had ever talked to me so much all at once. After a while he went on, "This is a good place to live. You'll see."

In the two minutes that it took me to fall asleep, I observed that Uncle Dan came to bed beside me in his drawers. It was a practice that my mother condemned as disgusting, but I resolved to put my pajamas back into father's Gladstone next morning. Mother thought too that you couldn't get really clean in a shower, and at home we had a monstrous old claw-legged tub that we filled partway with kettles of boiling water from the kitchen stove, in a bathroom so drafty that we stuffed the casement with rags and plugged in two electric heaters from the store ten minutes before bath time. But Uncle Dan's shower stall, into which I leaped when I awoke, with Uncle Dan already halfway through his office hours down the corridor, had a ripply-glass door with a chrome handle, the first I'd ever seen outside of the movies, and water that kept coming out hot, forever.

I did get a rather haphazard tourist's view of New York in the days that followed—waiting in line with the other out-of-towners on Sixth Avenue to see a Marlene Dietrich movie about the Russian Revolution at Radio City Music Hall, riding the elevator to the top of the Empire State Building to peer down at the tiny pedestrians who might be Uncle Al or Uncle Eddie ("from up here your uncles look like ants")—but what entered deep into my being was a sense of the variety and richness of possibility in the city, a sense of how one could, if one only wished, enter any of a number of communities, each as unique as the single one in the small town I had left behind.

Uncle Dan did this for me, and without even realizing it. All he knew was that it might be fun for me to tag along with him for a while. It never occurred to him that just by exposing me to his daily round, which to him was not particularly exciting but pleasant enough so that he had no deep incentive to change it, he was presenting me with motives for persisting in this confounding, fascinating world.

If my father knew everyone who came into his store, everyone knew Uncle Dan when he stepped out onto the street. But there was a difference. On our way to his Buick, which he kept garaged a few blocks away, on Neptune Avenue—I cannot

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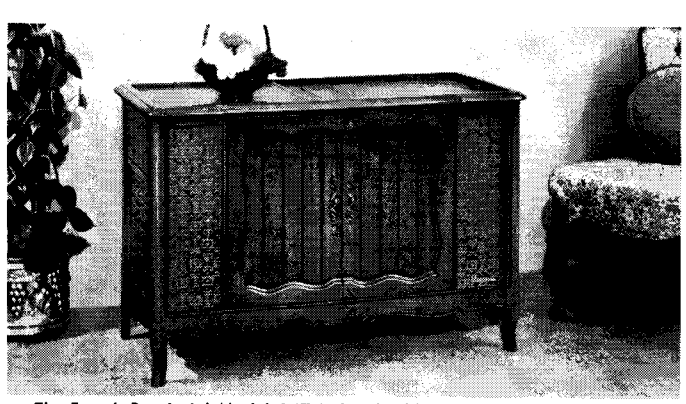

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remember whether it was the first or the second day of my visit, for by now everything has blended into a generalized memory of that liberating week, as if the revolution I was experiencing was far more than the sum of its insurrectionary incidents—we were suddenly stopped by a pleading woman.

"Doctor, doctor!" she cried, gasping for breath, holding out her empty reddened hands as though she were extending something precious and hot, like a freshly baked cake. It occurred to me that if she had been carrying something, anything, even a little purse, in those swollen hands, she wouldn't have looked so wild.

"Let's take it easy," my uncle said. He addressed her by some Polish or Slavic name. "Is it your husband? Casper?"

She nodded, trotting alongside us as we approached the car. "He beat up on Mrs. Polanyi. He knock her down, he try to kill her."

"I warned you it was going to happen, didn't I?"

"What I can do? I can send him away? How we going to eat?"

"Well, now you'll have to do it. No two ways." He held open the front door of the car. "Hop in."

She shook her head vigorously. What was this? Why wouldn't she get in? My heart thumping, I stared at the frightened woman, who stood there with her chest heaving, refusing to sit in the front seat.

But Uncle Dan understood. With a sigh he yanked open the rear door. "OK, let's not waste time."

She crawled into the back and as I settled myself beside my uncle, he muttered, "She thinks it's not polite, to sit up front next to the doctor. It's a wonder she'll ride with us at all."

In a few minutes we had pulled up in front of her house, a red-brick tenement indistinguishable from all the others on the block except for the crowd gathered before it. Uncle Dan leaned on the horn with one hand to clear the way as he reached back with the other for his satchel. "Come on, Clara," he said to the woman, who had been crouched on the edge of the seat as if afraid that she might soil it, "we'll go take care of Mrs. Polanyi. Charley boy, you keep an eye on the car."

I couldn't just sit there on that baking Brooklyn street, not with the neighborhood kids staring at me. So I got out and thrust myself into the crowd.

In its midst a girl of about my age, one of her twin braids half unwound, was crying against the bosom of a gray-haired woman.

"What happened?" I asked boldly.

A boy answered wisely, "It was her mother." Huh muddah, was the way he pronounced it, and it took me a second or two to understand. "The nut stomped on huh. He's a real nut. You the doctor's son?"

Before I could answer, a thin-faced sallow man came out the front door and sauntered down the stoop, pausing only to light a cigarette with a wooden kitchen match. Although he was tieless, he wore a sharp striped suit with a grease stain big as a campaign button on his left lapel; his fly was open. The crowd moved off even while the flame of the match still flickered, before he blew it out. He came directly to me, placing his face so close to mine that I could see the pores on his fleshy nose, and fixed me with his very pale, almost colorless blue eyes. I had the feeling that he was looking through me, at something just behind my head, rather than at me.

"You the doctor's boy?"

"I'm his nephew." I heard mutters from the crowd, which had drifted back to either side of us.

"He's a great man. Man of science. You know science?"

"Not much."

"It powers the world. You know science, you got hidden power. Mrs. Polanyi, she was tuned in. She was wired for sound. They sent her messages against me. Man, she could have destroyed everybody. You know Mrs. Polanyi?"

I shook my head wordlessly. I knew, suddenly, who he was, and what was wrong, but I was not frightened. I was simply curious and fascinated. After a few moments of odd disjointed talk my uncle tramped out in his heavy solid way, lugging his satchel and blowing on a prescription blank. He beckoned to the crying girl.

"Hey, Jeanette! Take this to Rudnicki's drugstore and get it filled. Your mother'll be all right—I'll stop by tomorrow." He winked at me as he shoved a fresh cigar into his mouth, then turned to the man who had been talking with me. "Casper, you got to go for a ride. You met my nephew already?"

"Sure. He's a smart one. Science, like you. It powers the world." His pupils were the merest pinpoints; his jaws were clamped as if with a wrench; when he smiled it was like a dog baring his fangs.

"Amen. Come on, Casper, let's go. Here comes your wife."

Her handkerchief to her face, she stumbled down the steps and through the ranks of the curious.

"I'm going to need you to sign the

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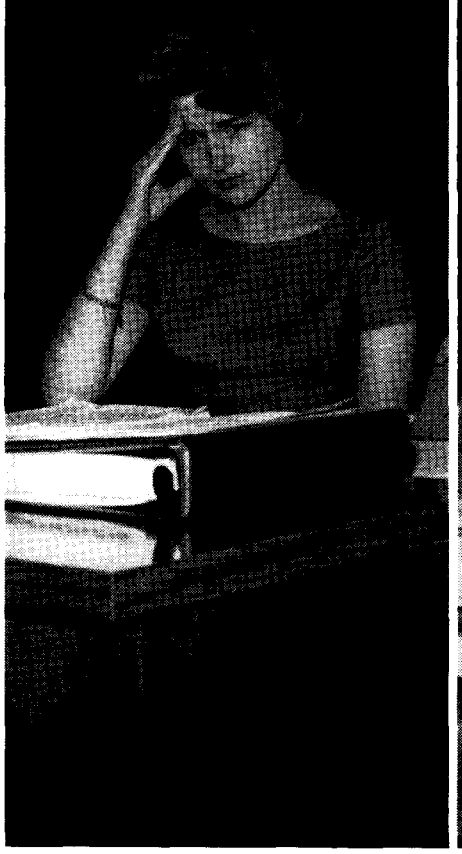
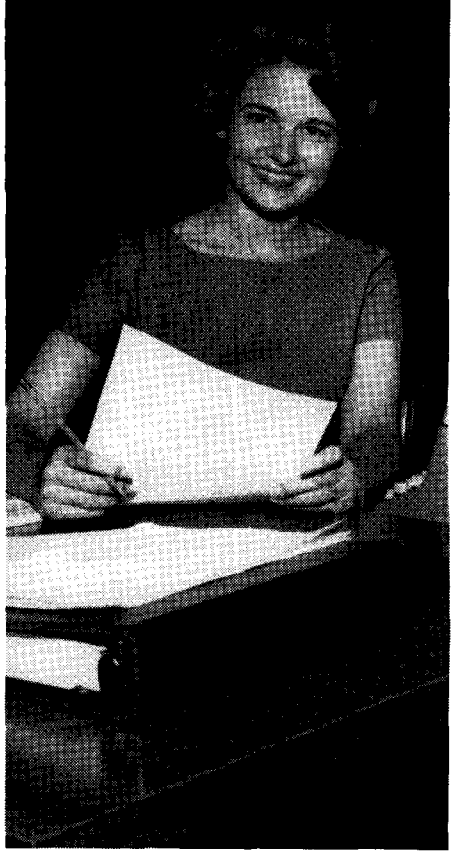


Susie at work!



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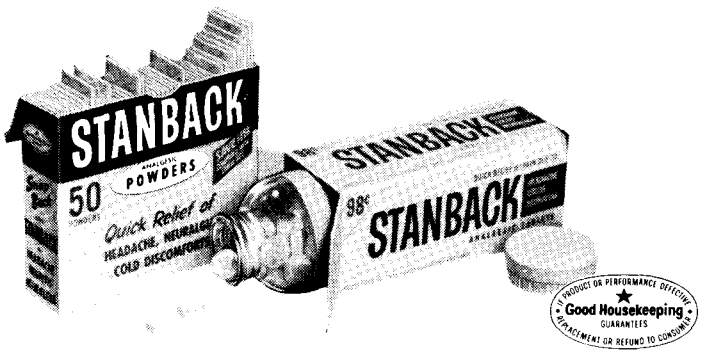

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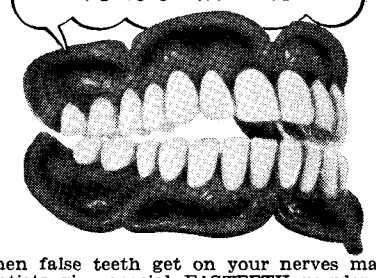

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My Coney Island Uncle

commitment papers, Clara. . . . Close that door, will you, Charley boy?"

And we were off to the hospital, my uncle making easy talk with the wife, and me sitting beside the demented husband who had almost murdered a defenseless woman. It did not take long for him to be removed to the barred retreat where for all I know he still paces, hunting for the secret wires of science.

After we had finally left his wife, in the charge of a sister, weeping in terror at the prospect of feeding her family without her husband's wage, Uncle Dan took me into the precinct house, where he had to make out a report. Then we drove across the length of Coney Island, from the hump of Sea Gate, sticking out into Gravesend Bay, over to Brighton Beach, to that corner of it which encloses Sheepshead Bay, and there, on a street of bay-front cottages smelling not of traffic exhaust, dumbwaiters, and dark metallic elevators, but of clams, salt marshes, oakum, and rotting bait, I met a sword swallower.

Mrs. and Mrs. Alvarez might have been, superficially, customers of my father's. She was a childless but motherly woman with the bosom of a pigeon, but her flashing eyes were those of an opera singer. When we arrived she was just removing a sheet of cookies from the oven. While her husband, who greeted us in his bathrobe with the *Daily News* dangling from his left fist, was squeezing my hand so hard that it brought tears to my eyes, Mrs. Alvarez was already pouring me a glass of milk and setting the cookies before me.

She stood over me and stroked my hair while I ate and drank, saying, "You come from a nice part of the country, kiddo. Many's the time Alfredo and I played the fairground circuit all in through there."

"What did you do?"

She laughed, her bosom shaking. "You wouldn't think it to look at me, but I used to be a bareback rider. Since I got too heavy, we settled here, and Al works the shows on the island."

Her husband, the examination of his throat and chest completed, returned to the kitchen from the bedroom without bothering to throw his robe over his undershirt and trousers. I was impressed by his shoulders, which were embroidered like tapestry with writhing tattooed dragons, their tails looping up around his wiry corded neck.

"How you like it here, kid?" he demanded.

"I like it fine."

"Doc says I'm going to live for a while," he announced to his wife and to me.

"Not if you don't change jobs," my uncle grunted, but that seemed to make no particular impression. Mr. Alvarez stepped jerkily to the closet and fetched out a long package, a broom handle maybe, wrapped in flannel.

"You didn't take the boy to the sideshow yet, did you, Doc?"

Uncle Dan shook his head. "Give us a chance. He hasn't even been to Bedloe's Island yet, to the Statue of Liberty."

"Aw, the Statue of Liberty. Let me show you something, kid." He unwrapped the flannel with a flourish and exposed a glittering sword, wonderfully filigreed all along the blade.

Before any of us could say a word Mr. Alvarez snapped to attention as though he were presenting arms at court, then raised his walnut-brown sinewy arms and presented the point of the sword to his lips. He bent his grizzled head back farther than I had ever seen anyone do and slipped the sword into his open mouth and down his gullet, inch by inch, then foot by foot. You could actually see it going down from the outside, his bare neck working and swelling as it contained the cold steel.

Mrs. Alvarez sat at the kitchen table, placid and proud. "Pretty good, huh? Here, take along some cookies in wax paper. You'll get hungry later."

Mr. Alvarez brought up the sword as deliberately and delicately as he had slid it down, clicked his heels, and bowed. "You get the point?" he asked, and laughed with a hoarse bark.

"That's the most amazing thing I ever saw," I said honestly.

"I can do that with almost any type sword. Except one that's too curved, like a scimitar." Skimitar, he pronounced it. "I can do it with a rapier, even with a saber. You got to keep a straight passage, see, the head has got to be straight back. It's all in the head, am I right or wrong, Doc?"

Mr. Alvarez gave me the sword to examine. "You come to the show, kid, and you'll be able to see right through me. I swallow an electrified sword, it's got little bulbs on it. I stand in front of a black curtain and you can see the bulbs inside me just like my backbone was lit up."

He was chuckling all the way to the door. "See you in the freak show."

In the car my uncle sighed, his hands hanging over the steering wheel for a moment before he stepped on the starter. "Nice people, aren't they?"

"You bet."

"He's got an ulcerated throat. It's a precancerous condition, really. You can't go on insulating the body indefinitely, Charley boy. But his wife can't work anymore, and he doesn't know how to do anything else. Well, I thought you'd enjoy meeting them."

We did visit the freak show a few nights later. I gaped at the tattooed lady's bluish hide, blurred like an old map, and stared in uncomfortable awe at the seminude form of the half man-half woman, not wholly convinced by Uncle Dan's explanation of glandular pathology. My parents would never have taken me there, either as a favor or an object lesson, and I did not dare to ask Uncle Dan what he had in mind, if anything, besides entertainment.

The Fat Lady was off that night because of a toothache. But since she too was a patient of Uncle Dan's, next morning I found myself riding with her and my uncle in an old panel truck from her flat in Brighton over to the dentist's, on Linden Boulevard in Flatbush. Uncle Dan and I sat in front with the driver, her brother-in-law, who was all business; Smiling Sally herself was spread out, like some giant growth, all over a plank fixed to the bed of the truck for her. From time to time a groan would issue from that vast heap of flesh, and her massive arm would rise slowly, alarmingly, reaching out to my uncle for comfort.

Uncle Dan was to give her the anesthetic, but before the extraction we had to get her into the office of his colleague, Dr. Otto Reinitz, whose first-floor office fortunately had French windows. No sooner had we begun preparations to transport Sally through the window to the dentist than the envious neighborhood kids began to gather, picking their noses and pointing at the groaning circus queen.

First we had to rig up a kind of staging with a block and tackle, like the bos'n's

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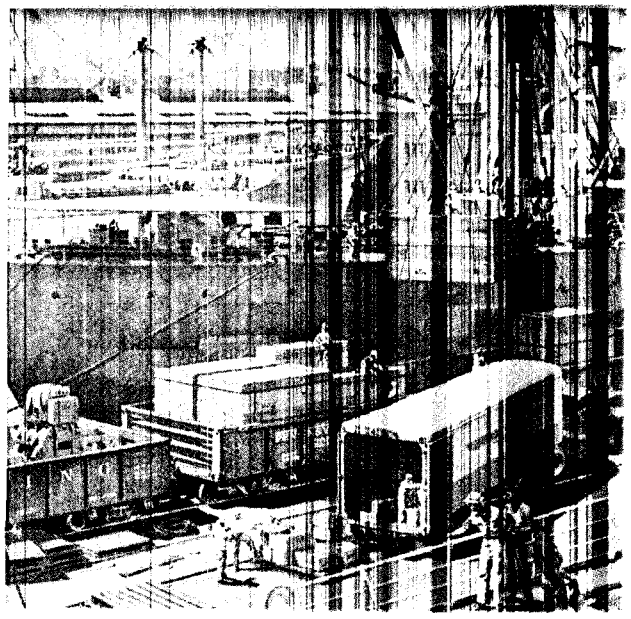

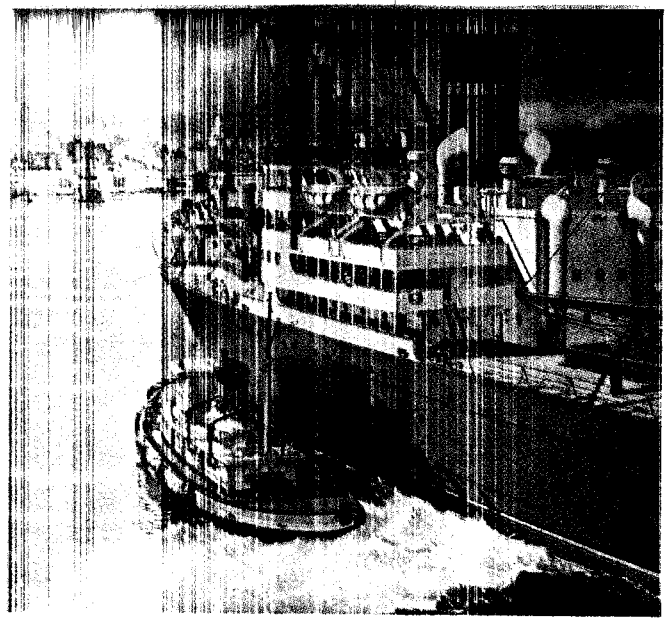

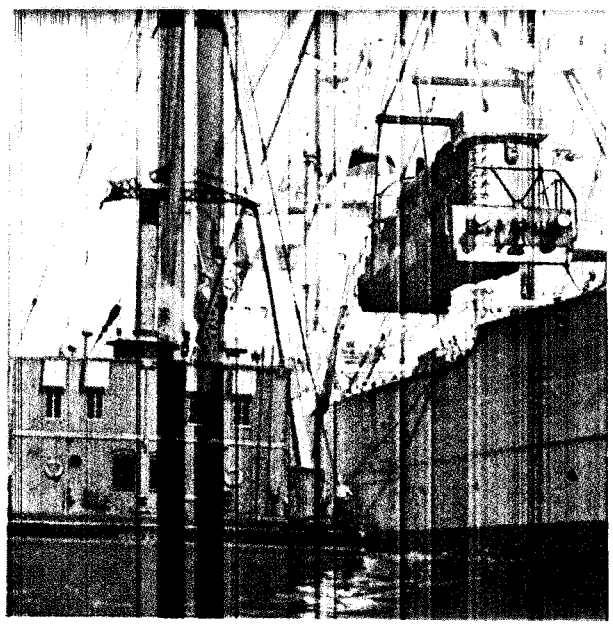

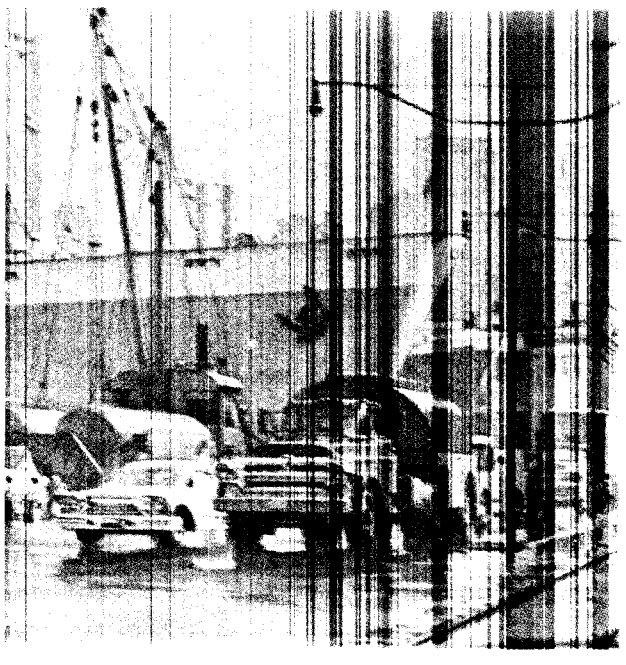

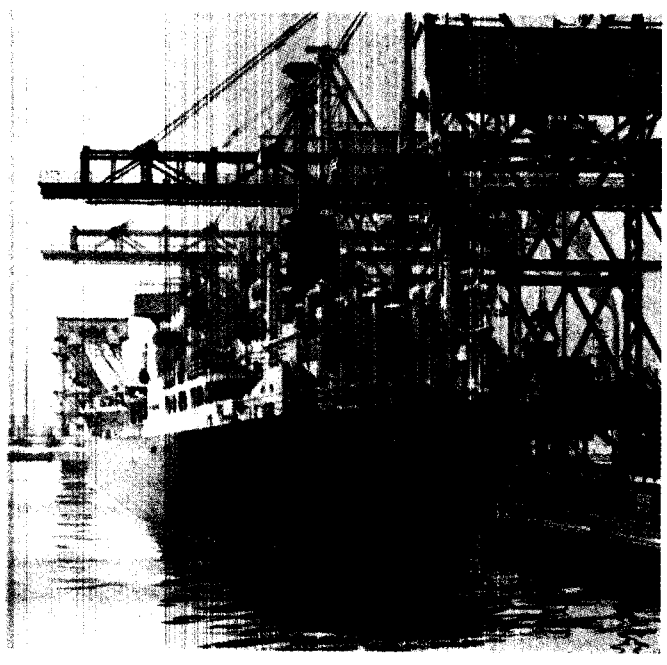

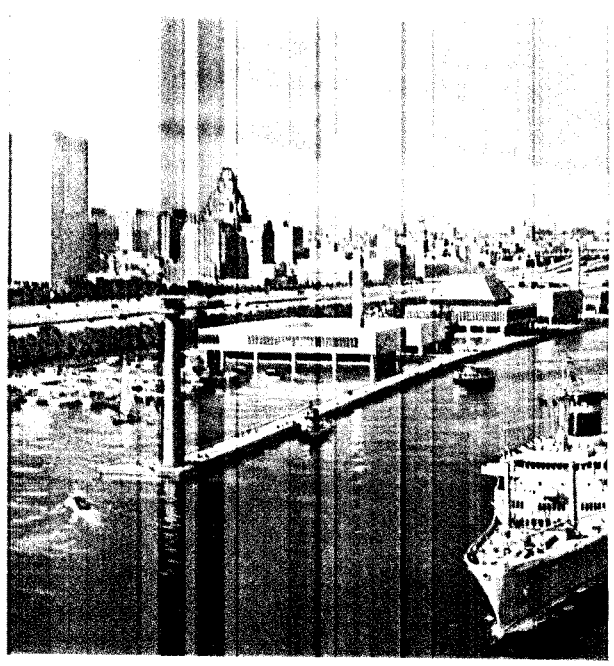

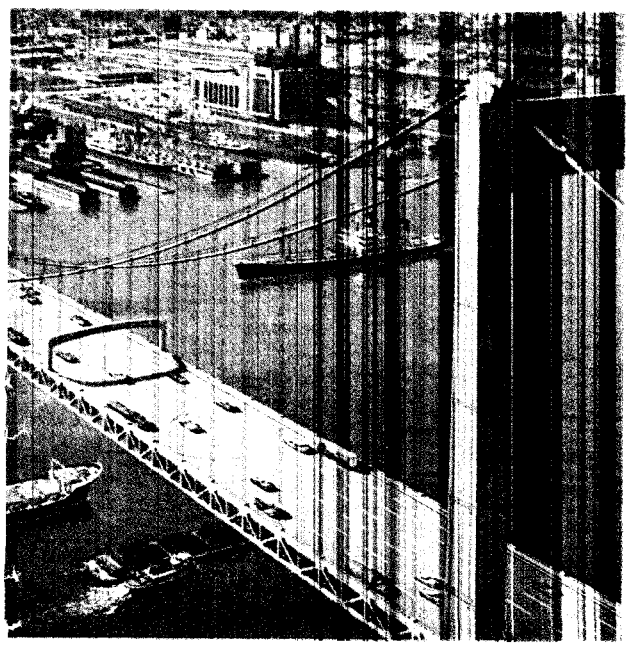

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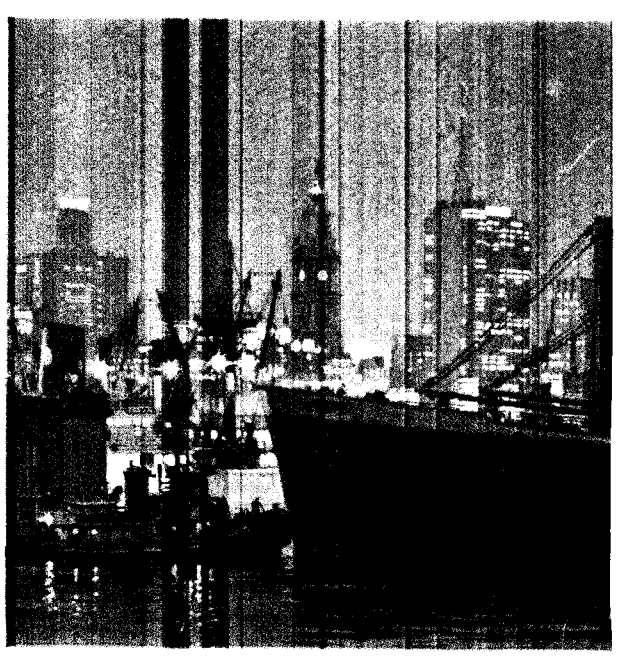

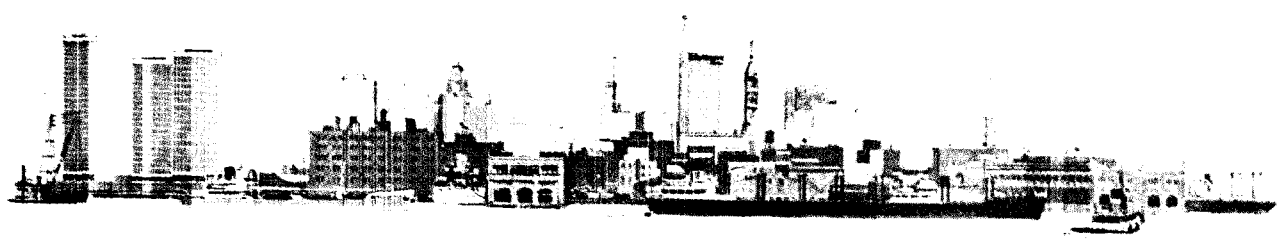

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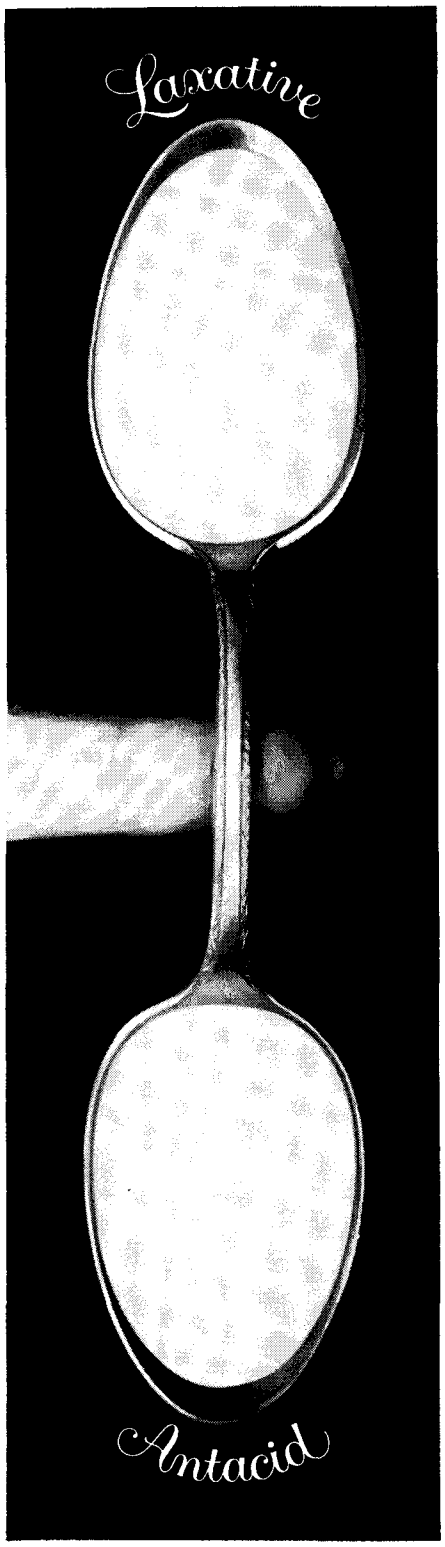

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My Coney Island Uncle

chair used by sign painters, and then, supervised by her sweating but experienced brother-in-law, we hoisted unsmiling Sally aboard and on into the office of the waiting Doctor Reinitz, a skinny man with an eyeshade and the biggest Adam's apple I had ever seen. We pushed the sofa from the waiting room into the office so that Sally could recline on it within reach of the dentist's forceps.

When the job was done and Sally came back to life, she became a person for me. I had no idea how old she was, maybe twenty-five, maybe forty-five, but beneath all of that fat there beat the heart of a flirt. She smiled winsomely, bravely making light of her pain, she looked sidelong at me, she squeezed my hand.

"That's some assistant, Doc," she said to my uncle. "A regaleh doll. How old are you, sonny? Old enough for the girls?"

I knew the answer to the first question, if not to the second, and she rewarded me with an inscribed postcard photo in a glassine envelope, displaying her in a grotesque tentlike puffed-sleeve party dress, bobby socks, and Mary Janes, which she took from the purse that dangled like a toy doll's from the rings of flesh at her wrist. SMILING SALLY, 649 LBS. OF JOLLITY, it said.

"I get a quarter for these at the freak show," she told me. "For you, nothing. Someday you'll grow up to be a big doctor like your uncle."

That morning, I thought maybe I would.

There were others my uncle attended whose lives had also been tarnished, some in ways I would not dare to mention when I returned home. In Greenpoint, just across the East River from Lower Manhattan, on Noble Street (the name has stuck in my mind), I waited in a candy store while Uncle Dan administered sedation in the flat upstairs to a screaming woman whose son's body had just been brought back from Red Hook, where rival mobsters had put three bullets in the back of his head. From there we drove in silence, around the Navy Yard, over to a portion of Sands Street which no longer even exists, teetering shacks aswarm with prostitutes.

I waited in the car, my face on fire, trying not to stare back at the bored, gum-chewing girls waving at me from behind lace-curtained windows. When my uncle came out, he tossed his satchel on the back seat and gave my bony shoulder a squeeze.

"The more trouble I see," he said, "the hungrier I get. Let's grab a bite in Borough Hall before I get stuck with my office hours."

He had to file some papers and pick up vaccines in downtown Brooklyn too, so we parked on Montague Street and had a businessman's lunch in a real bar, where I watched salesmen matching each other for drinks by rolling dice from a cup.

"Nothing like that in Dunkirk," I assured my uncle.

"Charley boy," he laughed, "you could say the same thing about Sands Street, in spades."

On the way back to the car, cutting across the open square in front of Borough Hall, we came upon a circle of lunch-hour loungers listening to a sidewalk speaker. I thought at first that he was selling razor blades or carrot slicers, the kind of pitchman that my father always referred to as cheap, cutthroat competition, but then as I pushed my way through I saw that he was black, and that he displayed nothing but a stick of yellow chalk.

He was a skinny, solemn man, conservatively dressed, but with eyes bulbous and roving like those of a rearing stallion. The bony, imperious hand that held the chalk slid occasionally to his mouth to wipe the spittle from his lips.

"*Ich bin a shvartser id!*" he cried.

Out of the corner of his mouth Uncle Dan explained, "He's telling them he's a black Jew."

"I do not preach the New Testament," the orator shouted in English. "Let us speak only of the wonders concealed in the Old. Let us confine ourselves only to the Pentateuch. Those of you who paid attention in *heder* will recall where it says. . . ." and he lapsed into Hebrew.

His accent brought grins from the crowd; but suddenly he squatted and began to print characters on the street, in the space before us. His calligraphy, stark and sharp and yellow, stood out on the black street like the brilliant mysterious border of an Oriental rug. Drawing with nervous rapidity, he continued to scream at us as he stooped over his chalk, lecturing in English, quoting in Hebrew. Swiftly a pattern emerged as he whirled and twisted on his haunches: The mysterious phrases intersected at their center to form—"Inevitably!" he cried out, enraptured, the sweat of persuasion dripping down his cheeks—a cross.

"What I tell you?" a tubby man beside me demanded of his companion. "He's a *meshummad*, like I said."

"To be a *meshummad*, you got to be a Jew to start out. Otherwise, how can you change over? Nah, he's a missionary, an agitator. He comes downtown to convert."

Some of the crowd were muttering angrily, others turning their backs in disgust, a few (like Uncle Dan) chuckling, as the black orator called after us, flailing his long arms, white cuffs dangling over his wrists, "It is written in our own Book! We must admit the Christ to our hearts!"

And in the course of that week I saw signs and portents, cabalic symbols chalked on the city streets and tattooed on the shoulders of beings who ate cold steel; I rode with lunatics, moved from murderers to fallen women, accepted an inscribed photo from the fattest woman in the world, and one morning Van Mungo, the great Dodger pitcher, my hero long before I had come to Brooklyn, and my uncle's friend, rumpled my hair and autographed a baseball for me to take home, where I could varnish it to protect his signature and display it to the doubters of Dunkirk.

What is more, during Uncle Dan's office hours I lolled on the beach with *Official Detective* magazines from his waiting room that were forbidden me at home, surrounded by the undressed throngs come in their thousands from every stifling flat in New York, from every darkened corner of the world, actually, to sun themselves at my side; I learned the sweet subtleties of bluff and deception, kibitzing at the weekly session of my uncle's poker club, attended by the cadaverous dentist, Doctor Reinitz, and three Coney Island businessmen; and I was not just allowed but encouraged to stay up practically all night for the great flashy Mardi Gras parade, blinking sleepy-eyed at the red rows of fire engines rolling glossily along streets sparkling like Catherine wheels. It was the greatest week of my life.

But if my uncle graced my childhood, he also—one bitter wintry evening some ten years later—illumined my adulthood. When the destroyer escort on which I had been pitching miserably through the North Atlantic on wartime convoy duty paused in the dead of night in Gravesend Bay before nosing on up through the Narrows to the Navy Yard, I wangled my way ashore and hurried directly to my Uncle Dan. After all those black nights blinking

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

". . . And as your hour of Enchantment draws to a close, this is your host, Brad Brickley, wishing you a bright new day and a happy good morning. . . ."

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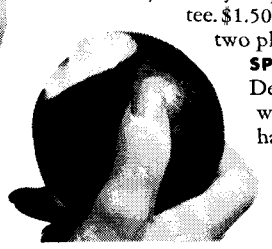

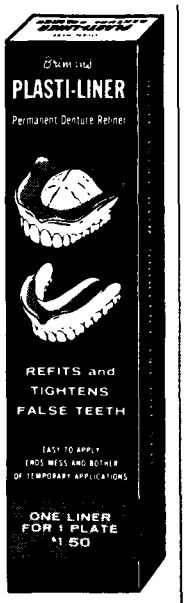
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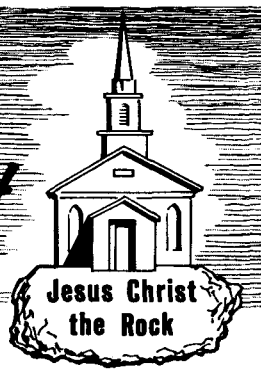
bound in this issue following page 40!

WHAT IS THE Church of Christ



Millions have asked this question in view of its remarkable growth . . . **The answer is found in the New Testament.** Romans 16:16

Jesus Christ promised to build His church. "**Upon this rock I will build my church . . .**" Matthew 16:18

Fifty days after His resurrection, Christ built His church when three thousand became Christians and were added to it. Acts 2:38-47. The church of Christ was built upon the foundation of Jesus as the Son of God. "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." I Corinthians 3:11

JESUS CHRIST IS THE ONLY HEAD OF THE CHURCH and He, alone, has preeminence in it. "And He (Christ) is the head of the body, the church . . . that in all things He might have the preeminence." Colossians 1:18. Jesus said, "All authority is given unto me in heaven and on earth." Matthew 28:18

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST IS NOT A DENOMINATION. It is the Kingdom of God. It is NON-DENOMINATIONAL and CHRIST-CENTERED by its very nature. It is neither Catholic nor Protestant. It is not controlled by an ecclesiastical hierarchy, since every member is a priest under Christ, the High Priest. 1 Peter 2:9

WHEREVER CHRIST IS PREACHED and men believe in Him, repent, and are baptized (immersed) into Him, Christians are made. Galatians 3:27. Then God adds them to the church which is the undenominational body of Christ.

THE CHURCH OF CHRIST is pleading for primitive Christianity, the restoration of the apostolic church, and the unity of all Christians. Jesus said, "The seed is the Word of God." Luke 8:11. When this seed is sown today, it will bear the same fruit that it produced in the first century of Christianity.

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VISIT THE CHURCH OF CHRIST NEAREST YOU

My Coney Island Uncle

at meandering merchant vessels groping toward their own destruction, Coney Island was startling, even in the dim-out. But it had changed. Icy and inhospitable in the off-season, its faded invitations to dead pleasures creaked in the winter wind, and its empty, empty streets were rimmed with frost and frozen grime.

My uncle was not at home. "But you go on over to the Turkish bath," his housekeeper said to me. "You remember where it is, right down the block. He's playin' poker there with his club, Doctor Reinitz and all of them."

Already a little let down, I shivered along the barren streets and shouldered on into the hot, dank sanctuary of the bathhouse. There, seated around a card table messy with poker chips, sandwich ends, French fries on wax paper, and beer in paper cups, were my Uncle Dan and his fellow bachelors, their bare skulls and shoulders shining wetly under the brilliant light of a hundred-watt bulb that hung straight down from a cord. The cadaverous Doctor Reinitz was naked save for clogs and a Turkish towel across his lap, but I recognized him at once by his Adam's apple and his green eyeshade, which apparently he never discarded; instead of his swiveled drill he held three cards in his hand, but he had changed in no essential aspect.

Uncle Dan was half draped in a bedsheet, roughly like a Roman senator, except that you don't think of Romans as clenching cigars. The fringe of hair on his chest had turned white, and his paunch was twice what I had remembered it to be. He glanced up at me coolly, with a weary casualness more startling than the collapse of his looks.

"Look who's here. How are you, Charley boy? Gentlemen, you remember my nephew. Otto, Oscar ——"

I nodded.

"Here, pull up a chair." The one named Oscar extended his hand and showed me two rings. "Hey, Jake, bring another corned beef. And a beer. Never saw a sailor didn't like beer."

"You been overseas?" Doctor Reinitz inquired incuriously.

"I've been back and forth," I muttered. "On convoy duty. Halifax. Scotland. Murmansk."

"You don't say. I was in Archangel once myself. Very drab. You could see daylight right through the chinks in the log cabins."

"Well," said Uncle Dan, "main thing is you're back in New York safe and sound. What are you going to do with your leave—paint the town red?"

"Paint the town red?" I cried, hoping desperately that he would do for me, one last time, what he had when I was thirteen.

I had been seasick and frightened for a long time. I had been knocked off my feet by depth charges, I had been nauseated by the twilight farewell of a helpless wallowing Hog Island veteran of the first war, flaring briefly against the horizon like a struck match and then pointing its bow at the sky like an accusing finger before sinking beneath the sea, leaving nothing but a few screaming men and the junky debris of war.

Now I was appalled by these civilians and their unrationed self-satisfaction, and most of all by my uncle himself. I was heartsick with disappointment. Like a boy crudely misunderstood by a girl he has romanticized, I wanted only to flee. Then I saw that my uncle wore a queer expression that I would never have identified with him, and so found incomprehensible: At that moment I took it to be a look of envy, embedded in the puffy used-up features of one seemingly beyond anything but an evening of cards with his similars in a Turkish bath. And I could think of nothing to say except to repeat, "Paint the town red?"

He shook his head slowly. And slowly, as he turned the cigar between his lips, an old glint came back to his eyes. Passing his index finger across his whitening moustache to brush it into place, he murmured, "I know what you mean, Charley boy. But I wasn't worried about you for a minute. You're bigger now than I ever was. I'm the one that's been going down, here, little by little, and with no lifesaver either." Ignoring those about us, who had suddenly ceased to exist either as his friends or my antagonists, he paused for a moment in order that the words that followed, more shocking to me than his appearance, might bar the door forever to my childish demands on him. "I'm the one who could use some help now." THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"If I had it to do over again, I'd marry the runner-up."

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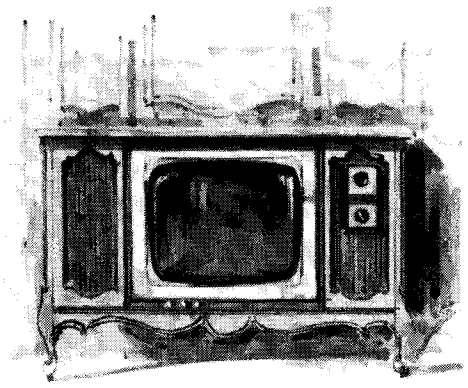

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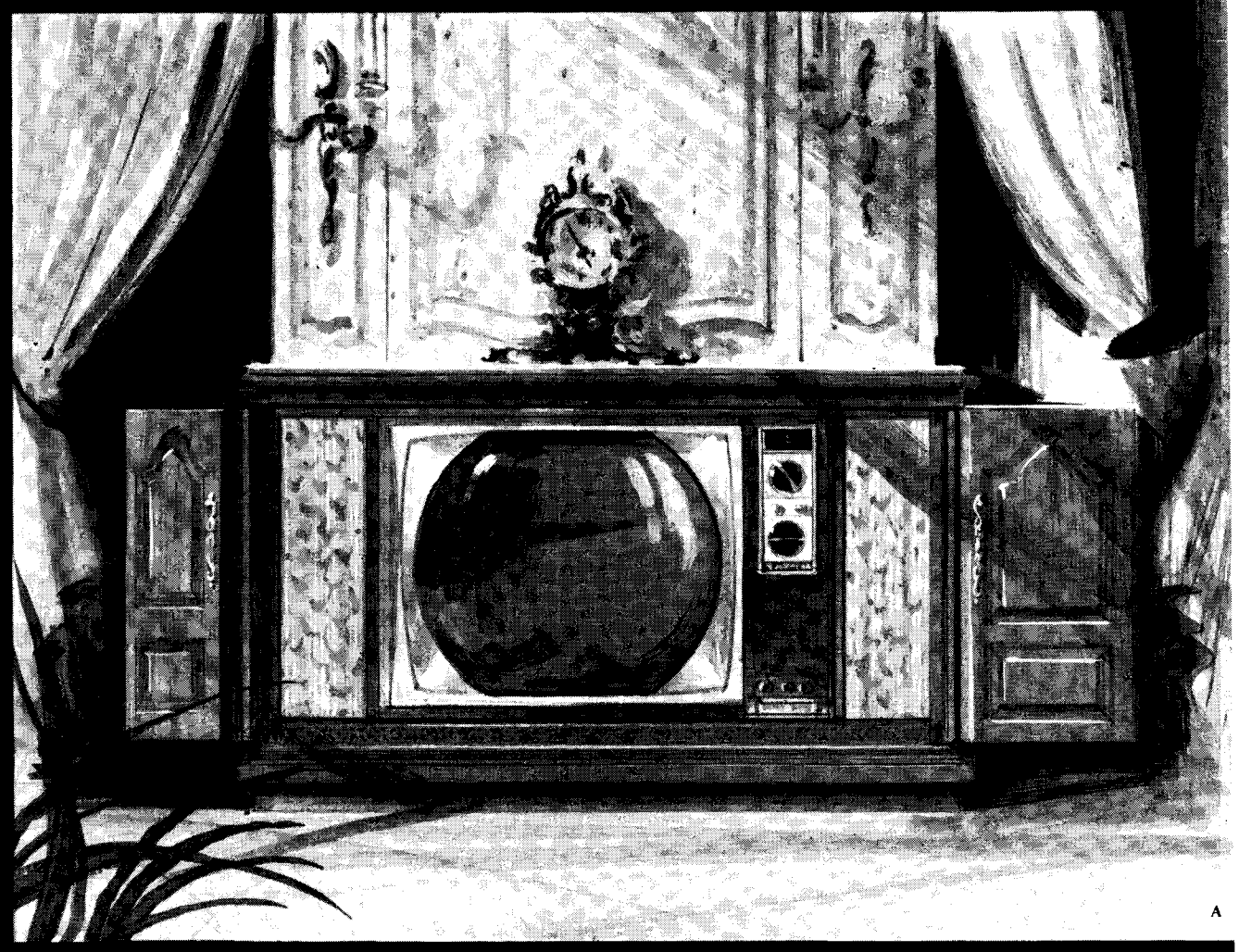

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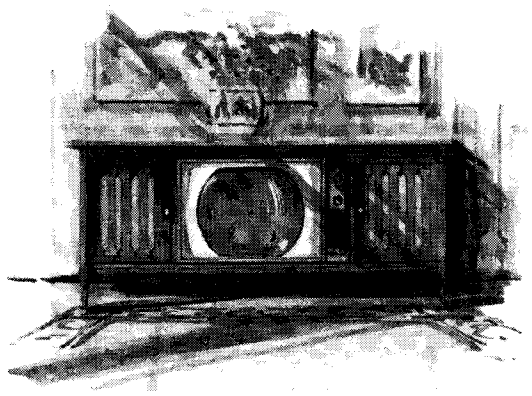

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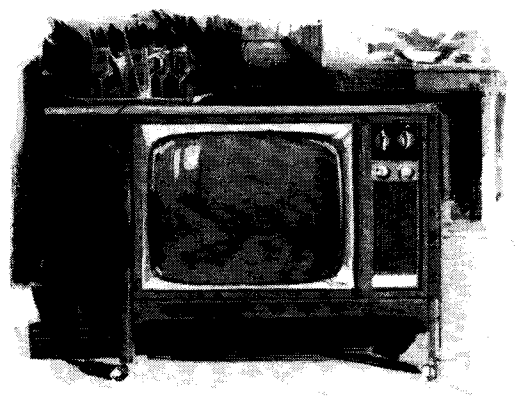

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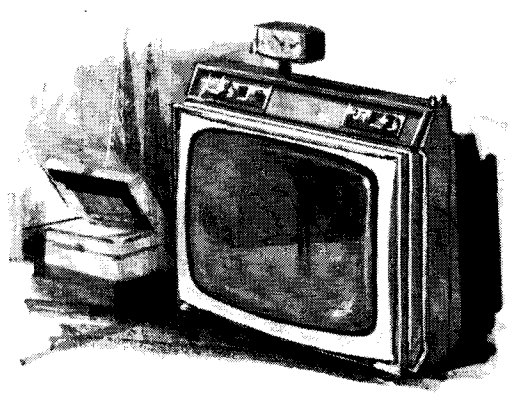

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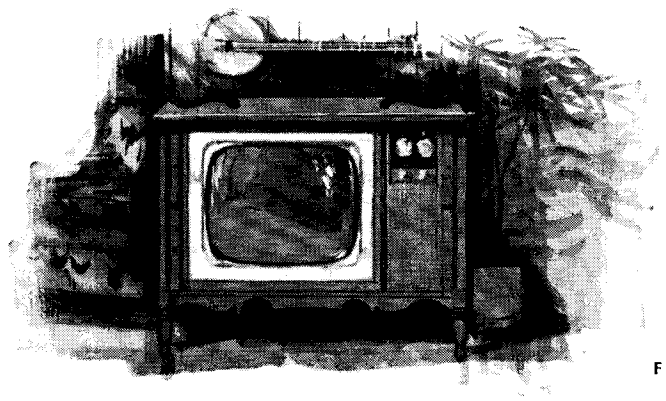

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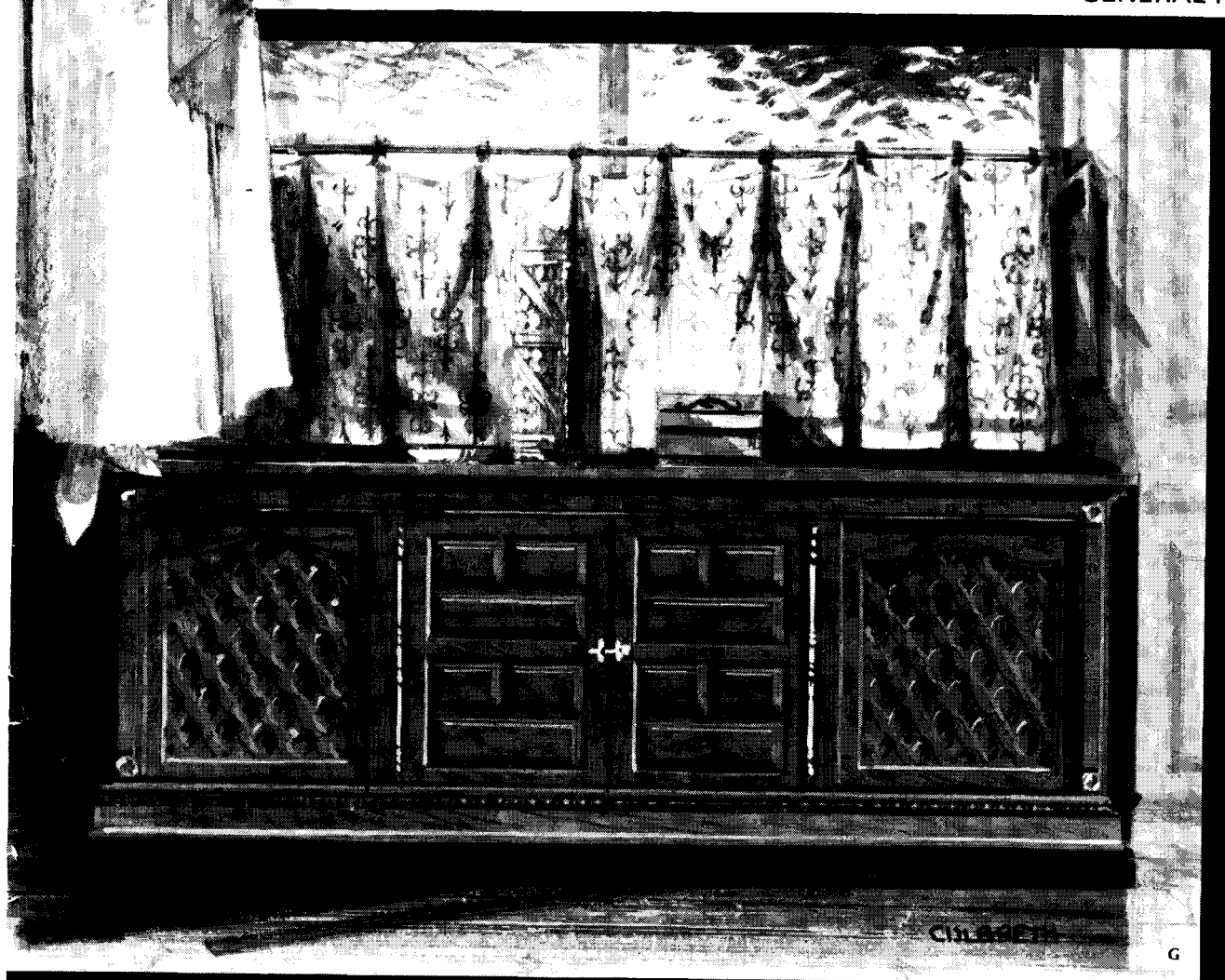

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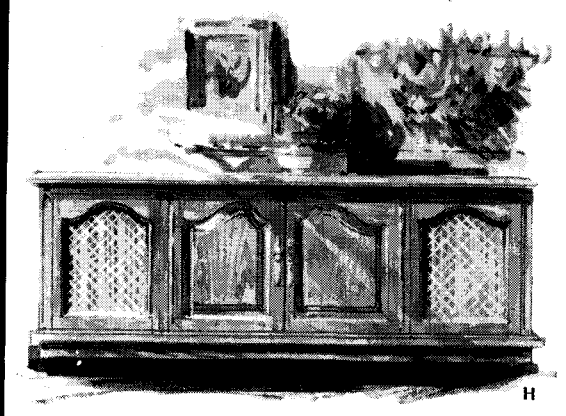

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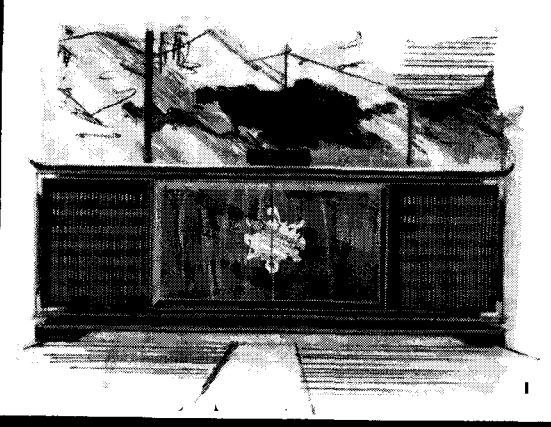

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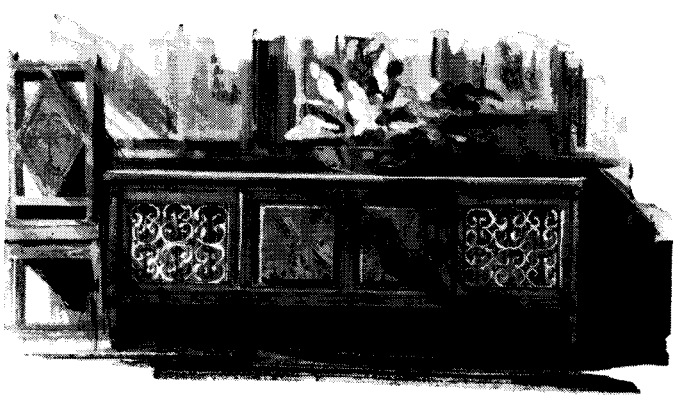

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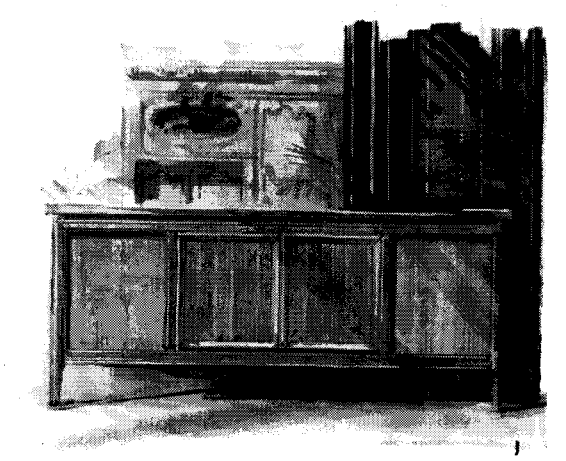

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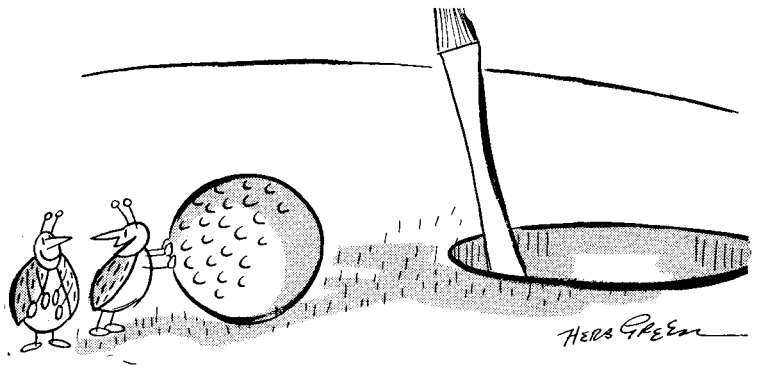
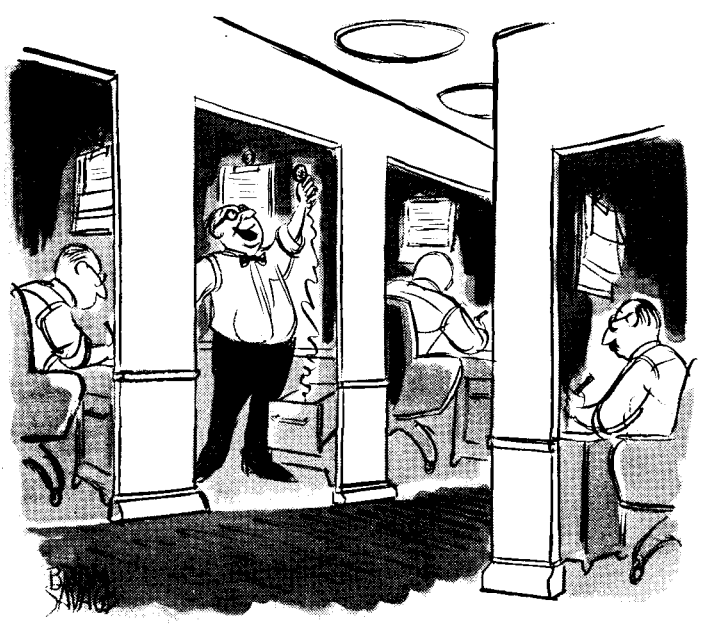
post scripts

"You're my kind of Republican"

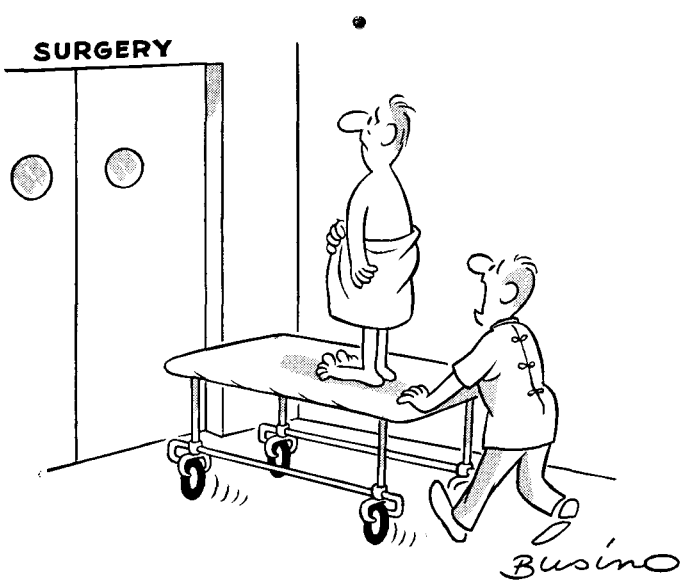
"I'm sorry, but we're already committed to the backlash vote."



"Come on, let's hide it in the hole, and after the people leave we'll eat it."



"Somebody bugged my office! Somebody cares!"



"Try to relax."

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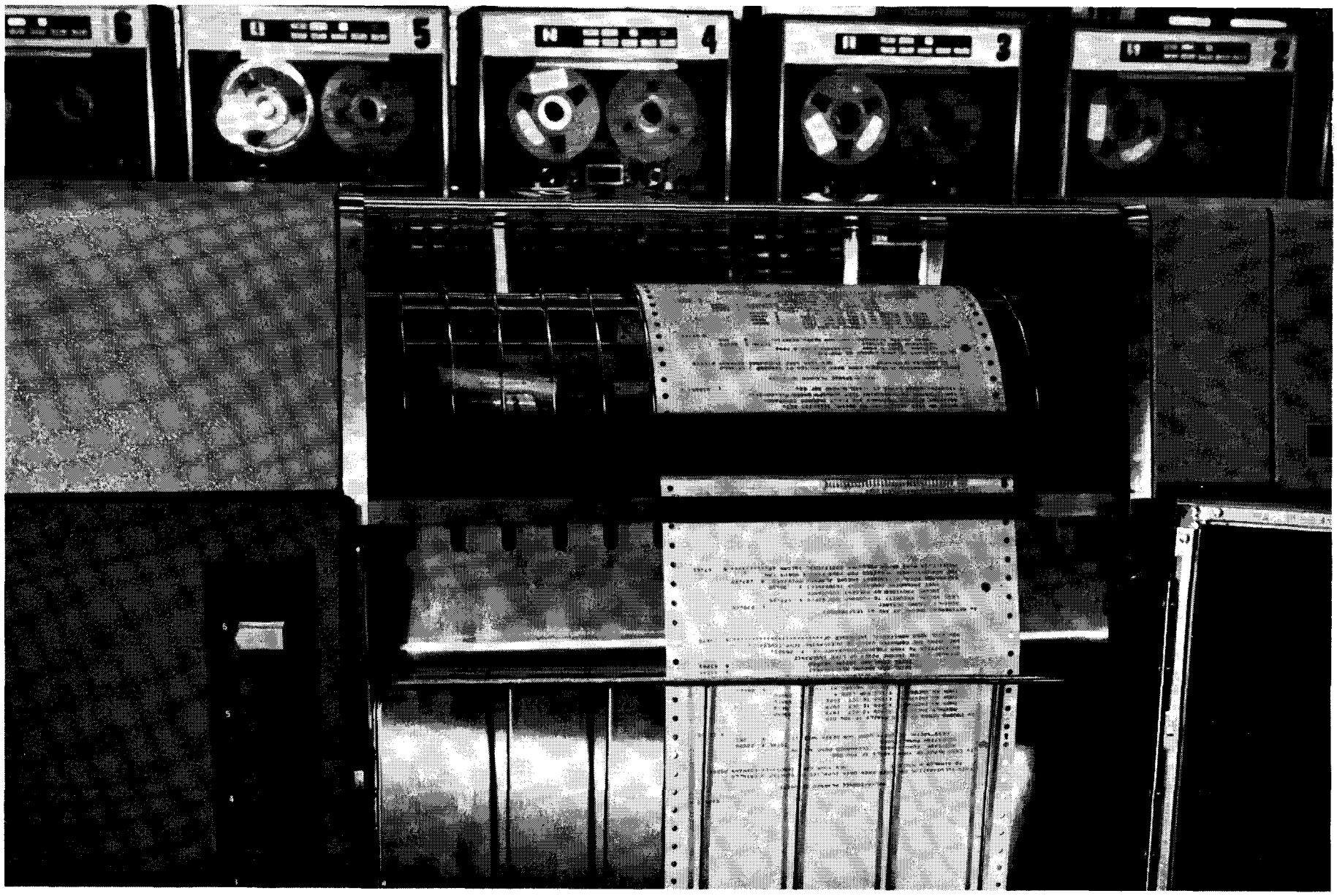

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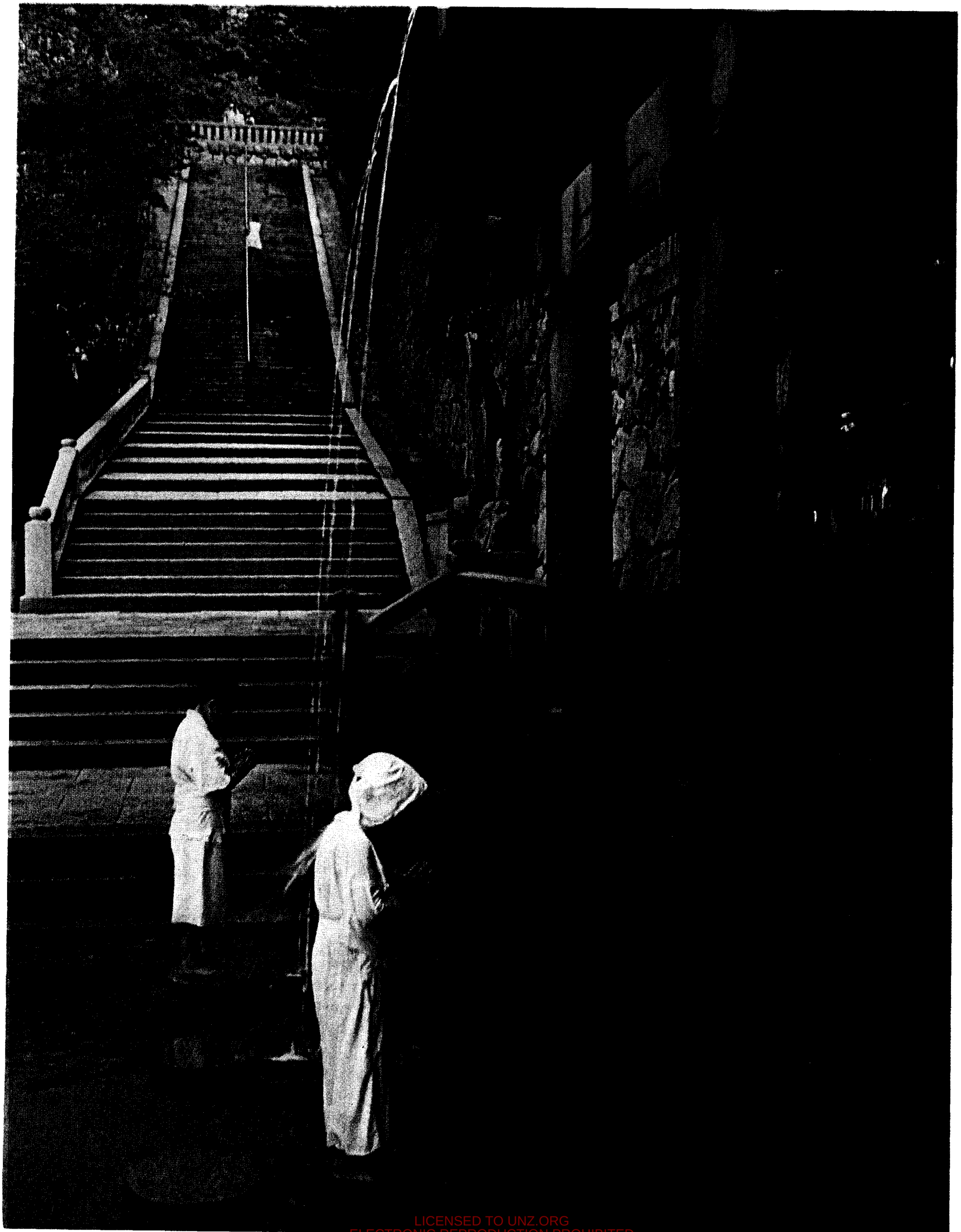

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Tokyo girls rehearse Olympic torch ceremony.

A PROUD NEW JAZZY AGE

THE OLYMPIC FLAME ARRIVES, AND JAPAN CELEBRATES HER RETURN TO POWER.

By RAFAEL STEINBERG • Photographs by MAYNARD FRANK WOLFE

In the hot, humid stillness of an August noon only one voice could be heard. The weary, battered, but still-proud subjects of Imperial Japan, standing at attention before loudspeakers and clustered around radios at home, listened in awe to the old-fashioned phrases of their emperor—the incredible announcement of defeat and the fatherly admonition to "endure the unendurable." There were gasps and sobs from one end of the broken land to the other, and in a moment pride vanished, and the entire nation dissolved in tears. "Never before," wrote a contemporary historian, "had so many Japanese undergone such a simultaneous emotional experience."

And never since—until now. In homes bristling with new appliances, in automated and air-conditioned factories and offices, in schools where children are too big for the desks and in twisting streets too narrow for the crowded buses and fast cars, the Japanese have just gathered around their television receivers to share another national emotional experience, the opening of Asia's first Olympics.

The rest of the world may regard the Olympics as just another big game, but the Japanese have been mesmerized by the spectacle of the Olympic flame burning in their midst. It represents for them some kind of a seal of world approval for their two remarkable decades of recovery and development. When Hiroshima-born Yoshinori Sakai raced around the Olympic track and tipped his blazing torch to the great bronze urn, all Japan watched, transfixed, a nation suddenly proud once more. Said the newspaper *Yomiuri*, "The era of defeat is over."

The new era hums with vitality, variety and strength. At evening the crowds swarm over the Ginza, jam the narrow sidewalks, where a casual twist of a slender hip may be all that prevents a glossy, fast-moving fender from striking down a hurrying pedestrian.

From the subways and train stations a steady stream of carefully groomed hostesses fan out to thousands of tiny bars and palatial cabarets, picking their way around kimonoed matrons shopping for a fan and groups of students searching for a thrill. White-jacketed restaurant boys unload crates of beer from tiny three-wheeled trucks, and the smell of *yaki-tori*, tiny bits of chicken grilling over charcoal, pervades the narrow alleys. Squealing brakes, the roar of motorcycles, the click of high heels and the clack of wooden getas, the rattle of bottles and the thump of pile drivers almost drown out the jazz pulsing from the coffee-shop stereos.

There are specialty shops full of Paris handbags and New York neckties, and others where just a few discreet rolls of kimono silk are laid out on a straw *tatami* mat. An art gallery displaying impressionist-style paintings by a Japanese is squeezed next to a German restaurant advertising knockwurst. The scrubbed wood of a shop selling *sushi*—raw seafood on little mounds of rice—nudges the false stone front of the building next door, which tries to look like a medieval castle but is just a coffeehouse. Outside the more expensive bars (with French names like *Rat Mort*, *Ami* and *Belle Chance*) drivers snooze in company cars, waiting for a hostess to run out, calling prettily for "the car from honorable Mitsubishi, please," while behind her the heroes of the evening emerge unsteadily.

Under this pulsating Babylon lies the world's biggest subway station, just opened last month. Trimmed in nine different kinds of mottled marble and ventilated with silent invisible fans, the three-quarter-mile-long, three-decker Ginza station links the city's three main subway lines—and provides room for part of an underground auto expressway too. The subway trains run to the city limits and then, switching onto the surface tracks of older suburban railroads, continue out beyond the smoking factories, past farmers knee-deep in rice paddies, past a vast government-built apartment development, past tiny shrines set in the middle of fields, and through little clusters of unpainted tile-roofed wooden houses. Each house glows soft yellow with the light reflected from the *tatami* mats, and in almost every house there is a spot of flickering light from the TV in the corner.

The new station and subway line are just part of a two-billion-dollar Tokyo face-lift that was rushed to completion this year in time for the Olympics. Thirty-nine miles of limited-access expressway and wide Olympic boulevards were slashed through the jumbled streets. Tokyo's air terminal is now linked to the city by an eight-mile monorail, the world's longest. Six new modern hotels have opened this year (including Asia's biggest, with 1,082 rooms), and 223 miles of new sewers have been built, along with the scores of facilities for the Olympic events themselves. What with the steel and concrete buildings, the huge electric signs blocking the skyline, the overpasses and underpasses, visitors are complaining that they can't see the old Japan they have heard so much about.

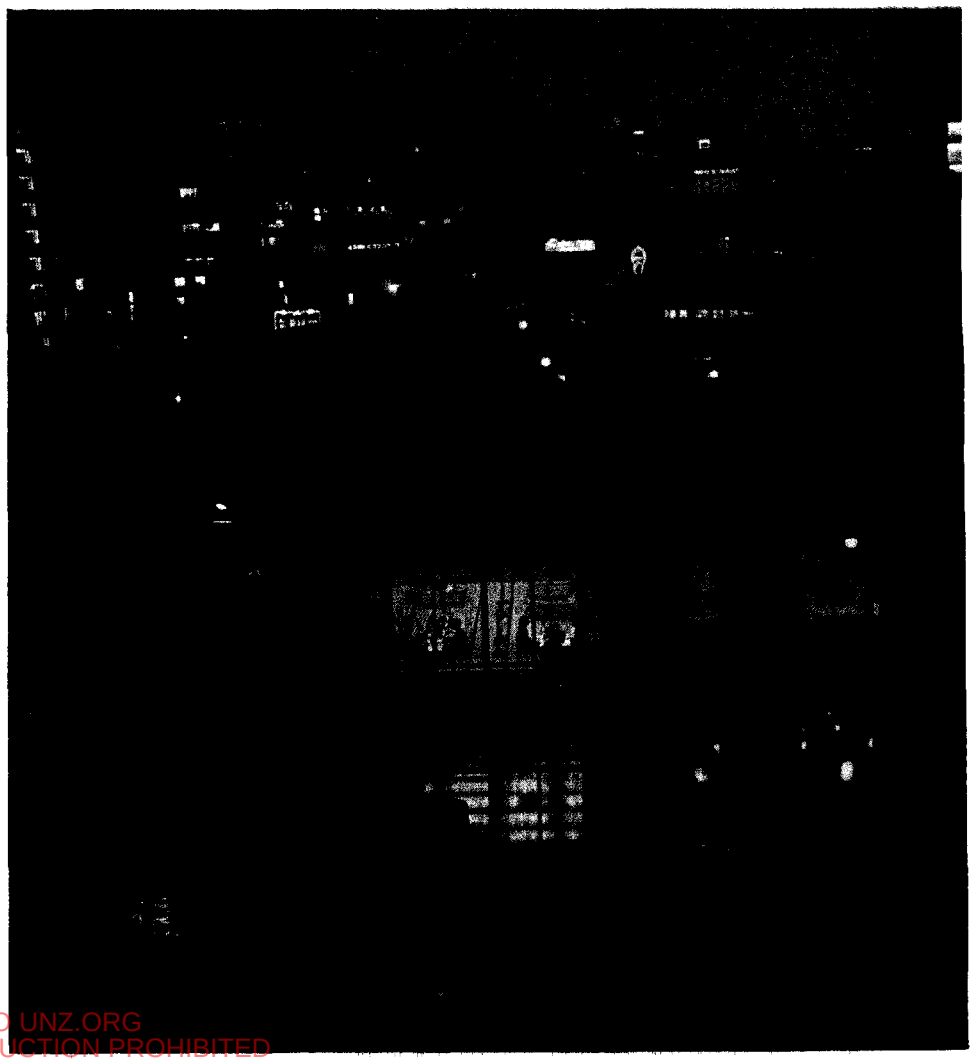
If that were true, if the old Japan had in fact vanished completely under a "Westernized" veneer, that would be just fine with the majority of Japanese, who seem faintly ashamed of the quaint Madame Butterfly traditions that set them off from the rest of the world. What the Japanese are proud of today is not their gnarled dwarf pine trees, 10 inches high, but the world's biggest oil tankers, of 130,000 dead-weight tons; not the slow, measured movements of the "No" actors but the fastest express train (120 mph) on earth; not the quiet grace of a hand-turned bowl but the precise efficiency of a mass-produced transistor.

The Japanese are so touchy about anything that doesn't fit the modern image, and still so worried about what *gaijin*—foreigners—think, that Prime Minister Hayato Ikeda himself last summer found it necessary to complain to a cabinet meeting that arriving foreigners were being shocked by Japanese men lounging around Tokyo's airport terminal in undershirts, shorts and sandals—the common and sensible summer attire for millions of Japanese males. Even the refreshing *o-shibori*, the damp hand-and-face towel, ice cold in the summer and steaming in the winter, that Japanese restaurants place before their customers as soon as they sit down, is banned from the Olympic village.

Several Tokyo inns this year ripped up their *tatami*-mat floors, brought in *gaijin*-length beds, installed shallow Western-style bathtubs in place of the restful, deep-dish Japanese *o-furo* and even affixed "*gaijin* seats" to their seatless Japanese toilets. To prevent foreigners from seeing anything "immoral," the government has ordered Tokyo's thousands of cabarets to close promptly at midnight. New regulations require masseuses in the "Turkish" bathhouses to wear shapeless smocks instead of shorts and halter.

Either out of solicitude for the welfare of local girls, or as part of the campaign to make a "good" impression, the Tokyo

Traditional teahouse in Tokyo's neon-lit Akasaka district is now a Hilton restaurant.



Streams of icy spring water cleanse sins of Buddhist supplicants at Kyoto shrine.

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THE CLOTHES LOOK LIKE PARIS, AND NIGHTCLUBS HAVE "SURFING" MUSIC. BUT YOUR PARENTS OR YOUR BOSS MAY STILL ARRANGE YOUR MARRIAGE.

Japanese Jazz Age

Metropolitan Government has published a booklet for young girls warning of the perils of associating too intimately with foreigners during the Olympics. "The daughters of Japan who date foreigners should remind themselves that this blue-eyed or black-skinned companion is not Japanese," says the book. "Does he want to take her home, or just play with her, or make her his 'Tokyo wife'?"

But nothing is likely to lessen the eager curiosity and downright awe which the majority of Japanese of both sexes seem to feel for all things and people foreign. Overseas celebrities barely clear customs before they are asked their impressions of Japan. *Gaijin* views are sought on every conceivable subject, and except in the downtown areas of big cities, foreigners are stared at in public like creatures from another planet.

Since etiquette commands that nothing is too good for a guest, Japanese fall over themselves to be kind to foreign visitors, often going far out of their way in order to give directions, help with a problem—or just to practice their English. Japanese companies may put a dozen people to work for weeks planning every detail of the visit of an overseas client or associate, not even leaving to chance the kind of whiskey he will get at a geisha party.

For their own part, most Japanese have embraced the glories of Western culture so enthusiastically that they don't consider them foreign any longer. In countless coffee shops up and down the land, many of them lavishly decorated with curlicued staircases and Victorian lampshades, high-fidelity stereo sets cater to all musical tastes—except the purist Japanese. A music lover can find a coffee-house specializing in Dixieland jazz or Beethoven, Bach or the Beatles, Wagner or the tango, and everything in between. Every family that can afford it seems to be giving the kids piano lessons. A Japanese firm, Nippon Gakki, produces 90,000 pianos a year, more than any other company in the world. But except for girls getting geisha training, no one learns how to twang the traditional three-stringed Japanese samisen anymore—the Japanese regard it as culturally equal to the banjo.

Not long ago a Japanese music critic came back abashed from a trip to Europe. "I think I know all there is to know about Western music, from Gregorian chants to Schönberg," he said, "but I couldn't explain Japanese music to European critics who asked me about it. I cannot even distinguish between *nagauta* and *kiyomoto*. I was ashamed. . . ."

Most Japanese painters today employ the abstract style. Clothing designers copy—and compete with—Paris. The chic hostesses dancing with the businessmen in the Ginza cabarets are "Surfing," although some of their old-fashioned customers have not yet advanced beyond the Twist. The acrobatic "Tokyo Beatles" cut their hair like their British idols, and sing the same songs unintelligibly in what is supposed to be English ("hot rod" comes out as "hot dog"). Most of the office buildings and apartment houses going up throughout the country are great boxlike steel, glass and concrete structures without any traditional Japanese woods or stone, and with barely a trace of the traditional theory that the most natural and beautiful line is the one that is curved or bent.

"Japan has Westernized almost completely in the past one hundred years," wrote Prof. Masataka Kosaka of Kyoto University recently. "It is not merely Westernization of industry or transportation but our system of living and habit . . . so that nothing has cultural value for the majority of Japanese except Shakespeare and Beethoven. . . . But somewhere in a corner of our hearts there exists an aspiration for Oriental things. The youth of today may not be interested in Chinese art or Chinese poetry, but somewhere in the center of their system of values there is still a germ of our Chinese-Japanese heritage."

Actually the professor is overstating his case: More than a germ remains. The aspiration for Oriental things can be recognized in Kenzo Tange's new Olympic gymnasium, which resembles the Grand Shrines of Ise on a majestic scale; in the Heian room of the modern Okura Hotel, where the motif is taken from the shapes of origami, the ancient art of paper-folding; in operas based on Kabuki tales and in the experiments of the abstract calligraphists. The ingrained aesthetic sense of the Japanese and their feeling for harmony still dictate the way a department-store clerk artistically wraps a screwdriver, and determines the balanced colors on a package of instant soybean soup. It accounts for the elegant lines of Japan's transistor radios, and the fact that Japan's neon signs, great swirling symphonies of muted colors and shifting patterns, are probably the most beautiful in the world.

If most of Japan's cities look ugly, it is because the Japanese concentrate their aesthetic impulses on their own houses and gardens; the street is merely the no-man's land between your house and ours.

In social customs, too, the Oriental heritage lingers. Even today the majority of Japan's young people do not marry for love. Although they have a great deal more freedom than did earlier generations, most of them still settle on a partner nominated by their parents or employers, and introduced to them formally for the purpose of matrimony.

In the rural areas, where one out of three Japanese still lives, the old order clings most tightly. With gasoline tractors, chemical fertilizers and polyethylene plastic to protect seedlings, Japanese farmers have vastly increased the crop they get from their tiny plots, but rice planting is still backbreaking work. The Occupation's land reform turned peasants and sharecroppers into prosperous independent farmers, but socially not many Western customs have taken hold.

In one farming village north of Tokyo a local youth organization introduced weekly dance parties in the village hall, and the farm kids learned to cha-cha. But the village elders soon decided that it was a scandalous activity—especially walking home at night two by two. The dances were stopped. Instead the youth group now sponsors weekend ski parties at a mountain resort 60 miles away. Young men and women ski together all day, but the boys stay at one inn, the girls at another. No chaperones are necessary: The girls keep an eye on each other, and no one would dare step out of line with the rest of the group watching.

"From our earliest years," says novelist Makoto Oda, "we are trained to act as a group." The notion of individual rights, which the Occupation tried to introduce, has never really taken hold. The Japanese have a proverb, "The nail that sticks out gets hammered down," and they apply it ruthlessly, if unconsciously. Japanese workers, for example, rarely change jobs—it's considered disloyal to leave your employer. Since the Japanese feel that almost anything is honorable if it represents a consensus, truants even run away from home in

Like a vision from Vogue, model exhibits outfit from couturier George Oka's fall line. Despite Westernization, it is still not quite ladylike to be too chic.

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U. S. and Japanese airmen plot data at a joint "combat operations center."

ON TV, KAMIKAZE HEROES BLAST FLEETS OF BLOND SAILORS IN THE "GREATER EAST ASIA WAR."

Japanese Jazz Age

groups. Last fall six 15-year-old boys vanished together from their Osaka school. "We want to make our own way, under our own power," they wrote their parents. A week later they were found in Kyushu, working in shops and sharing an apartment.

So all-pervasive is the group spirit, and the importance of presenting a proper face, that few Japanese can ever be caught in public without some visible mark of their standing or business. A "salary man" (white-collar worker) wears a white shirt and tie, even on a picnic; an artist or television director will put on a dark shirt, probably without a tie, even when going to a cocktail party. A driver wears a visored cap, an office girl a short, shapeless blue smock, a student the uniform of his school and a fish-shop worker a distinctive blue apron and rubber boots. Every company of any pretension provides its workers with a company lapel pin. In the cities the best-dressed women by Western standards are often the hostesses of the highest-class cabarets, who adorn themselves in the latest Paris modes. Other Japanese ladies, no matter how rich or Westernized, are careful to avoid this too-stylish uniform of another class. Instead they wear the ubiquitous "two piece," sometimes called the P.T.A. uniform, or a shapeless, uninteresting dress of excellent material.

To ambitious Japanese youths, putting on the proper company lapel badge is one of the first great goals in life. Many of the militant young students who demonstrated so forcibly against the revision of the U.S.-Japan Security Treaty in 1960 are today ensconced in the citadels of Japanese capitalism, slowly riding the escalator that will bring some to the boardrooms a generation hence. "When you are a student, you are radical," explains one of these young men impatiently, "but after you graduate, you have to take responsibility and think of economics."

Harvard scholar Edwin O. Reischauer, now U.S. ambassador to Japan, recently spoke of the Japanese "tendency toward group leadership rather than the leadership of the dominant personality." Although the ambassador wasn't talking about it, the present government of Prime Minister Ikeda and his Liberal-Democratic Party is a perfect example.

Now in his third two-year term, Ikeda is an affable but colorless bureaucrat who has survived the political wars by adopting a "low posture," listening to public opinion, compromising with the opposition Socialists and taking no drastic steps. This year he was challenged by other conservative-party politicians, who argued for a more positive foreign policy. "The people are tired of lukewarm, gentlemanly politics," wrote one commentator. "They are looking for a valiant character." But his opponents really didn't have one, and Ikeda won another two years by a handful of votes.

The neutralist-minded Socialists and other "progressive" (that is, leftist) parties regularly win about 40 percent of the vote in elections. Most Japanese intellectuals support "progressive" forces, and they have a considerable influence on public opinion. But political experts predict it will be nearly a decade before the progressives can give the conservatives a real electoral battle.

The only unknown in the political picture is the militant, growing Soka Gakkai, the secular arm of the Nichiren Buddhist sect. Soka Gakkai claims a membership of 4.2 million households, and can exercise absolute discipline over its followers, even in the voting booths. Many of its members are country people who lost their traditional group loyalties and affiliations when they moved to the cities to take jobs in small factories without unions. Soka Gakkai has used browbeating and threats of force to gain converts, and frankly seeks to make the whole world believe in its brand of Buddhism, which assures prosperity on earth and salvation beyond by chanting a six-syllable sutra five times every morning. Soka Gakkai has elected 15 members to the Upper House of the Diet.

Nowhere on the political scene is there a leader with the imagination and force of personality of a Kennedy, a de Gaulle or a Sukarno. Perhaps this is why the Japanese—especially the youth—were so attached to John Kennedy. It would be impossible for a man of his age to reach such heights in Japan. "He was all the things which we would like to be but can't," said a tearful young office worker when Kennedy was assassinated. "We weep for him much more than we ever would for any of our own leaders."

"The tendency toward group leadership," says Reischauer, "or to put it otherwise, their genius for compromise and shared responsibility, has been a great blessing in the modern age."

Cooperation and compromise for the common good have made possible Japan's economic miracle. The high level of education (Japan has nearly universal literacy) and the fact that America's military shield has made large military forces unnecessary were also vital factors, but according to economist Saburo Okita, "Japan has had to wait for things like an efficient transportation system in order to invest our limited capital in production. We could never have grown as we have if we had given in too soon to pressure" for public works and housing.

As a result, shining glass-and-aluminum factories humming with automated machinery sprang up alongside weathered wooden houses where workers live in crowded conditions. Office buildings and hotels gleam with marble-tile floors, electric-eye doors and push-button elevators, but post offices, schools and government buildings are shabby, drafty, poorly lit and overcrowded.

Japan's reservoirs have been inadequate to supply the growing cities. Its roads have been stupendously jammed by a four-fold increase in cars and trucks in five years. Until the Olympic-construction boom hardly a new road was built, and traffic regulations and driver education were also left far behind. Only a few weeks ago, after the new expressways started setting new accident records, did Japan get around to declaring it illegal to turn right from a left-hand lane, or left from the right.

Having waited for a decade, the Japanese are finally catching up. Fully three percent of Japan's national income is now being spent on roads, and great apartment houses are rising in all of Japan's cities.

At the same time Japan's production continues to expand at the fastest rate in the world. Japan today builds more ships than any other nation, makes more steel than any other country except the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. Japan's per-capita income last year stood at $509, nearly triple what it was a decade ago and by far the highest in Asia. Wages are still far below American standards, but living is much cheaper. An average Japanese family can eat for $37 a month and will spend only $25 a month to rent and maintain a small wooden house.

Prices, however, are going up fast. As each new big, modern factory opens, calling for new workers, the old inefficient stores and workshops must pay more to recruit the young workers they need. Even the once-ubiquitous noodle boy, steering his bicycle with one hand while balancing a stack of lacquered trays bearing individual bowls of steaming noodles, is getting increasingly harder to spot. The shops that do deliver noodles must charge more and more for what has now become a luxury.

At present the offspring of Japan's postwar "baby boom" are entering the labor force; for a few more years they will continue to provide the manpower for Japan's industrial growth. But this labor pool surplus is going to dry up, and soon. Japan is now the only Asian nation with an impending labor shortage. Government-sponsored birth-control clinics and a lenient policy of legal abortion have vanquished the specter of runaway population that still threatens most of Asia with endless poverty.

With prosperity, material signs of progress and a growing awareness of the country's international prestige, the Japanese are developing a new spirit of self-confidence and national pride that could almost be called a new nationalism.

Despite leftist opposition, for example, they are giving economic aid to South Vietnam, and have tried to normalize relations with South Korea by offering $300 million to salve old Korean hatreds of Japan. To the U.S., Japanese diplomats now take much tougher stands on questions like air routes and north Pacific fisheries. "They can't be treated like a defeated nation or a vassal state anymore," says one U.S. official. And, although the U.S. doesn't like it, they are increasing their trade with Red China, even giving Peking liberal credit terms.

Japanese intellectuals are now "re-examining" what they call the "Greater East Asia War" and find a great deal of justification in their country's actions. Children's TV programs and magazines glorify the exploits of Zero pilots and kamikaze dive-bombers, who wiped out whole fleets of blond, blue-eyed sailors.

The giant *zaibatsu* combines, which dominated Japan's economy before the war, are now reemerging. Some companies are distributing Japanese flags to promote patriotism, though to most Japanese the flag has no symbolic value whatever. They would consider it somewhat ridiculous to "pledge allegiance" to a piece of bunting, to worry about it dragging in the dust, or to salute it.

For some reason the oddly humble, round-shouldered figurehead of Emperor Hirohito has not emerged as an element of the new national spirit, except among a few ultra-rightists. Most Japanese ignore the emperor, or call him "*Ten-Chan*," which would be like the British calling Elizabeth "Queenie."

Japan's Self-Defense Forces, which total only 213,000 men in all services, are more or less stepchildren. Because the constitution forbids Japan from maintaining war potential, the S.D.F. cannot even be called Army or Navy. Although Japanese boys thrill to the TV exploits of "Zero-Pilot Hayato," they still don't volunteer for the forces when they grow up, and the Defense Forces cannot recruit the personnel they are authorized to maintain. But those who have joined are no longer embarrassed to wear their uniforms in public, and the prime minister recently, for the first time since the war, reviewed an S.D.F. parade.

Japan's forces are backed up by 43,000 American military men, mostly Air Force. "Japan gives us," says an American officer, "bases and facilities which we could get nowhere else in the Pacific without going back to the West Coast."

Japanese technicians now man all Japan's air-defense radar posts, and Japanese and U.S. fighter pilots on a scramble never know whether a Japanese or American voice will radio their orders. In a way, this cooperation is symbolic. The Japanese have devoured a huge portion of Western cultural and technical nourishment, and the favorite country of most Japanese, according to the latest Jiji Press poll, is America. Even as they cling to some traditional tastes and habits, the Japanese can, in turn, now enrich other lands—in architecture, in techniques, perhaps in the uses of cooperation, even in the music of the West, which Japan now considers its own.

As the "organization man" flourishes in the U.S., and American architects copy shoji screens and rock gardens, the differences may be becoming less important than the similarities. The man squatting on *tatami* in a cotton kimono, eating raw squid with delight while cheering his favorite sumo wrestler on television, will very probably turn out to be the man who wept for Kennedy. THE END

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In a typical opening ceremony for Japanese businesses, Shinto priest shakes sakaki-tree branches to keep evil spirits away from new Tokuo gas station

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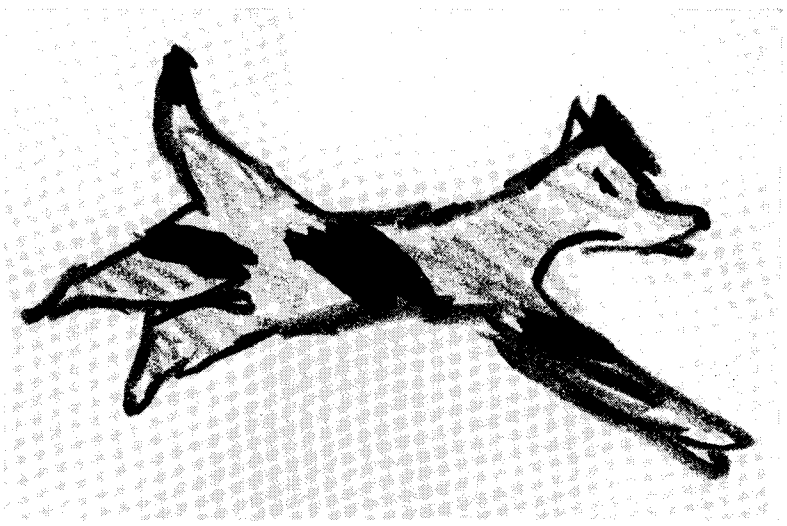


"Dogs are nicer than people," wrote Laurie, who drew one during treatment.

The strange story of a child who lost her faith in human beings and decided to become a dog.

The curious transformation of Laurie

By Arthur Henley

At the Miami airport one April afternoon a jetliner door swung open to reveal a shocking sight. A scrawny little girl, straining at a leash held by her mother, came scrambling down the ramp like a dog. Her hands were upraised, fingers curled into the palms like claws. She bared her teeth in a menacing growl, snapping and snarling at the astonished crowd.

"Oh, it's just a stunt," one spectator scoffed. "The kid is probably in some new movie."

"My God, I don't think so," a woman exclaimed. "She looks too real to be making believe."

Laurie Phillips *is* real, though that is not her true name. She was, on that April day in 1963, an intensely disturbed nine-year-old who had stopped being a bright and pretty child and had chosen to become a vicious little dog. To find help, she and her mother were going to the Montanari Residential Treatment Center and Clinical Schools in Hialeah. Here they would see a man who, though neither a psychiatrist nor a psychologist, had achieved results with emotionally disturbed children where others had failed.

A. J. Montanari, known to everyone as Monty, is a big, friendly man of 46 with the build of a former football player and the gentle manner of a minister. He has been a junior-college instructor, a grade-school principal and a teacher of remedial reading in mountain towns where parents resisted the idea of special classes. Somewhere along the line he became attracted to the teaching of disturbed children, and 12 years ago he set up this center in Hialeah.

Laurie was to be Monty's greatest challenge. For while experts on child behavior agree that it is not uncommon for youngsters to assume animal mannerisms in occasional flights into fantasy, rarely does their behavior reach such bizarre dimensions.

Laurie Phillips began life with all the so-called advantages: a comfortable suburban house, a father successful in business, a young and intelligent mother, attentive grandparents and an agile mind and body that enabled her to speak her first words and take her first steps before her first birthday.

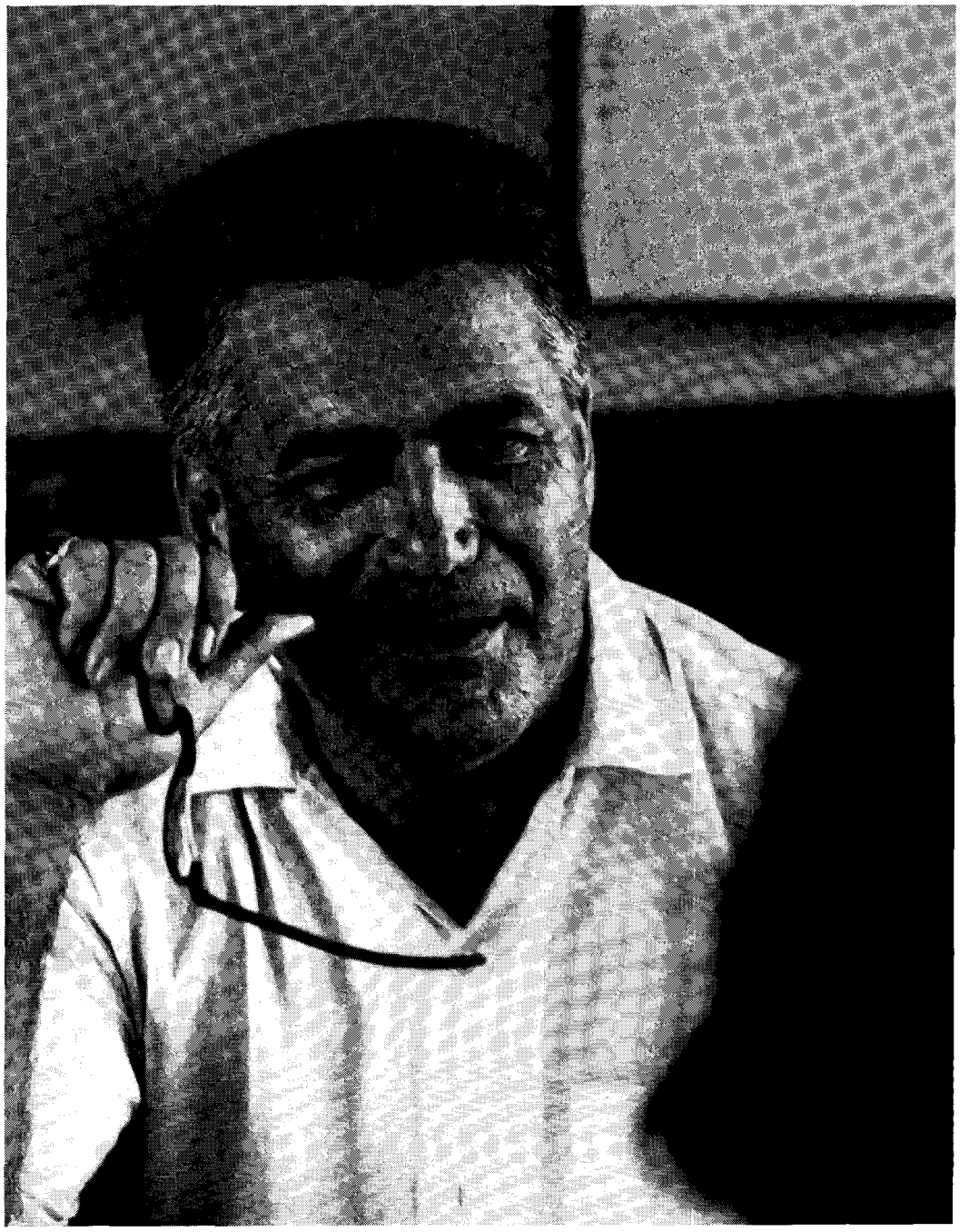
But Laurie soon began to suffer from her father's jealousy. "My husband didn't like to share my attention with anyone else," Mrs. Phillips recalls. "He often took out his feelings on our dog, and sometimes on Laurie."

At such times the dog would run for cover under the kitchen table, and Laurie, too, began to enjoy hiding under tables.

By the time Laurie was two, Mrs. Phillips's marriage had run its course. A skilled businesswoman with a college degree she took a job and left Laurie with either a maid or her grandparents.

Although Laurie displayed temper tantrums which everybody said she'd "outgrow," she was compassionate with animals, and cared for stray dogs that wandered near her home. But as the years passed, she made it plain that she missed having a father. "Other children have fathers," she said over and over. "Why can't I?"

When she was nearing six, Laurie got her wish: a new father. But with him came disappointments. He had promised her an Irish wolfhound. "But after our marriage," Mrs. Phillips says



At his treatment center in Florida, "Monty" Montanari chats with a disturbed young patient.

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bitterly, "he broke his promise and changed completely. He even wanted to send Laurie away to boarding school."

That marriage, too, soon sputtered into divorce, but not before another child had entered the family. Already feeling badly let down by her stepfather, Laurie could hardly become fond of Peter, her half brother. She called him a "pussycat" and growled and snapped at him. Her mother ascribed this to sibling rivalry and thought little about it.

Laurie then began to take pleasure in "talking" to dogs. "People learn foreign languages," she would say. "Why not dog language? I guess because it takes a lot of work to try to understand them."

She, herself, was reaching out for understanding, but no one realized it, even when she took on more specific canine characteristics: barking, whimpering, wrinkling her nose the way dogs do.

"She has a wonderful imagination," her mother says, "and we thought what she was doing was all in fun. She used to laugh, and we laughed with her."

Less amusing were Laurie's bursts of temper and destructiveness. She would scream, kick, smash things. In an attempt to control her upsetting behavior, Mrs. Phillips moved to an apartment in town so that Laurie could attend one of the best public schools.

She was found to have an I.Q. rating of "very superior." Her grades were outstanding. However, she soon began to growl at her classmates in the playground. She filled her notebook with drawings of dogs, once scribbling in the margin, "Dogs are nicer than people."

When she reached fourth grade, she began to slip in and out of her fantasy world more frequently. Still it was almost impossible to tell when she was playing and when she was acting compulsively.

But her canine behavior soon became so alarming—she bit her half brother during one of her rages—that her mother was driven to seek psychiatric help. Laurie did not respond to treatment. She became more and more aggressive, bit and scratched her grandparents, threatened to jump out a window. So early last year Mrs. Phillips took Laurie to the Menninger Clinic in Topeka, Kans., for psychiatric evaluation.

Here, after five days of tests and interviews, the psychiatrists warned that Laurie was in danger of abandoning the last residue of reality unless intensive therapy away from her environment was started at once. But Mrs. Phillips could not afford lengthy treatments costing up to $15,000 a year. "For months we sought help all over the United States," she says. "It was futile. Either there was no room, or Laurie was 'too disturbed,' or else it was too expensive."

It was Dr. Povl W. Toussieng of the Children's Division at Menninger who suggested Montanari. "He's a gutsy guy who will fight for his young patients," Doctor Toussieng remarked. "Some psychiatrists look down their noses at him, but others refer difficult patients to him." Moreover, the charges at the Montanari school were only $300 a month.

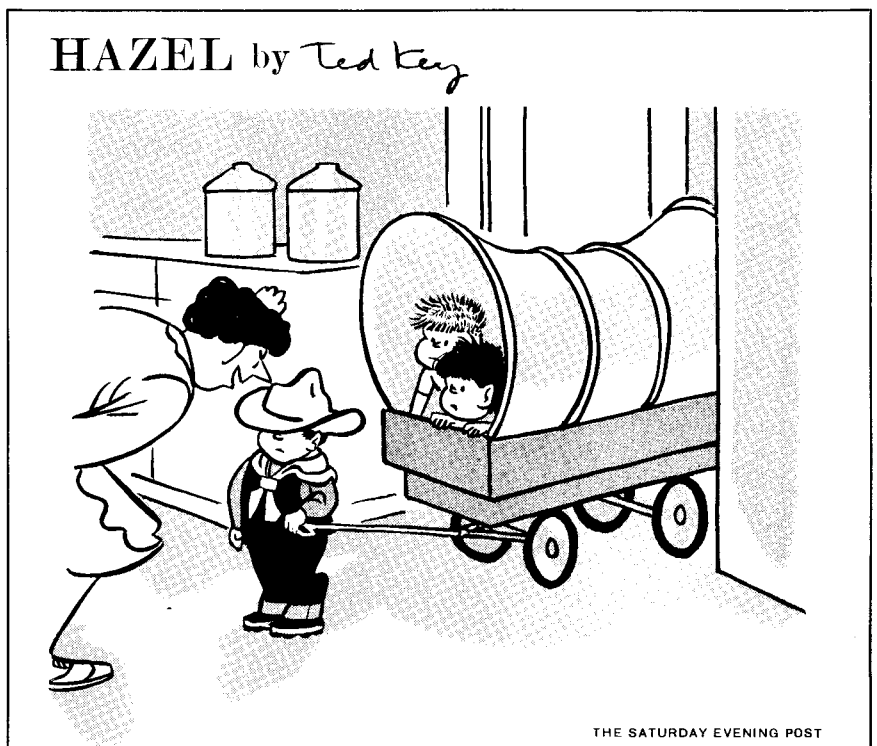
Although Montanari is not a psychiatrist himself, he does have a young psychiatrist, Dr. Evan Katz, on his staff, as well as a psychologist, Dr. William P. Albaugh. But at the center of the therapeutic team is Monty, the secret of whose success is, as Doctor Toussieng puts it, "his especially intuitive approach, his ability to charm children."

The going had been precarious, however, when Monty started his clinical school at Hialeah. Some of his neighbors objected to "those crazy little kids" he was encouraging to become part of the community. He was arrested on a charge of violating the zoning laws, but finally won a court battle for the existence of his school. At present his 120 children occupy eight air-conditioned cottages scattered along several palm-lined streets. Caring for them is a staff of 65 part-time and 14 full-time members.

By the time Laurie Phillips got to the Montanari school, she was much worse than when Doctor Toussieng saw her in Topeka. "She'd shrunk from seventy to fifty-five pounds," Montanari recalls, "wouldn't talk at all, and ate, slept, walked, howled, barked and bit exactly like a little dog."

"But it wasn't the role she assumed that was so important, it was the role she rejected," Psychologist Albaugh points out. "She didn't trust humans, and she had to be won over so that she would want to rejoin the human race."

Monty's first move was to take off her leash and let her act out her rage. "We had to make her understand we loved her no matter how she acted," he explains. "If she bit me"—his arms and hands still bear scars of her teeth marks—"I wouldn't let on it hurt me. I kept telling her, 'Laurie, it doesn't make any difference to me if you don't want to act like a little girl. I'll let you *act* like a dog if you want, but I won't let you *be* a dog.'"



"You're approaching Sioux country."

After Mrs. Phillips left for home, Laurie refused to eat. Whenever Monty and his staff approached with food, they were met with angry growls. After seeing her fast for five days, Monty tried rubbing a piece of steak back and forth across her lips, then set it on a dish under the table. He turned away, and Laurie leaped for the meat, taking it between her "paws" and gnawing at it ravenously. Liquids she would lap up from the glass with her tongue.

Monty would let her sit in his office for hours while he worked at his desk. When she wet and soiled her clothes, he would take her out, like an infant, and change her. This matter-of-fact approach was Monty's way of showing respect for Laurie as a person without demanding that she conform to normal rules.

Laurie would have nothing to do with the other children, preferring to trot in lonesome, silent circles in the play yard. To give her contact with the community, Monty let her follow him to the barbershop. She walked sometimes on all fours, sometimes on her "hind legs." When a passerby would ask about her strange behavior, Monty would shrug. "This is a little girl who wants to be a dog."

On occasions when Monty took her home for dinner with his family, Laurie would grab her plate between her teeth, remove it from the table, carry it to a corner away from everyone and then eat quietly in her doglike fashion.

She used her nose to turn the light switch on and off, scratched with her "paws" to open the door, and, if she stayed overnight, preferred a newspaper spread on the floor to sleeping in a bed.

On Mother's Day, when Monty asked if she would like to telephone her mother, Laurie cried dry tears. In an effort to get her to speak, he asked her the phone number. She barked the correct number of times. "Well, if you'd like to call her," he said, "you can, but you'll have to make the call yourself." She did, dialing with a pencil held between her teeth. On hearing her mother's voice she barked but still would not speak.

By the end of May, 1963, Laurie was still snapping and growling, but was no longer biting. She had begun to read *Born Free*, holding the book between her clenched "paws" while stretched out on the floor on her stomach. Her teacher would pick up the book when Laurie wasn't reading and place it on her desk, to encourage her to sit in class with the other children. This Laurie soon did. She also began sleeping in her bed.

By mid-June she was improving in many ways. She had begun to put her feelings down on paper in a story about a dog that was "lonely and sad because his master and mistress gave him food and shelter, but he didn't know whether they loved him, disliked him or hated him." She now accepted a glass of water in her hands, instead of lapping it up with her tongue. At the Montanari dinner table she began to use a knife and fork.

Another turning point came in July. A child teased her and Laurie bit, though not hard. When the child didn't bite back, Laurie finally spoke: "You idiot!"

The children began to chant, "Laurie's talking! Laurie's talking!" She then refused to say another word for days. Monty, who had been away, returned, crept up behind her, poked her gently in the ribs and said, "Who is it?" She turned and said, "Hi," then checked herself. Monty pursued his advantage. "I know you want to talk, Laurie, but I don't care whether you do or not. If you really want to talk to me, we'll keep it a secret. Or maybe you'd like to call your mother and talk to her." Laurie threw her arms around him and cried. It was her first show of affection. Now after three months she talked without letup.

"She began to get better," Monty explains, "when she realized she wasn't always playacting and that it was getting harder and harder for her to come out of her state. This was an important element of her obsession. Her fear of losing her ability to be a little dog or a little girl, at will, was really greater than her fear of humans. We had to strengthen her wish to remain a human being."

In September, 1963, while continuing to live and receive care at the Montanari center, Laurie enrolled in the fifth grade of a public school and got straight A's. Early in 1964 she rejoined her family, who had moved to Florida. She is back to 70 pounds, looking pretty and feminine again. Her voice is no longer deep and husky but pleasantly childlike. She is learning to get along with her half brother, Peter, although she prefers the company of the little girl down the street.

She is not completely well, but is getting there. She is both very much aware of her past illness and proud of her present recovery. And her remarkable insight into "the time when I was a dog," as she put it, shines through a poem she wrote after she gave up her obsession. In the verses she reveals her hunger for love and understanding, for the "doggy" of the poem is herself.

MEMORIES OF THE FAITHFUL

Oh doggy, oh doggy,
Never did I know
How much I really loved you
Till I had to see you go.

You were my faithful companion
Every day of my life,
You stayed with me through
thick and thin
And through my hours of strife.

You never seemed to notice
If I were cruel and mean,
You just had to stick with me,
That was the way it seemed.

Way up there in heaven,
I'll meet you there some day,
And we will be together
To romp again and play.

Oh doggy, oh doggy,
Never did I know
How much I really loved you
Till I had to see you go.

Her mother has great hopes for Laurie. "She won't be ordinary when she grows up," she says. "I have a feeling that one day she'll do something really great."

She already has. She has become a little girl. THE END

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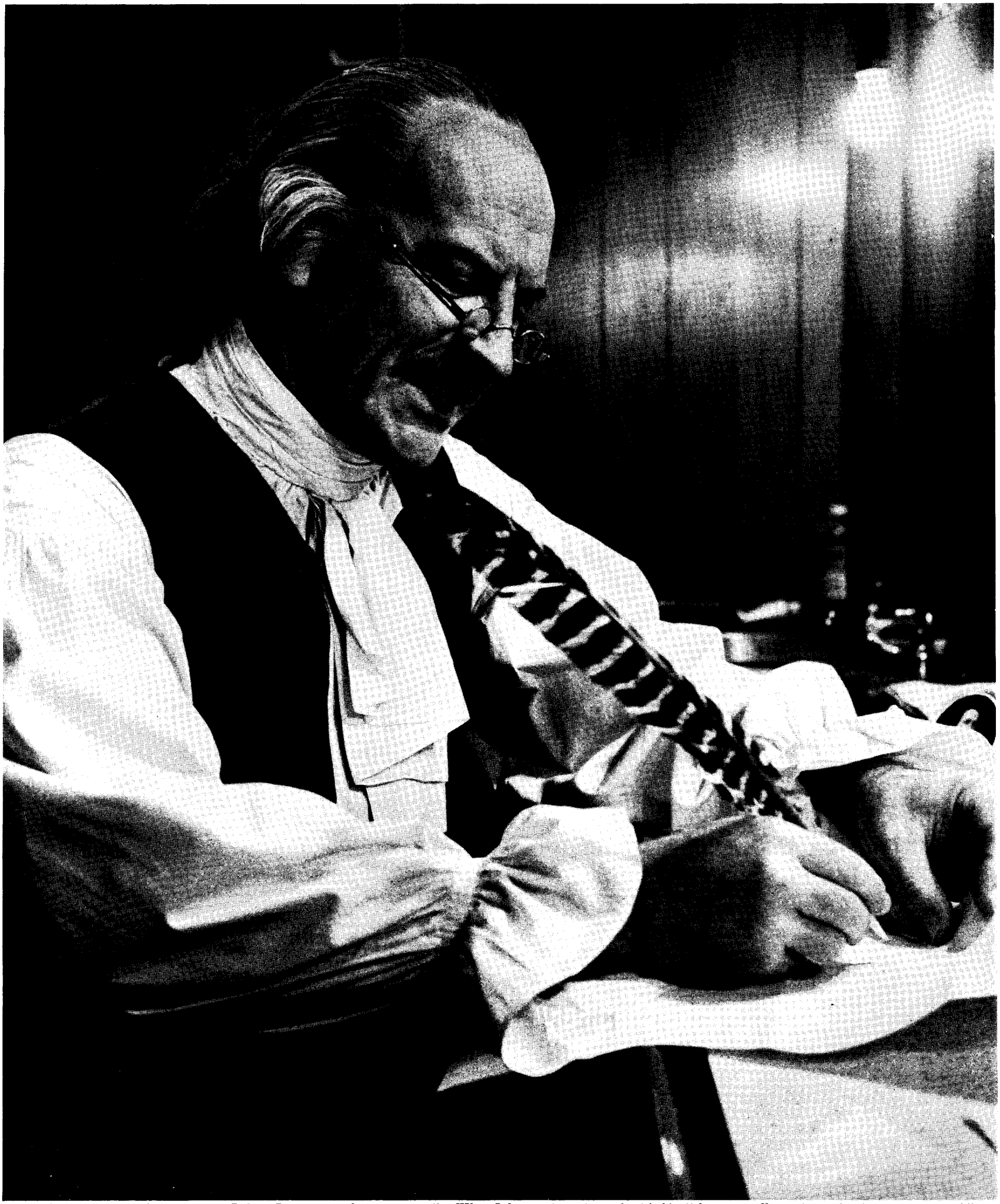

In his Ben Franklin costume, Robert Preston catches up on mail. "What I do—acting—is my best hobby," he says. "Everything else is a poor second."

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THAT BRASSY MUSIC MAN RETURNS TO BROADWAY AS POOR RICHARD

IN BREECHES, WAISTCOAT AND WIG, ROBERT PRESTON TACKLES HIS FATTEST CHARACTER—THE AMERICAN STATESMAN AND MAN ABOUT PARIS, BEN FRANKLIN.

By GILBERT MILLSTEIN

Robert Preston, who plays the title role in an incoming Broadway musical called *Benjamin Franklin in Paris*, is a man so utterly consumed with the notion of being in the theater that he is capable of some extraordinary acts of devotion toward the peculiar institution.

Back in 1962 he became involved with a thing called *We Take the Town*, a musical that barely survived a week's tryout in New Haven and then died miserably in Philadelphia. It was about the Mexican Revolution, and Preston played Pancho Villa. He was, according to the musical's producer, Stuart Ostrow, onstage about 95 percent of the time, singing, dancing and generally knocking himself out. As a result, before the show escaped New Haven, Preston lost his voice. A doctor ordered him to stay in his hotel. But instead, Preston showed up at the theater in a bathrobe with a towel around his head for the rehearsal of his standby, Art Lund. Employing wheeze and dumb show, he coached Lund for hours. The next night Preston was back onstage himself.

In Philadelphia, when at last it became evident that *We Take the Town* was not long for this earth, Preston went right on trying to keep it from going under. For one thing, he spurned the advice of another producer to quit. In the second place, after a featured actor was dropped, Preston arranged and paid for the flight of a substitute from Los Angeles. "The ball game was all over," producer Ostrow recalls, "but first thing I know, there's this other guy ready to work. That told me all about Bob I had to know."

It may just be that something Preston did recently for *Ben Franklin* represents the full measure of his devotion to his profession. He shaved his head, the better to accommodate the wigs he must wear. The idea was his. "Nobody would have dared ask him to do it," a production assistant remarked, "and the wigs could have been worn over his hair if he'd kept it short, but he wanted things just so." Preston, incidentally, had, at 46, a spectacular head of hair, the envy of most of his peers. It was strong, barely touched by gray and pleasingly difficult to groom. These days he has his head shaved weekly and he looks nothing like Yul Brynner; he looks more like Genghis Khan after a fatiguing slaughter of peasants.

Whether as the 18th-century sage and politician in knee breeches, stock and flowered waistcoat, or as himself in blue blazer, white slacks and neat shirt and tie, Preston presents a fine figure of man, which he is not quite. He has what tailors call problems. He is six feet tall and weighs between 180 and 190 pounds, but his shoulders are too broad for his hips; his neck is too thick for his shoulders; his arms are too short for his torso; and his back is rounded. He cannot buy his clothing ready-made and, while he has a tailor in Hollywood, he hasn't been in to see him for a while. His current wardrobe is custom-made, but it was run up for an indifferent picture named *Island of Love* that he made a couple of years ago. Preston's wife, Catherine, bought it for him at half price.

There is a reasonable chance that just as Lincoln and Raymond Massey once began to seem almost interchangeable, so will Franklin be identified with Preston—all big, square teeth and craggy, avid face; splayed nose sniffing at everything in a spirit of olfactory and scientific inquiry; and roving, pale-gray eyes constantly on the lookout for complaisant women. Franklin was a not-inconsiderable rakehell, even for the 18th century, and he left an indeterminate number of illegitimate children in his wake while composing those salutary maxims.

Franklin was 70 in 1776—the time of the play—when he went to Versailles to talk Louis XVI into helping the colonies, and he was still wonderfully vigorous, shrewd, amusing, serious and flirtatious. The impact he made on the French court and people is, of course, popular history. In short, Franklin provides Preston with the fattest part he has had in any medium since Harold Hill, the dashing band-instrument salesman of 1957's *The Music Man*, and in portraying Franklin in pre-Broadway tryouts, Preston managed to strike a judicious balance between his own tremendous vitality and the natural attrition that age would cause in a man three score and ten.

The idea of portraying Franklin as something other than a coiner of cozy aphorisms and pious homilies was that of writer Sidney Michaels, the author also of the highly successful plays *Dylan* and *Tchin-Tchin*. It had nagged him for years. He got in an old friend, Mark Sandrich Jr., the son of the movie director, to write the score, and the package was optioned two years ago by George W. George and Frank Granat, the producers of *Dylan*. Normally, the first move in getting a big musical on the boards is to hire a director and then offer the package to a star, but the producers encountered only boredom among the directors they approached. It was feared that *Franklin* might turn out to be an operetta, which is a dirty word in the theater.

After six months or so of getting nowhere, they finally decided to approach Preston, who had been their first choice for the lead from the outset. "The only reason you come to me," Preston told them, "is that Walter Huston's dead." Nevertheless, Granat, who is something of a pianist, played the score, and Michaels, who has a dreadful baritone, sang it. Preston halted the pair after one song and said he wanted to do the show.

No contracts were signed, but ultimately the producers inveigled Michael Kidd into directing and choreographing the musical and, 24 hours before Preston was scheduled to hear a revised version of the work on the West Coast, Michaels and Sandrich rewrote the entire opus. Stunned with fatigue, they auditioned it once more for Preston and he signed.

The role is one which, Preston hopes, will finally stop people from identifying him with Harold Hill. Preston has the instincts—and, as a youth, had some of the training—of a repertory actor, and the principal reason he got out of Hollywood 13 years ago was that he was given nothing but second leads or villains to play, besides which he was forever being confused with movie actor Preston Foster. (At a party given for him by the cast of *The Music Man*, half a dozen of Robert Preston's friends entered carrying a huge wrapping-paper banner on which was inscribed, FRIENDS OF THE PRESTON FOSTER MARCHING AND CHOWDER SOCIETY.)

As it happens, Preston's wife, among others, was opposed—with some reason—to his taking on Franklin. "Catherine didn't want him playing old men's roles while he was still agile," Frank Granat told a friend. "She felt that even if it was a great part, the time for it was ten years later. We talked to him about it, and what Bob said was that if he had to pick roles with only that particular kind of career in mind, he'd give up the theater. He really sees Ben as a *character*, not necessarily as an old man."

While Franklin is a septuagenarian in the musical, he is actually portrayed by Preston as a romantic lead. (History has been wrenched around so that the king's mistress, once Franklin's doxy and still under his spell, gets Louis to recognize the United States.) As such, at least four actresses, three of them in virtually the same words, have found Preston enormously satisfying—professionally, of course. "I feel well in his company," Ulla Sallert, Preston's leading lady in *Ben Franklin in Paris*, said recently. Miss Sallert is Swedish and has a bit of a language difficulty. She thought Preston had "terribly virility," saying, too, that she didn't mean "only sexually, but as what a woman sees in a man—strong in feeling, strong in willing. He is a controlling person." Carol Burnett, with whom he appeared

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In Boston tryout, Jack Fletcher joins Preston for first-act finale, "God Bless the Human Elbow." Number was derived from Ben Franklin's own writings in praise of elbow bending.

IN HIS DRESSING ROOM THERE HANGS A SMALL SIGN WHICH SAYS, "SECURITY IS KNOWING ALL YOUR LINES."

in a television special, Carol Rossen, his leading lady last season in the Broadway comedy *Never Love an Albatross*, and Jacqueline Mayro, a 16-year-old dancer with whom Preston waltzes in *Franklin*, found it noteworthy, as they respectively put it, that "Bob's one of the few who look you right in the eye and give you ease and connection every minute"; "With him, you're not just looking into a set of blank eyes every night"; and "He looks you straight in the eye."

All sorts of explanations have been given of Preston's attitude toward his calling, a few bordering on the glutinous, yet all exhibit a curiously reassuring unanimity. To Michael Kidd, the director and choreographer of *Ben Franklin*, Preston's "attitude is completely a working one. He doesn't come to rehearsals to act as an audience." One day, Kidd said, he laid out a scene and had someone stand in for Preston.

"Preston made no comment. We did it again. Again, no comment. But his brow was a little furrowed." Kidd wanted to know if everything was clear.

"Oh, yes," Preston said.

"Any problems?"

"No."

"But you look troubled. Anything bothering you?"

"No, no, this is fine," Preston insisted.

"He was worried," Kidd said, "about a scene he hadn't got to yet. This pleased me more than any kind of enthusiastic reception would have. He had looked at what was done, appraised it, and wanted to go on to the next thing."

By and large, Preston is an equable man. Occasionally, however, he does display a temper. During *We Take the Town* a quarrel broke out one day between the director and choreographer. "All right," Preston put in after the twittering had gone on too long to suit him. "You shut up," he told the choreographer. "And you," he said to the director, "get out of the theater and don't come back until you're ready to work. Everybody," he finished, looking around at the cast, "take five." Shortly thereafter the director and the choreographer apologized to each other, and life went on.

There is little doubt that theater is almost Preston's sole interest in life. In every dressing room he occupies he keeps a small sign, framed by his wife, which says, SECURITY IS KNOWING ALL YOUR LINES. And for 25 years, ever since Barbara Stanwyck gave it to him after the filming of *Union Pacific*, he has worn on a chain around his neck a gold medal of the martyred St. Genesius, the patron of performers. He has no avocations to speak of. Some months ago, he did let on that he had repaired a beach chair and made a table at the home he and his wife have in Rye, a New York suburb, and he does now and then curry the two-odd acres surrounding the place.

But that is about all in the way of outside activity, unless there is included Preston's attendance almost nightly after the show at the bar of Sardi's when he is on Broadway. He is a member of a group, mostly theatrical but not overbearingly so, that forgathers there. At the bar he will talk sports and politics enthusiastically enough, but mostly as a blind—eventually the conversation has to get around to the theater, and Preston directs it tactfully.

As he said a short time ago, "Acting is all I've ever done, and I've nothing else to make comparisons with when anyone asks me whether I've ever wanted anything else out of life. It's given me enough satisfaction so that I haven't wanted or had to look for anything else. For a man without hobbies, I stand in a wonderful spot, where what I do is my best hobby and everything else is a poor second."

Preston is not normally a garrulous man, but the idea of theater sometimes makes him eloquent, as it did one night when he was talking about his experiences as an intelligence officer with the 555th Bombardment Squadron during the Second World War. The 555th was stationed in Britain. As a youthful Shakespearean, Preston had absorbed a lot of English history, and England moved him.

"When I found myself in London and environs," he said, "it was, as it was for almost every GI, the first trip. But I knew it, I knew it. I had worn Lincoln Green; I had been in Bushy Park when the signs did not read KEEP OFF THE GRASS, but DON'T SHOOT THE KING'S DEER; I knew the fable of the Dunmow Flitch. (In Dunmow, in Essex, a couple that could prove they had not quarreled for a year received a flitch of bacon.) I didn't have to visit the Tower. I'd already been flanked on the stage by beefeater costumes. I already knew all the forests we rode through. I'm a fellow with little formal education, and my nostalgia is that of a man for places that no longer exist as they did."

Exactly what made Preston an actor he no more knows than people generally do about their pursuits. (He has no intention of going to a psychiatrist to find out either. "If there's something wrong with me," he said, "I don't want to know what it is.")

He was influenced neither for nor against the stage by his parents, although his mother, who once ran the record department of a store in Los Angeles, was a yearly subscriber to the Theatre Guild. A clue, he thinks, might be this:

"When I acted, I was immediately good at it. I didn't go through any of the tortures of doing something I didn't like. Also, I was a pretty good ballplayer as a kid, but too small for the varsity. I was on the B team in baseball. I was a very good boxer, but I was too young for that, too, and besides, I didn't enjoy it. What I assume is that as a part of the social life in high school, I wanted to be as big a man on campus as I could. I found I could do it in the theater, that my name that way would come to be as well known as that of captain of the football team."

Preston was born Robert Preston Meservey in Newton, Mass., in June, 1918, and Meservey is still the name he uses to sign checks. His father, Frank, moved the family to Los Angeles when Robert was two, and there a second son, Frank, was born. Today Frank Jr. is a foreman for a beer distributor. The elder Meservey, now in his early 60's, still works in the shipping room of a garment manufacturer, and his wife has long since retired from selling records. The couple live in the Brentwood home—complete with pool—that Robert gave up when he came East in 1951.

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There was nothing untoward about Robert's childhood. By the time he had finished Lincoln High School, he was determined to be an actor, and he was fortunate enough to be taken on in a Shakespearean group managed by the mother of Tyrone Power. When that failed, Preston put in some time peddling manure to farmers and parking cars at the Santa Anita racetrack. From there he found his way into the Pasadena Community Playhouse, and, after he had appeared in his 42nd production, was signed by Paramount Pictures.

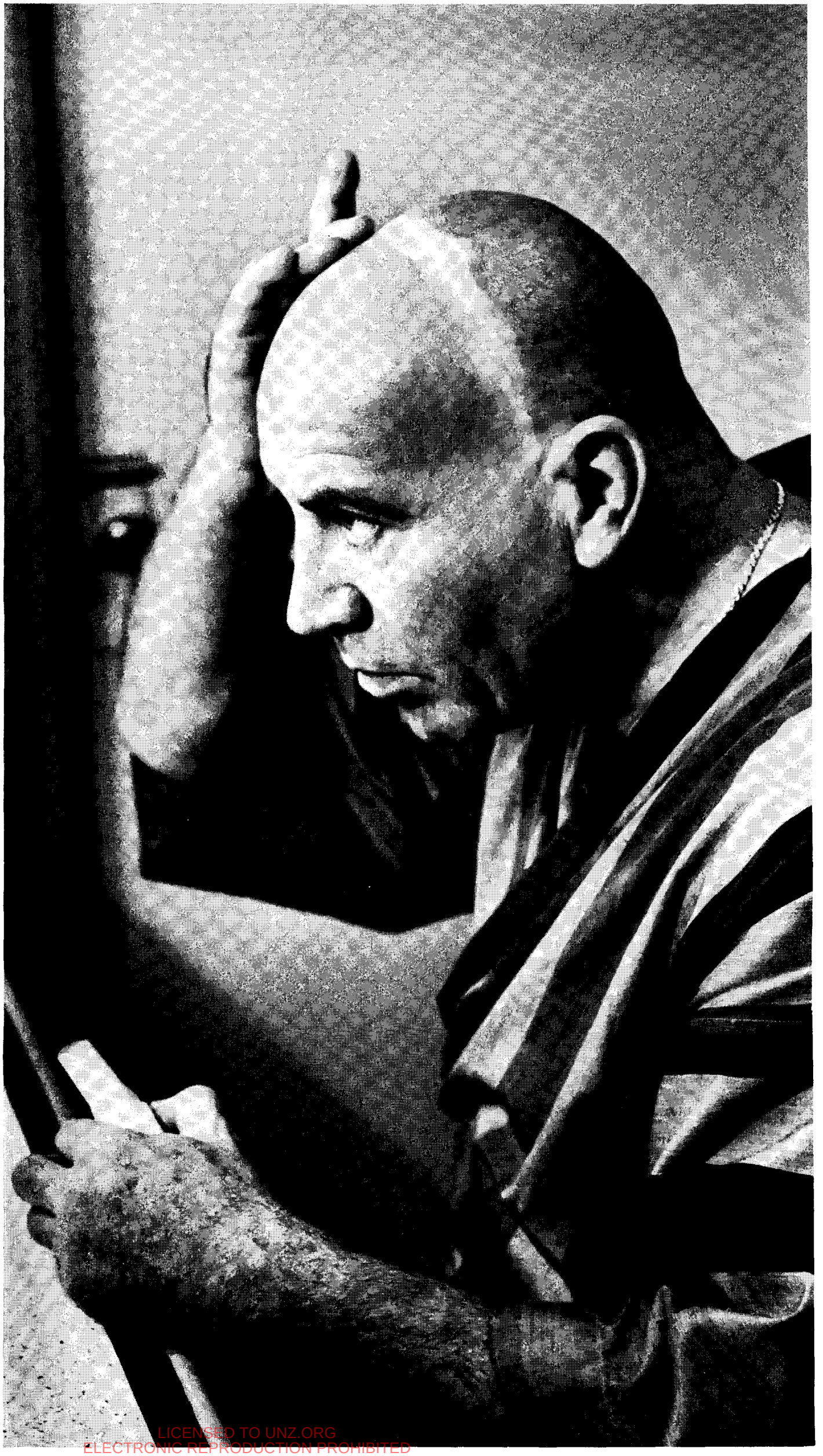
Preston and his wife, the former Catherine Feltus, a midwesterner and a graduate of the University of Indiana, met when both were acting at Pasadena, Calif. They were married in 1940. They have no children. When he moved on to Paramount, she followed him there as a contract player, but soon gave up her career on the ground that it absorbed her less than being Preston's wife. At Paramount, Preston began the unrelieved series of horse-opera and bad-guy roles that pretty much soured him on regular Hollywood employment.

He remembers a typical colloquy with one Paramount executive. "I'd said no to a couple of parts that they offered me," Preston said. "And the guy told me, 'Next time you turn down a script, we'll drop your option.' 'If you do,' I answered him, 'I'll buy you a suit.'" Just before leaving Hollywood, Preston sat out a whole year waiting for what he considered to be the right part. None was forthcoming. He went to Great Britain to make a picture and, on passing through New York City on the way back from London, he discovered that José Ferrer was looking for someone to replace him in the play, *Twentieth Century*.

Preston took on the part eagerly. The play lasted only another two weeks, but his mind had been made up for him. He intended to stay in New York. However, seven more plays, most of them bad, were to fall to his lot before he was cast as Harold Hill in *The Music Man*. "The best thing that did," he has said, "was prove I wasn't fighting a battle in vain—that I could play a *variety* of roles. I'm glad people loved it, but I don't want to fall into the trap of trying to repeat him." (He has also made several more satisfactory movies, including *The Dark at the Top of the Stairs*, *All the Way Home*, and the motion-picture version of *The Music Man*.)

The firm hold his profession has on Preston is probably best illustrated by what he told a friend some weeks ago. "It's a terrible thing to say," he began, "but the thing I work for is the approbation of my fellow-performers." After an instant's hesitation he continued, "If you do a thing to their satisfaction, you're bound to pick up a few other strays. I once said at a Tony Awards thing where I was master of ceremonies—I was talking about Jason Robards—that we'd heard people called ballplayers' ballplayers and actors' actors. I said that with a man like Robards, any actors in the audience could sit back and relax. The profession wasn't going to be damaged while he was on. You could be proud *you* were an actor.

"Well, I would like to feel when I leave the theater after a performance that the audience has been leaning forward, and that all the actors in the place have been leaning back." THE END



Preston shaved his head to insure exact fit of the wigs he must wear for the show.

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Teen-age drinkers: A problem in morals

A problem in morals which will set thousands of American parents searching their consciences was raised in Darien, Conn., by Circuit Judge Rodney S. Eielson's order to arrest 14 adults who served liquor to teen-agers in two homes. A 17-year-old girl, who had been witnessed in a state of intoxication at the parties, was later killed in a pre-dawn auto crash. Four off-duty policemen and a science teacher were reportedly working at one of the parties. To order the arrests, Judge Eielson dug out a little-used 1933 state law which forbids an adult to give liquor to a minor not his ward.

Fairfield County, locale of the case, has one of the highest per-capita incomes of any county in the country. Drinking is a part of the accepted mores of its mink-and-Martini set, and if parents did not provide it for the young (as one parent pointed out with some scorn), their daughters would become wallflowers and eligible young men would shun their parties. One of the party givers, a psychiatrist who by day attends some of the higher-strung mothers on his couch, said he would prefer to have his children drinking in a supervised environment to going elsewhere to drink in an uncontrolled environment (e.g., in nearby New York State, where anyone aged 18 can get drinks in bars). The same rationalization could be used to justify opium smoking—better to do it at home, with Papa lighting the pipe, than in an opium den where the addict might be murdered.

The real question involved is a lot tougher than simply one of whether teen-agers should or should not be allowed to drink. It is quite true that if they are determined to drink, they will find ways to do so, whether parents make liquor easily available or not. The heart of the question is whether the youngsters have been so raised that they can handle liquor responsibly. What is involved, as Lincoln said, is not the use of a bad thing, but the *abuse* of a very good thing.

It is noteworthy that among minority groups, Jewish people—who begin drinking sacramental wine at a very early age, but as a result have a reverent and temperate attitude toward it—are the least likely to use alcohol to excess. It is equally true that, in other groups, the most temperate children are likely to be those who grow up, not in the home of strict prohibitionists, but of parents who usually had alcohol available but who never set the example of using it to excess. If some children in Darien get drunk, it is more than likely they are following an example set by their parents.

The particular drinking in question could scarcely have been "supervised" very well if one male guest could have put away 12 Scotches, as a medical report indicated. It was scarcely conducive to respect for the teaching profession to have a teacher employed in the menial capacity of serving up drinks to those he normally must supervise. It seems clear that the youngsters in this particular case were not drinking in a "controlled atmosphere," but rather one which encouraged the abuse, rather than the enjoyable use, of the good thing which alcohol can and should be.

Good news from Rome

It is good news that liberal bishops of the Roman Catholic Church, who favor a declaration of religious liberty and a stronger position against anti-Semitism, appear to be in the majority at the Second Vatican Council now in session in Rome. Cardinal Cushing of Boston is their leader.

Americans of all faiths—and of no faith—will hope that the liberal bishops succeed in restoring the stronger action, sought by Pope John XXIII, to remove the "blame" for Christ's death from all Jews in all times—Christ's time as well as ours. As Christ himself learned in Gethsemane, his crucifixion was the will of God. The perpetuation of the ancient accusation (frequently encountered among the bigoted ignorant in the use of such terms of opprobrium as "mockies"—mockers—to describe Jews) bears its own share of intangible guilt for the death of six million Jews in Hitler's crematoriums. It has no place in any religion based on the concept that all men are brothers. "As sons of Adam," said Cardinal Cushing in his eloquent plea in Rome, "they are our brothers: As sons of Abraham, they are the blood brothers of Christ." Some of the more timid bishops want to water down this "absolution," for fear of reprisals against Middle-Eastern Christians by Arab anti-Semites. Such temporal cowardice ill serves the memory of Christian martyrs, who were willing to die for the sake of truth.

The case for religious liberty is inseparable, as our founding fathers so clearly saw, from human freedom itself. To deny any individual the right to profess whatever his conscience dictates is a step toward actual slavery. Not only the highest moral arguments support this view but practical ones as well. It has its strongest support among bishops from those countries, like the U.S., where Catholicism has found its most vigorous growth and prosperity in free competition with other faiths. It is most attacked by bishops from those countries, like Spain, where a state-enforced Establishment of religion has given rise to bitter anti-Catholicism and has helped retard the prosperity of both the church and the country. Religious freedom is required, as Cardinal Cushing said in Rome, "by a decent respect for the opinion of mankind." It is good because it is right. What's more, it works.

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